

THE STIRLING NEWS-ARGUS.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
\$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1903.

Vol. XXIV, No. 42.



Here Are Some

of the Lines we are showing, and Values which forge our business ahead. Read them over and then come and have a look at them.

HATS and CAPS.

A lot of Children's Straw Sailors, worth 35c, 40c for 50c.
Men's Straw Sailors, 25c., 50c.
French Palm Hats, newest shapes, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50.
A lot of 25c., 50c. Caps clearing up at 10c.
Latest American styles in Fur Felt Hats.

SHIRTS.

Men's Colored Shirts, with or without collars, 25c. 50c. 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.

HOSIERY.

Cotton and Cashmere, in all new shades, 10c., 15c., 25c., 40c., 50c.

UNDERWEAR.

Men's Net and Balbriggan or imported Natural Wool, 25, 50, 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25.

SUSPENDERS.

New, Light Weight 25c.

GLOVES.

Men's Kid and Mocha Gloves, newest shades, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75.

NECKWEAR.

Washing Ties, 10c., 15c., 25c.
Fancy Silk Derby Ties, new shapes, 25, 50c.
Latest things in Bows and Midgets.

BELTS.

Big variety for Men and Boys, 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00.

SILK SASHES.

Black Silk, 60c., 75c.
White corded Silk, 75c.

JERSEYS, SWEATERS,

for Boys and Men, 50c. up.

WATERPROOF COATS.

\$2.00 each. Imported Rainproof Coats, \$7.50 up. UMBRELLAS, 50c. up.

FRED. T. WARD,
HATTER & FURNISHER.

Midsummer Specials.

Bargains in Colored Dress Muslins. Clearing Out Muslin Sale, at a big discount. In White Muslins we have the newest and prices will open your eyes.

Colored GINGHAMS, about 12 ends left, and selling at cost.

Tan CURTAINS, some odd pairs, will be sold at a great bargain.

Men's COTTON SOCKS—we have them 4 pairs for 25c. regular 10c. pair.

LADIES' COTTON HOSIERY, regular 15c. for 10c. and some at 5c. pr.

LADIES' WAISTS, regular 60c. going now for 39c.

REMNANT DRESS GOODS—we offer them at a clearing price and must be sold.

LADIES' VESTS, with long and short sleeve, 5c. to 25c.

LADIES' STOCK COLLARS, in white and colored, newest styles just in.

All the newest shades in TAFFETA RIBBONS, and the Neck and Belts.

LINEN TOWELLING—now is the time for New Towels. Here is the price and quality.

In COTTONS, bleached and unbleached Sheetings and Pillow Cotton we have all widths.

FLANNELETTES—36 in. wide, 10c.; 27 in., 5c. Quality very heavy.

SPECIAL SALE IN LADIES' HATS—we are offering you a choice of Ten Dozen Hats for 25c. Some of the newest shapes.

A fresh stock of Groceries always on hand. Paying 12c. doz. for Eggs.

C. F. STICKLE.

Farmers' Institutes.

Annual Meeting at Madoc.

As announced, the annual meeting of the North Hastings Farmers' Institute was held at Madoc on Saturday afternoon last. There was not a very large attendance.

The officers were re-elected as follows: President—H. S. O'Hara. Vice-Pres.—Thos. Leslie.

Secretary—J. C. Foster. The following is the report of the Executive Committee of the North Hastings Farmers' Institute for the year ending June 30, 1903:—

TO THE MEMBERS.—We, the Committee above named, composed of the President, Vice-President, and Secretary of the Farmers' Institutes, beg to submit the following report:—For the first time in our history we have fallen slightly back in our membership as well as the attendance at the meetings. We held nine afternoon meetings and eighteen evening meetings. The aggregate was 1902, while last year over 3000 attended our meetings. But while we regret to have to report a slight falling off in attendance and membership, we are pleased to report that there is still a growing interest in the Institute in most places, which in some localities amounts to genuine enthusiasm.

Last year we had one extra Dairyman's meeting at Stirling, which was attended by 400 people, and at which we secured quite a number of members. This year owing in some cases to bad roads and weather, and in others to some local arrangements which kept people away, our membership is slightly less. We are glad to report that the delegates were men of exceptional experience and ability, and that their addresses were listened to with much interest. In fact, all the delegates attending our supplementary meetings spoke in the highest terms of the very good order and earnest attention of our young people. We are glad to report that never in the history of our Institute has there been such a large number of men of exceptional experience and ability, and that their addresses were listened to with much interest. In fact, all the delegates attending our supplementary meetings spoke in the highest terms of the very good order and earnest attention of our young people.

We, as agriculturists, have great cause for thankfulness for the successful and prosperous seasons of the past and the brightened prospects of another beautiful harvest. We, as officers, express our thanks to the press and the many friends who have aided and encouraged us in the good work. There are to be held what are called summer meetings of the Women's Institute in our riding as follows:—At Ivanhoe on July 14th, Queensboro July 15th, and Springbrook July 16th, at which two excellent lady speakers are to give addresses and demonstrations in the afternoon and night meetings in the evening. It is hoped that the friends in the respective localities will put forth their best efforts to make the meetings successful and profitable. We are informed by the Superintendent that these summer meetings are being tried as an experiment, and whether they are to be continued or not will depend entirely on the interest manifested and the work accomplished this season.

J. G. FOSTER, Sec.
H. S. O'HARA, Pres.
THOS. LESLIE, Vice-Pres.

FINANCIAL REPORT.

RECEIPTS.

Membership fees.....\$125.25
Municipal grant.....25.00
Legislative grant.....25.00
Total.....\$175.25

EXPENDITURES.

Bal. due Treas. at last report.....\$28.27
Officers' salaries and expenses.....64.00
Expenses of regular meetings.....14.75
Postage and stationery.....4.80
Printing.....15.40
Lecturers' expenses.....72.35
Miscellaneous.....5.33
Total.....\$205.90

Balance due Treasurer.....\$205.90
W. TULLER, Auditor. J. G. FOSTER, Treasurer.

Women's Institute.

A meeting of the Women's Institute will be held at Spring Brook, July 16th, in the Forester's Hall. The first session will be at 2 p.m. sharp, at which the members are requested to be present.

Any lady who wishes to become a member may attend the afternoon session.

Miss Agnes Smith, of Hamilton, will lecture on "Principles of Cooking" (with demonstrations); "Food in Relation to the Body"; "Domestic Science"; "The Sanitary Home"; "Needs of the Home at the present day."

The members are requested to provide for a lunch to be served upstairs in Forester's Hall at 4.30.

Miss P. Mills, of Guelph, will lecture on "What may be accomplished by the Women's Institute"; "Some ideas on Comfortable Dressing"; Suggestions for Home Decorations."

The evening session will begin at 7 o'clock which will be an open meeting. The entertainment will be interspersed with music and the gramophone.

MRS. W. MEIKLEJOHN, Sec.

Stirling Public School.

Presentations to Teachers.

At the closing of the Public School in Stirling, as Mr. Paulin, the Principal, was leaving to attend the University, the pupils of his department presented him with a very handsome Bible, as a slight token of their appreciation of the pains he had taken with them, and the following address:

TO MR. H. M. PAULIN.—We, the pupils of your department, and our parents, having learned with regret of your intention of leaving Stirling at the coming vacation, to our great wishes for your future success, and pray that God will bless and prosper you in whatsoever walk of life you may choose.

We therefore ask you to accept this Bible and handkerchief as tokens, not for their intrinsic value, but for the spirit in which they are given, and hope when studying the sacred pages your thoughts will sometimes revert to the pupils who have been under your tuition at the Stirling Public School.

Signed on behalf of your pupils in the Fourth Department.

HETTIE BAILEY.
IRENE DUKE.
HAZEL REYNOLDS.
JENNIE TULLOCH.
MAUDE WARD.
BESSIE WARD.

Mr. Paulin thanked the pupils for the beautiful present, and said he would ever remember the pupils of Stirling Public School.

The pupils of the third department presented Mr. W. H. Minchin with a neatly bound volume of Dante's poems, and the following address:

TO MR. W. H. MINCHIN.—We, the pupils of the third department of Stirling Public School, feel very grateful to you for the interest which you have taken in us since our teacher was unable to be with us, and we desire to express our appreciation by presenting you with this volume of poems. We hope that whenever you read it you may remember with kindly feelings those whom you have taught.

Your kind, cheerful manner and your helpful way have endeared you to us very much, and we hope that the work in which you have been engaged has been as pleasant to you as it was profitable to us. We trust that your life may be long spared, and that you may in future be as helpful to those about you as you have been in the past.

Signed on behalf of the pupils of the third department.

M. WHITTY, ROSA REYNOLDS, F. HEW-AT, E. WYAT, V. URM, J. H. HARRIS, MARY, M. WARREN, F. CHARD, R. WRIGHT, H. GRAINE.

Mr. Minchin in reply said he was truly taken by surprise, as he had only taught in the room a couple of weeks in the absence of their teacher. He said it was a pleasure to teach where he had found the pupils so kind and so willing to work. He thanked them sincerely for the present, and said if ever any one of the pupils needed help in preparing for examinations or in any way he could help them, he would be glad to do it.

Promotion Examinations.

III to IV.—Ella Brown, Geo. Ingham, Ada Harris, Charlotte Tulloch, Mary Ingham, Georgina Haggerty.

Jr. III to Sp. III.—May Kennedy, Hazel Reynolds, Bertha Reynolds, Helen Shea, John Thompson, Herbert Ward, Roland Duke.

The following were promoted without being examined, on account of the absence of their teacher:—Arthur Fletcher, Fred. Hulin, Ross Robbush, Hazel Calder, Annie Ashley, Irwin Boldrick, Pearl Sharp.

H. M. PAULIN, Teacher.

Jr. I to Sr. I.—Florence Osterhout, Rita Cummings, Percy Godfrey, Daisy Hayford, Clara Patterson, Hazel Aird, Clara Bailey, Florence Linn, Arthur Sager, Marjorie Meiklejohn, Percy Seeley, Stanley Kincaid, Joseph Maloney, Lucile Ashley, Beatrice Wanamaker, Flossie Ferguson, Clarence Tulloch, Vincent Whitty, Percy Utman, Earl Claverley, Mary Cooney, Tena Humm.

MRS. ROBINSON, Teacher.

Three men fell with a scaffold at the Trent Valley Canal lift lock at Peterboro, and William Craig was killed.

The Minister of Justice proposes to penalize the selling of cigarettes to minors, and to punish those persons who threaten members of the active militia force.

"Sterling Hall." Building Sale.

ARE YOUR EYES OPEN

to the splendid values of our MEN'S SUITS? Did it ever occur to you that it would be a wise policy on your part to deal with a firm that stands behind every garment they sell, who sell good clothes—clothes that fit and are made as they should be?

Keep your "eagle" eye open to what's doing at "Sterling Hall." When you read our ads. you can safely bank on it that you'll find the goods as represented.

Just now we are offering exceptional value in Suits at \$5, \$7.50, \$10.00 and \$12.50. The reason is the early clearing up of summer lines to make room for fall arrivals.

12th of July Outfitting.

Make your selection early from the "Sterling Hall" stock of "Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices."

White Vests at \$1.00 to \$1.50. Light, Cool Coats at 75c. to \$2.00. Worsteds Pants, in black and fancies, at \$1.50 to \$4.00.

Rain Coats at \$2.50, \$3.00 to \$10.00.

Shirts, in best make, white, and fancy colored, at 25, 50, 75c., \$1.00.

Straw and Linen Hats, in newest shapes, at 25, 50, 75c., \$1.00 up to \$3.00.

Silk Ties, in knots, bows, four-in-hands and midgets at 2 for 25c., 25c. and 50c. each.

Sox, all colors and kinds, in unequalled values, at from 4 pairs for 25c. upwards.

Women's Wear.

LINEN BALISTE MUSLINS—These are strong sellers for warm weather wear. We have them at right prices, 15, 20, 25c. yd.

WAISTINGS—Special blouse bargains in Silks, Cotton Stripes and Matings, in window, at 15c. yd.

CORSETS—A full line of Summer Corsets, in Crompton's goods, at 50c. and 75c.

W. R. MATHER.

Go to J. W. BROWN'S for GOOD BOOTS at Reasonable Prices.

Agents for the EMPRESS SHOES for Women.

All kinds of SHOE POLISH.

BOOTS MADE TO ORDER.

J. W. BROWN,

RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT.

Highest price paid for Eggs.

Foxboro Notes

From Our Own Correspondent.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Gilbert Sills of Zion's Hill, took place in the Methodist church here on Sunday at 10 o'clock, a.m. The service was conducted by the Rev. R. M. Pope, assisted by Rev. A. Campbell of Belleville, Rev. Mr. Thomas of Plainfield, and Rev. Mr. Myers. The church was crowded, all seating room being occupied, while a large number were obliged to remain outside. It was the largest funeral that has been held in Foxboro in some time, showing the high esteem in which Mrs. Sills was held. Mrs. Sills was formerly Miss Ida Wickett, daughter of Mr. R. Wickett, of this place, and was only 34 years old. She leaves behind to mourn her loss a husband and three small children, a boy and two girls. She was beloved by all who knew her, and great sympathy is felt for the bereaved ones. Pneumonia was the cause of her death.

While driving to the funeral in the procession a horse belonging to Mr. Geo. Sayers fell and broke its leg, and had to be shot.

It is stated that a personal invitation will soon be sent to the Prince and Princess of Wales by President Roosevelt asking them to attend the Louisiana Exposition in 1904.

Dr. McCarthy of Melbourne asserts that he is able to produce rain by sending up continuously from three centers columns of gas made of certain chemical elements. After a maximum of 32 hours rain is produced over a range of 90 miles in any altitude, in any sky, with the wind in any quarter.

STRAYED,

From Lot 28, Con. 8, Sidney, seven yearling Hogs, live red and white, one black and white, one brown. A suitable reward for recovery.

R. N. BIRD,
Stirling, P.O.

WANTED

300 teams to work on the B. O. I. R. R. at Bannockburn, Ont. Wages \$3.00 to \$3.25 per day. Apply to

J. R. McQUIGGE, Contractor,
Bannockburn, Ont.

CROCKERY.

We have just opened out another lot of fine Crockery, in the way of DINER SETS, TEA SETS, TOILET SETS, JUG AND SIX GLASSES, with NICKEL TRAY, special price \$1.50

HUNGARIAN AND MILLET.

Our Stock of the above is Choice. SEED BUCKWHEAT for sale.

GROCERY SPECIALS.

6 lbs. Tapioca for 25c.
8 lbs. Quaker Oats for 25c.
8 lbs. Lemon Biscuit 25c.
5 lbs. Wine Biscuit 25c.
Axle Grease and Machine Oil.
Best American Coal Oil.

I have a quantity of foundation comb for sale.

S. HOLDEN.

WM. MONTGOMERY

has on hand some fine BUGGIES and SURREYS, manufactured by Wm. Gray & Sons, Chatham; also Lumber Wagons, his own manufacture, which will be sold cheap for cash.

Scientific Horse Shoon in connection.

NEW

Palace Shaving Parlor.

The undersigned has now open to the public the finest Shaving Parlor ever opened up in Stirling.

Having been in Peterboro' for the past year learning all the latest ideas of the profession, I am now prepared to do all work up-to-date. A call solicited.

Shop opposite Post Office, formerly Parker Brothers Bank.

W. W. HAGERMAN, Proprietor.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '04, 40c.

Growth In Two Decades

POLICYHOLDERS OF THE
MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA
and intending insurants, will be pleased to note the
Very Substantial Growth
of the Company during the 20 years ending December 31st, 1902, as shown in the following table:

HEAD OFFICE	1883	1902	INCREASE IN 20 YEARS
WATERLOO, ONT.			
Assets in Force.....	\$8,772,719	\$34,467,420	424 p.c.
Premium Income.....	130,692	1,112,552	218 p.c.
Interest Income.....	18,600	275,507	1882 p.c.
Dividends Paid to Policyholders.....	14,270	77,844	443 p.c.
Total Assets.....	26,834	483,359	722 p.c.
Total Payments to Policyholders.....	533,700	6,450,789	1110 p.c.
Surplus over all Liabilities.....	45,762	489,150	1041 p.c.

S. BURROWS,
General Agent, BELLEVILLE.

The NEWS-ARGUS PRINTERY
IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF
FINE PRINTING
.....AT SHORT NOTICE.....

A Large stock of Fine Note Papers, Envelopes, Bill Heads, Statements, Cards, etc.

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, etc., at very low rates, and better than you get from City Jobbers.

WEDDING INVITATIONS IN THE BEST STYLE.

A large stock of "In Memoriam" Cards just to hand.

NOTICE.
I have on hand some of the latest
Improved U. S. Cream Separators,
HAY CARS, FORKS, SLINGS, Etc.

Also, full line of FARMING IMPLEMENTS
at a good young, general-purpose horse
for sale.

N. LANKTREE,
Massey-Harris Agent.

Lumber for Sale.
The undersigned has a quantity of Lumber for sale at Anson station. Will be there on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

H. G. KINGSTON.

WOOL WANTED
CASH OR TRADE, AT THE
FRANKFORD WOOLEN MILLS

Custom Spinning, Roll Carding and Weaving promptly and well done.

We have a large stock of Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets and Yarn in exchange for wool or cash.

D. ALLPORT & SON,
Frankford, June 6th, 1903.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '04, 40c.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized.....\$2,000,000.

Capital Paid Up.....\$1,290,000.

H. S. HOLT, Montreal, President. DUNCAN M. STEWART, General Manager.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

To Encourage
Savings we accept deposits of One Dollar and upwards and allow interest from Day of Deposit.

To some people banking is always a mystery. We take pleasure in explaining to our customers anything they may not understand.

WE TRANSACT BUSINESS BY MAIL. No trouble, red tape or delay.

STIRLING AND MARMORA.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.

A Tale of the Rolling Wave

trip who had sailed under "special" arrangement which was the main-

SE'S NERVE FOOD

Mrs. Turner, Who Was Thoroughly Cured by the Use of This Great Food Cure.

"For some months past I was growing very nervous, gradually becoming a nervous wreck, sleeplessness and general headache, attacks of nervous headache, began six weeks ago. I began to eat Chase's Nerve Food and speak too highly of this food to sleep well now, the headache has disappeared, I have found that my system generally has been much improved by this treatment."

Nervous prostration, nervous headache, dyspepsia, fainting spells, paralysis, ataxia, feelings of weakness and despondency overcome by this treatment, as it does, contain all the elements of a gradual cure. These gradual cures are all the more successful and by no means prove to be a weighty task, new, firm facts are being added. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food fifty cents a box for \$2.50. All orders to J. C. Bates & Co., Edmondson, you against the pirate and signature of W. Chase, the famous nerve author, are on every box.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc.
in Trade Centres.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Toronto, June 30. — Wheat—Market is firm, with fair demand. No. 2 white and No. 2 red quoted at 74½ to 75c east, and 74½ middle freight. No. 2 spring at 70c middle. No. 2 goos at 66 to 67c on Midland. Manitoba wheat firmer; No. 1 hard quoted at 86c Goderich, and No. 1 Northern, 85c Goderich; No. 1 hard, 92c grinding in transit, lake and rail, and No. 1 Northern, 91c.

Oats — The market is firm on limited offerings. No. 2 white quoted at 32 to 32½ middle freight, and No. 1 white at 33½ east.

Barley — Trade is quiet. No. 3 extra quoted at 44c middle freight, and No. 3 at 42½ to 43c.

Rye — The market is steady at 52c east for No. 2.

Peas — Trade dull, with No. 2 white quoted at 64 to 65c high freight.

Ruckwheat — Nothing doing, with prices nominal at 39 to 40c outside.

Corn — Market is firm; No. 3 American yellow quoted at 59c on track, Toronto, and No. 3 mixed at 58c Toronto. Canadian feed corn, 51½ west, and at 56c, Toronto.

Flour — Ninety per cent. patents quoted to-day at \$2.75 middle freight, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$3.25 to \$3.40 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady. No. 1 patents, \$4.10 to \$4.20, and strong bakers', \$3.85 to \$3.90 in bags, Toronto.

Milled — Bran is firm at \$18, and shorts \$19 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$16.50 to \$17, and shorts at \$18. Manitoba bran in sacks, \$20, and shorts at \$22 here.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are steady. Cured meats are unchanged, with a good demand. We quote: Bacon, clear, 10 to 10½, in ton and case lots. Pork, mess, \$21; do., short cut, \$22.50.

Smoked meats — Hams, 13 to 13½; rolls, 11½; shoulders, 10½; backs, 14 to 15½; breakfast bacon, 13½ to 14c.

Lard — The market is steady. We quote: Tierces, 10c; tubs, 10½; pails, 10½; compound, 8 to 9c.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter — The market was quiet to-day, with no change in prices. We quote as follows: Choice, 1-lb. rolls, 16 to 17c; selected dairy, 15 to 16c; secondary grades, 14 to 15c. Creamery, 12 to 13c; solids, 13 to 14c.

Eggs — The market continues firm, with small supplies. We quote: Selected stock, 15c; ordinary, 14c; seconds and checks, 11c.

Cheese — Market is quiet, with jobbing lots at 11 to 11½c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, June 30. — The local markets are fairly active and steady. Wheat is steady, and flour prices are firm, though as yet unchanged. Butter and cheese are unchanged, though cheese is a little easier. The Liverpool quotation for cheese is 58s 6d for white, and 55s 6d for colored. Grain — No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat, 81c; No. 1 Northern, 79½c; No. 2, 78½c; No. 3, 77½c; No. 4, 76½c; No. 5, 75½c; No. 6, 74½c; No. 7, 73½c; No. 8, 72½c; No. 9, 71½c; No. 10, 70½c; No. 11, 69½c; No. 12, 68½c; No. 13, 67½c; No. 14, 66½c; No. 15, 65½c; No. 16, 64½c; No. 17, 63½c; No. 18, 62½c; No. 19, 61½c; No. 20, 60½c; No. 21, 59½c; No. 22, 58½c; No. 23, 57½c; No. 24, 56½c; No. 25, 55½c; No. 26, 54½c; No. 27, 53½c; No. 28, 52½c; No. 29, 51½c; No. 30, 50½c; No. 31, 49½c; No. 32, 48½c; No. 33, 47½c; No. 34, 46½c; No. 35, 45½c; No. 36, 44½c; No. 37, 43½c; No. 38, 42½c; No. 39, 41½c; No. 40, 40½c; No. 41, 39½c; No. 42, 38½c; No. 43, 37½c; No. 44, 36½c; No. 45, 35½c; No. 46, 34½c; No. 47, 33½c; No. 48, 32½c; No. 49, 31½c; No. 50, 30½c; No. 51, 29½c; No. 52, 28½c; No. 53, 27½c; No. 54, 26½c; No. 55, 25½c; No. 56, 24½c; No. 57, 23½c; No. 58, 22½c; No. 59, 21½c; No. 60, 20½c; No. 61, 19½c; No. 62, 18½c; No. 63, 17½c; No. 64, 16½c; No. 65, 15½c; No. 66, 14½c; No. 67, 13½c; No. 68, 12½c; No. 69, 11½c; No. 70, 10½c; No. 71, 9½c; No. 72, 8½c; No. 73, 7½c; No. 74, 6½c; No. 75, 5½c; No. 76, 4½c; No. 77, 3½c; No. 78, 2½c; No. 79, 1½c; No. 80, ½c; No. 81, 0c; No. 82, 0c; No. 83, 0c; No. 84, 0c; No. 85, 0c; No. 86, 0c; No. 87, 0c; No. 88, 0c; No. 89, 0c; No. 90, 0c; No. 91, 0c; No. 92, 0c; No. 93, 0c; No. 94, 0c; No. 95, 0c; No. 96, 0c; No. 97, 0c; No. 98, 0c; No. 99, 0c; No. 100, 0c.

Wheat — Spring steady; No. 2 northern, 81c; 87½c; winter, No. 2 white 83c; No. 2 red 80½c. Corn — Strong; No. 2 yellow, 50½c; No. 2 white, 54½c; Oats — Strong; No. 1 white, 44½c; No. 2 mixed, 42c; Barley — Western offered at 52 to 58c. Rye — No. 1, 57c. Canal freights — Steady.

St. Louis, June 30. — Wheat July, 81c; September, 76½c; December, 77½c.

Milwaukee, June 30. — Wheat — 3c higher; No. 1 Northern, 87c to 87½c; No. 2 Northern, 86 to 86½c; No. 3, 85 to 85½c; No. 4, 84 to 84½c; No. 5, 83 to 83½c; No. 6, 82 to 82½c; No. 7, 81 to 81½c; No. 8, 80 to 80½c; No. 9, 79 to 79½c; No. 10, 78 to 78½c; No. 11, 77 to 77½c; No. 12, 76 to 76½c; No. 13, 75 to 75½c; No. 14, 74 to 74½c; No. 15, 73 to 73½c; No. 16, 72 to 72½c; No. 17, 71 to 71½c; No. 18, 70 to 70½c; No. 19, 69 to 69½c; No. 20, 68 to 68½c; No. 21, 67 to 67½c; No. 22, 66 to 66½c; No. 23, 65 to 65½c; No. 24, 64 to 64½c; No. 25, 63 to 63½c; No. 26, 62 to 62½c; No. 27, 61 to 61½c; No. 28, 60 to 60½c; No. 29, 59 to 59½c; No. 30, 58 to 58½c; No. 31, 57 to 57½c; No. 32, 56 to 56½c; No. 33, 55 to 55½c; No. 34, 54 to 54½c; No. 35, 53 to 53½c; No. 36, 52 to 52½c; No. 37, 51 to 51½c; No. 38, 50 to 50½c; No. 39, 49 to 49½c; No. 40, 48 to 48½c; No. 41, 47 to 47½c; No. 42, 46 to 46½c; No. 43, 45 to 45½c; No. 44, 44 to 44½c; No. 45, 43 to 43½c; No. 46, 42 to 42½c; No. 47, 41 to 41½c; No. 48, 40 to 40½c; No. 49, 39 to 39½c; No. 50, 38 to 38½c; No. 51, 37 to 37½c; No. 52, 36 to 36½c; No. 53, 35 to 35½c; No. 54, 34 to 34½c; No. 55, 33 to 33½c; No. 56, 32 to 32½c; No. 57, 31 to 31½c; No. 58, 30 to 30½c; No. 59, 29 to 29½c; No. 60, 28 to 28½c; No. 61, 27 to 27½c; No. 62, 26 to 26½c; No. 63, 25 to 25½c; No. 64, 24 to 24½c; No. 65, 23 to 23½c; No. 66, 22 to 22½c; No. 67, 21 to 21½c; No. 68, 20 to 20½c; No. 69, 19 to 19½c; No. 70, 18 to 18½c; No. 71, 17 to 17½c; No. 72, 16 to 16½c; No. 73, 15 to 15½c; No. 74, 14 to 14½c; No. 75, 13 to 13½c; No. 76, 12 to 12½c; No. 77, 11 to 11½c; No. 78, 10 to 10½c; No. 79, 9 to 9½c; No. 80, 8 to 8½c; No. 81, 7 to 7½c; No. 82, 6 to 6½c; No. 83, 5 to 5½c; No. 84, 4 to 4½c; No. 85, 3 to 3½c; No. 86, 2 to 2½c; No. 87, 1 to 1½c; No. 88, 0 to 0½c; No. 89, 0 to 0½c; No. 90, 0 to 0½c; No. 91, 0 to 0½c; No. 92, 0 to 0½c; No. 93, 0 to 0½c; No. 94, 0 to 0½c; No. 95, 0 to 0½c; No. 96, 0 to 0½c; No. 97, 0 to 0½c; No. 98, 0 to 0½c; No. 99, 0 to 0½c; No. 100, 0 to 0½c.

Buffalo, June 30. — Flour — Firm. Wheat — Spring steady; No. 2 northern, 81c; 87½c; winter, No. 2 white 83c; No. 2 red 80½c. Corn — Strong; No. 2 yellow, 50½c; No. 2 white, 54½c; Oats — Strong; No. 1 white, 44½c; No. 2 mixed, 42c; Barley — Western offered at 52 to 58c. Rye — No. 1, 57c. Canal freights — Steady.

St. Louis, June 30. — Wheat July, 81c; September, 76½c; December, 77½c.

Milwaukee, June 30. — Wheat — 3c higher; No. 1 Northern, 87c to 87½c; No. 2 Northern, 86 to 86½c; No. 3, 85 to 85½c; No. 4, 84 to 84½c; No. 5, 83 to 83½c; No. 6, 82 to 82½c; No. 7, 81 to 81½c; No. 8, 80 to 80½c; No. 9, 79 to 79½c; No. 10, 78 to 78½c; No. 11, 77 to 77½c; No. 12, 76 to 76½c; No. 13, 75 to 75½c; No. 14, 74 to 74½c; No. 15, 73 to 73½c; No. 16, 72 to 72½c; No. 17, 71 to 71½c; No. 18, 70 to 70½c; No. 19, 69 to 69½c; No. 20, 68 to 68½c; No. 21, 67 to 67½c; No. 22, 66 to 66½c; No. 23, 65 to 65½c; No. 24, 64 to 64½c; No. 25, 63 to 63½c; No. 26, 62 to 62½c; No. 27, 61 to 61½c; No. 28, 60 to 60½c; No. 29, 59 to 59½c; No. 30, 58 to 58½c; No. 31, 57 to 57½c; No. 32, 56 to 56½c; No. 33, 55 to 55½c; No. 34, 54 to 54½c; No. 35, 53 to 53½c; No. 36, 52 to 52½c; No. 37, 51 to 51½c; No. 38, 50 to 50½c; No. 39, 49 to 49½c; No. 40, 48 to 48½c; No. 41, 47 to 47½c; No. 42, 46 to 46½c; No. 43, 45 to 45½c; No. 44, 44 to 44½c; No. 45, 43 to 43½c; No. 46, 42 to 42½c; No. 47, 41 to 41½c; No. 48, 40 to 40½c; No. 49, 39 to 39½c; No. 50, 38 to 38½c; No. 51, 37 to 37½c; No. 52, 36 to 36½c; No. 53, 35 to 35½c; No. 54, 34 to 34½c; No. 55, 33 to 33½c; No. 56, 32 to 32½c; No. 57, 31 to 31½c; No. 58, 30 to 30½c; No. 59, 29 to 29½c; No. 60, 28 to 28½c; No. 61, 27 to 27½c; No. 62, 26 to 26½c; No. 63, 25 to 25½c; No. 64, 24 to 24½c; No. 65, 23 to 23½c; No. 66, 22 to 22½c; No. 67, 21 to 21½c; No. 68, 20 to 20½c; No. 69, 19 to 19½c; No. 70, 18 to 18½c; No. 71, 17 to 17½c; No. 72, 16 to 16½c; No. 73, 15 to 15½c; No. 74, 14 to 14½c; No. 75, 13 to 13½c; No. 76, 12 to 12½c; No. 77, 11 to 11½c; No. 78, 10 to 10½c; No. 79, 9 to 9½c; No. 80, 8 to 8½c; No. 81, 7 to 7½c; No. 82, 6 to 6½c; No. 83, 5 to 5½c; No. 84, 4 to 4½c; No. 85, 3 to 3½c; No. 86, 2 to 2½c; No. 87, 1 to 1½c; No. 88, 0 to 0½c; No. 89, 0 to 0½c; No. 90, 0 to 0½c; No. 91, 0 to 0½c; No. 92, 0 to 0½c; No. 93, 0 to 0½c; No. 94, 0 to 0½c; No. 95, 0 to 0½c; No. 96, 0 to 0½c; No. 97, 0 to 0½c; No. 98, 0 to 0½c; No. 99, 0 to 0½c; No. 100, 0 to 0½c.

Buffalo, June 30. — Flour — Firm. Wheat — Spring steady; No. 2 northern, 81c; 87½c; winter, No. 2 white 83c; No. 2 red 80½c. Corn — Strong; No. 2 yellow, 50½c; No. 2 white, 54½c; Oats — Strong; No. 1 white, 44½c; No. 2 mixed, 42c; Barley — Western offered at 52 to 58c. Rye — No. 1, 57c. Canal freights — Steady.

St. Louis, June 30. — Wheat July, 81c; September, 76½c; December, 77½c.

Milwaukee, June 30. — Wheat — 3c higher; No. 1 Northern, 87c to 87½c; No. 2 Northern, 86 to 86½c; No. 3, 85 to 85½c; No. 4, 84 to 84½c; No. 5, 83 to 83½c; No. 6, 82 to 82½c; No. 7, 81 to 81½c; No. 8, 80 to 80½c; No. 9, 79 to 79½c; No. 10, 78 to 78½c; No. 11, 77 to 77½c; No. 12, 76 to 76½c; No. 13, 75 to 75½c; No. 14, 74 to 74½c; No. 15, 73 to 73½c; No. 16, 72 to 72½c; No. 17, 71 to 71½c; No. 18, 70 to 70½c; No. 19, 69 to 69½c; No. 20, 68 to 68½c; No. 21, 67 to 67½c; No. 22, 66 to 66½c; No. 23, 65 to 65½c; No. 24, 64 to 64½c; No. 25, 63 to 63½c; No. 26, 62 to 62½c; No. 27, 61 to 61½c; No. 28, 60 to 60½c; No. 29, 59 to 59½c; No. 30, 58 to 58½c; No. 31, 57 to 57½c; No. 32, 56 to 56½c; No. 33, 55 to 55½c; No. 34, 54 to 54½c; No. 35, 53 to 53½c; No. 36, 52 to 52½c; No. 37, 51 to 51½c; No. 38, 50 to 50½c; No. 39, 49 to 49½c; No. 40, 48 to 48½c; No. 41, 47 to 47½c; No. 42, 46 to 46½c; No. 43, 45 to 45½c; No. 44, 44 to 44½c; No. 45, 43 to 43½c; No. 46, 42 to 42½c; No. 47, 41 to 41½c; No. 48, 40 to 40½c; No. 49, 39 to 39½c; No. 50, 38 to 38½c; No. 51, 37 to 37½c; No. 52, 36 to 36½c; No. 53, 35 to 35½c; No. 54, 34 to 34½c; No. 55, 33 to 33½c; No. 56, 32 to 32½c; No. 57, 31 to 31½c; No. 58, 30 to 30½c; No. 59, 29 to 29½c; No. 60, 28 to 28½c; No. 61, 27 to 27½c; No. 62, 26 to 26½c; No. 63, 25 to 25½c; No. 64, 24 to 24½c; No. 65, 23 to 23½c; No. 66, 22 to 22½c; No. 67, 21 to 21½c; No. 68, 20 to 20½c; No. 69, 19 to 19½c; No. 70, 18 to 18½c; No. 71, 17 to 17½c; No. 72, 16 to 16½c; No. 73, 15 to 15½c; No. 74, 14 to 14½c; No. 75, 13 to 13½c; No. 76, 12 to 12½c; No. 77, 11 to 11½c; No. 78, 10 to 10½c; No. 79, 9 to 9½c; No. 80, 8 to 8½c; No. 81, 7 to 7½c; No. 82, 6 to 6½c; No. 83, 5 to 5½c; No. 84, 4 to 4½c; No. 85, 3 to 3½c; No. 86, 2 to 2½c; No. 87, 1 to 1½c; No. 88, 0 to 0½c; No. 89, 0 to 0½c; No. 90, 0 to 0½c; No. 91, 0 to 0½c; No. 92, 0 to 0½c; No. 93, 0 to 0½c; No. 94, 0 to 0½c; No. 95, 0 to 0½c; No. 96, 0 to 0½c; No. 97, 0 to 0½c; No. 98, 0 to 0½c; No. 99, 0 to 0½c; No. 100, 0 to 0½c.

Buffalo, June 30. — Flour — Firm. Wheat — Spring steady; No. 2 northern, 81c; 87½c; winter, No. 2 white 83c; No. 2 red 80½c. Corn — Strong; No. 2 yellow, 50½c; No. 2 white, 54½c; Oats — Strong; No. 1 white, 44½c; No. 2 mixed, 42c; Barley — Western offered at 52 to 58c. Rye — No. 1, 57c. Canal freights — Steady.

St. Louis, June 30. — Wheat July, 81c; September, 76½c; December, 77½c.

Milwaukee, June 30. — Wheat — 3c higher; No. 1 Northern, 87c to 87½c; No. 2 Northern, 86 to 86½c; No. 3, 85 to 85½c; No. 4, 84 to 84½c; No. 5, 83 to 83½c; No. 6, 82 to 82½c; No. 7, 81 to 81½c; No. 8, 80 to 80½c; No. 9, 79 to 79½c; No. 10, 78 to 78½c; No. 11, 77 to 77½c; No. 12, 76 to 76½c; No. 13, 75 to 75½c; No. 14, 74 to 74½c; No. 15, 73 to 73½c; No. 16, 72 to 72½c; No. 17, 71 to 71½c; No. 18, 70 to 70½c; No. 19, 69 to 69½c; No. 20, 68 to 68½c; No. 21, 67 to 67½c; No. 22, 66 to 66½c; No. 23, 65 to 65½c; No. 24, 64 to 64½c; No. 25, 63 to 63½c; No. 26, 62 to 62½c; No. 27, 61 to 61½c; No. 28, 60 to 60½c; No. 29, 59 to 59½c; No. 30, 58 to 58½c; No. 31, 57 to 57½c; No. 32, 56 to 56½c; No. 33, 55 to 55½c; No. 34, 54 to 54½c; No. 35, 53 to 53½c; No. 36, 52 to 52½c; No. 37, 51 to 51½c; No. 38, 50 to 50½c; No. 39, 49 to 49½c; No. 40, 48 to 48½c; No. 41, 47 to 47½c; No. 42, 46 to 46½c; No. 43, 45 to 45½c; No. 44, 44 to 44½c; No. 45, 43 to 43½c; No. 46, 42 to 42½c; No. 47, 41 to 41½c; No. 48, 40 to 40½c; No. 49, 39 to 39½c; No. 50, 38 to 38½c; No. 51, 37 to 37½c; No. 52, 36 to 36½c; No. 53, 35 to 35½c; No. 54, 34 to 34½c; No. 55, 33 to 33½c; No. 56, 32 to 32½c; No. 57, 31 to 31½c; No. 58, 30 to 30½c; No. 59, 29 to 29½c; No. 60, 28 to 28½c; No. 61, 27 to 27½c; No. 62, 26 to 26½c; No. 63, 25 to 25½c; No. 64, 24 to 24½c; No. 65, 23 to 23½c; No. 66, 22 to 22½c; No. 67, 21 to 21½c; No. 68, 20 to 20½c; No. 69, 19 to 19½c; No. 70, 18 to 18½c; No. 71, 17 to 17½c; No. 72, 16 to 16½c; No. 73, 15 to 15½c; No. 74, 14 to 14½c; No. 75, 13 to 13½c; No. 76, 12 to 12½c; No. 77, 11 to 11½c; No. 78, 10 to 10½c; No. 79, 9 to 9½c; No. 80, 8 to 8½c; No. 81, 7 to 7½c; No. 82, 6 to 6½c; No. 83, 5 to 5½c; No. 84, 4 to 4½c; No. 85, 3 to 3½c; No. 86, 2 to 2½c; No. 87, 1 to 1½c; No. 88, 0 to 0½c; No. 89, 0 to 0½c; No. 90, 0 to 0½c; No. 91, 0 to 0½c; No. 92, 0 to 0½c; No. 93, 0 to 0½c; No. 94, 0 to 0½c; No. 95, 0 to 0½c; No. 96, 0 to 0½c; No. 97, 0 to 0½c; No. 98, 0 to 0½c; No. 99, 0 to 0½c; No. 100, 0 to 0½c.

Buffalo, June 30. — Flour — Firm. Wheat — Spring steady; No. 2 northern, 81c; 87½c; winter, No. 2 white 83c; No. 2 red 80½c. Corn — Strong; No. 2 yellow, 50½c; No. 2 white, 54½c; Oats — Strong; No. 1 white, 44½c; No. 2 mixed, 42c; Barley — Western offered at 52 to 58c. Rye — No. 1, 57c. Canal freights — Steady.

St. Louis, June 30. — Wheat July, 81c; September, 76½c; December, 77½c.

Milwaukee, June 30. — Wheat — 3c higher; No. 1 Northern, 87c to 87½c; No. 2 Northern, 86 to 86½c; No. 3, 85 to 85½c; No. 4, 84 to 84½c; No. 5, 83 to 83½c; No. 6, 82 to 82½c; No. 7, 81 to 81½c; No. 8, 80 to 80½c; No. 9, 79 to 79½c; No. 10, 78 to 78½c; No. 11, 77 to 77½c; No. 12, 76 to 76½c; No. 13, 75 to 75½c; No. 14, 74 to 74½c; No. 15, 73 to 73½c; No. 16, 72 to 72½c; No. 17, 71 to 71½c; No. 18, 70 to 70½c; No. 19, 69 to 69½c; No. 20, 68 to 68½c; No. 21, 67 to 67½c; No. 22, 66 to 66½c; No. 23, 65 to 65½c; No. 24, 64 to 64½c; No. 25, 63 to 63½c; No. 26, 62 to 62½c; No. 27, 61 to 61½c; No. 28, 60 to 60½c; No. 29, 59 to 59½c; No. 30, 58 to 58½c; No. 31, 57 to 57½c; No. 32, 56 to 56½c; No. 33, 55 to 55½c; No. 34, 54 to 54½c; No. 35, 53 to 53½c; No. 36, 52 to 52½c; No. 37, 51 to 51½c; No. 38, 50 to 50½c; No. 39, 49 to 49½c; No. 40, 48 to 48½c; No. 41, 47 to 47½c; No. 42, 46 to 46½c; No. 43, 45 to 45½c; No. 44, 44 to 44½c; No. 45, 43 to 43½c; No. 46, 42 to 42½c; No. 47, 41 to 41½c; No. 48, 40 to 40½c; No. 49, 39 to 39½c; No. 50, 38 to 38½c; No. 51, 37 to 37½c; No. 52, 36 to 36½c; No. 53, 35 to 35½c; No. 54, 34 to 34½c; No. 55, 33 to 33½c; No. 56, 32 to 32½c; No. 57, 31 to 31½c; No. 58, 30 to 30½c; No. 59, 29 to 29½c; No. 60, 28 to 28½c; No. 61, 27 to 27½c; No. 62, 26 to 26½c; No. 63, 25 to 25½c; No. 64, 24 to 24½c; No. 65, 23 to 23½c; No. 66, 22 to 22½c; No. 67, 21 to 21½c; No. 68, 20 to 20½c; No. 69, 19 to 19½c; No. 70, 18 to 18½c; No. 71, 17 to 17½c; No. 72, 16 to 16½c; No. 73, 15 to 15½c; No. 74, 14 to 14½c; No. 75, 13 to 13½c; No. 76, 12 to 12½c; No. 77, 11 to 11½c; No. 78, 10 to 10½c; No. 79, 9 to 9½c; No. 80, 8 to 8½c; No. 81, 7 to 7½c; No. 82, 6 to 6½c; No. 83, 5 to 5½c; No. 84, 4 to 4½c; No. 85, 3 to 3½c; No. 86, 2 to 2½c; No. 87, 1 to 1½c; No. 88, 0 to 0½c; No. 89, 0 to 0½c; No. 90, 0 to 0½c; No. 91, 0 to 0½c; No. 92, 0 to 0½c; No. 93, 0 to 0½c; No. 94, 0 to 0½c; No. 95, 0 to 0½c; No. 96, 0 to 0½c; No. 97, 0 to 0½c; No. 98, 0 to 0½c; No. 99, 0 to 0½c; No. 100, 0 to 0½c.

do medium	4.00	4.40
do light	3.60	4.00
Stockers, choice	8.50	4.00
do common	2.75	3.00
Milk cows, each	30.00	40.00
Export ewes, per cwt	3.75	3.90
do bucks, per cwt	2.75	3.00
Culls, each	2.50	3.50
Spring lambs, each	2.50	4.25
Calves, per lb.	0.04½	0.05
do each	2.00	10.00
Hogs, select, per cwt	5.75	6.00
do fat, per cwt.	5.50	6.00
do light, per cwt.	6.50	6.00
Sows	4.00	4.25

To Drive Tramps Out.
Government Issues a Circular to Police Magistrate Urging Severity.
Prompted by the murder of Glory Whalen at Collingwood, of which tramps are suspected, the Provincial Government is sending out a circular letter to the various police magistrates. The letter reads:
"The murder of an innocent child at Collingwood has again called attention to the danger arising from tramps and vagrants roaming about the country unchecked. Most of the burglaries and other crimes committed in various parts of the Province have been the work of tramps of the class that usually work along the railways and camp in barns along the outskirts of cities, towns and villages. It is desired that these men be driven out of the Province, and it is thought that the best way to attain this result is for the magistrates before whom any of these tramps are brought on charges of vagrancy to impose the full term of imprisonment in the Central Prison allowed by the law. The practice of giving them the option of a fine or leaving the municipality in a few hours has produced very unsatisfactory results. The department, therefore, desires you, when any of these men are brought before you, to administer the law strictly and rigorously, and the more so as good results have followed from the action taken along the lines indicated. The railway authorities are co-operating with the department, and I have to ask you at all times to assist the railway constables who may be acting in the cases mentioned."

Telephone for Farmers.
There has been quite a discussion lately in Parliament on the question of granting equal privileges to local telephone companies to those now granted to the Bell Co. The latter has a monopoly of the business in Canada, and has heretofore resisted the attempts of local companies to form separate lines.
In this connection it is interesting to note what is being done in the United States. In some rural communities in Indiana as many as one hundred farmers had telephones in their houses connected with a switchboard at some central point, and from the central with trunk lines to the county seat.
The cost of putting in a 'phone was \$30, and each subscriber pays 25c. a month for the service. In addition to this the subscribers pay a superintendent \$50 a year for his services. In Iowa a company builds the line and charges each subscriber \$10 a year.
The farmers of the States mentioned are delighted with the telephone system. One farmer's mutual system in Iowa pays \$3 a year extra for city connection, and though they consider the price high they have no notion of discontinuing it.
The farmers find it a great convenience in harvest time to telephone to town for machinery repairs, and in case of sickness there is a great saving of time in getting the doctor to the bedside of the patient. By this system the farmers are also put in direct communication with the telegraph system.
There is no reason why such a system should not be put in operation in many communities here as well as in the States.

Spring Brook.
From Our Own Correspondent.
The C. O. R. has built a new station house, a very much needed accommodation.
School is over for seven weeks. The teachers have taken themselves to their several homes, and there is joy abroad over the land among the juveniles.
A man by the name of Twiddy, who resides at Crookston, was killed while at work on a section of the C. P. R. on Tuesday morning, a mile east from Springbrook.
Here is material for a sketch, but we have not time to fill it in. A little gossip, repeated the other way round—reminiscences—a club in the hands of an angry woman—bruised ribs—case before the Police Magistrate. As a live dog is better than a dead lion, so is an angry woman more dangerous than a dead queen.
Rev. Herman McConnell of Weyburn, formerly of this place, is here with his bride, visiting relatives and friends of his boyhood days. We were pleased to have him with us at the Sabbath School and service through the day. He will occupy the pulpit on Sunday afternoon, July 12.
Rev. D. S. Houck spent Tuesday calling on friends in Springbrook. And say, don't fail to get one of Marmora's beautiful souvenirs for the 13th of July, like the sample of which Mr. Houck had with him.
July 5th will be children's day in this church. We hope to see it well filled with two kinds of flowers, some from our gardens, and many from human buds from our homes. Rev. D. S. Houck and Rev. H. McConnell will address the congregation. Let there be a good turn out of children, and parents as well.
Miss Eva Anderson of Wellman's Corners, has a large music class in this place, with more being added all the time.
On July 15th the ladies branch of the Farmers' Institute will hold a meeting in the C. O. R. hall for members in the afternoon. Tea will be served for members, after which two ladies from a distance will address a public meeting. All are welcome in the evening.
A sea serpent has been seen in Lake Huron, near Southampton. The story is vouched for by responsible parties who say the reptile was at least 40 feet in length.

A Practical Alphabet.
Always use the same size cup in measuring everything for the article you are making.
Be sure and have a good fire, and not let it get low about the time bread is ready for the oven.
Cut slices of bread evenly, and not too thin.
Care to use a little less spice and sugar than a recipe calls for.
Engage earnestly in every household work if you expect success.
Find a better place for cooking utensils than under the sink.
Good bread of entire wheat should be the staple, and the maker thereof should take a family prize every three months.
Health is in well prepared, nutritious food. It is economy of time to wash the baking dishes as soon as done with them.
Juices of fruits are more wholesome than jams and jellies.
Kindling wood should always be ready, and plenty of it.
Lamps for pantry and kitchen are more convenient when set in brackets.
Molasses is a heavy sweet for frequent use and not good for bread and beans.
Nuts should be well masticated, or finely ground if served in place of meat.
Other foods are better than puddings and cakes.
Prepare your fire at night ready for lighting in the morning.
Quiet nerves will be the result of orderly plans in the kitchen.
Restless, uneasy children often become so from indulgence in eating between meals.
Salt your food as little as possible.
There is death in the dishcloth, kill it by scalding or cremation.
Utensils for cooking cannot be too thoroughly washed.
Vegetables should be cooked in as little water as possible.
Water cannot be too fresh and pure for cooking uses.
Exercise your highest skill in everything you prepare for the table.
Youth will set her seal upon a wrinkled face if one is cheerful and properly fed.
Zeal in one's work is the way to make it light.
& never a troublesome piece of drudgery.

Sabbath School Convention.
POSTPONED TO JULY 3rd.
The Eleventh Annual Convention of the Stirling, Rawdon and Marmora S. S. Association will be held in the Presbyterian Church, RYLSSTONE, on FRIDAY, JULY 3rd, 1903, at 1.30 and 7.30 p.m.
PROGRAMME:
AFTERNOON SESSION.
1.30—Devotional Exercises, Rev. J. C. Bell.
1.45—President's Address.
1.50—Who is Responsible for the Inefficient Teaching in the Sabbath School? Rev. D. S. Houck.
2.25—Discussion, led by Alex. Hume and B. C. Tucker.
2.40—Decision Day in the Sabbath School, Mrs. Burns.
3.15—Discussion.
3.20—The Grace of Giving in the Sabbath School, Rev. R. Duke.
3.50—Discussion, led by Jas. Scott and D. W. Roblin.
4.05—Collection. Reports and Pledges of Schools. Closing. Meeting of Executive.
EVENING SESSION.
7.30—Devotional Exercises, Rev. J. Moore.
7.45—Temperance Teaching in the Sabbath School, Rev. J. C. Bell.
8.15—Discussion, led by R. D. Rutherford and W. S. Martin.
8.30—The Sabbath School as an Evangelizing Force in the Home, Rev. S. S. Burns.
9.10—Discussion led by Geo. Simmons and E. Williams.
9.25—Report of Executive and Introduction of Officers Elect.
9.35—S. S. Equipment, Geo. E. Kennedy.
9.55—Discussion led by T. J. Thompson and L. Meiklejohn.
Collection and Closing.
Geo. A. JOHNSON, President. W. H. HEATH, Secretary.

FOR LATE SEEDING.
Hungarian, Millet,
Mammoth Sweet Corn,
Improved Leaming Corn,
All leading varieties of
Fall and Winter Turnip Seed
Large Connecticut Pumpkin
Vetches, Essex Rape.
J. C. HANLEY & CO.,
GROCERS, FEED & SEED
MERCHANTS,
BELLEVILLE - ONT.

THE NEWS-ARGUS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,
To 1st of Jan. 1904, for 40c.

FIRE INSURANCE.
The GUARDIAN,
"NORWICH UNION,
"SUN,
"GORE,
FARMS FOR SALE.
HORSE " "
W. S. MARTIN,
Insurance Agent, STIRLING

Painting, Paperhanging, Graining, Hard Wood Finishing, Decorating
in all Branches.
If you want the outside of your house painted or the inside painted, interior decorated, no matter what, we are prepared to execute for you all kind of first-class work and do it promptly.
We have a large staff of the best mechanics to be found in Canada, men with much experience.
We have too all necessary materials at remarkably low prices.
Best Oil at 70c. per gal.
Best Grade A Lead, \$6.00 per hundred weight.
Wall Papers remarkably low in price and we give Bordering free to match our papers, 2 yards with each double roll of paper.
We will go to any point 25 miles from Belleville and hang our papers at 10c. per roll. We will go any place within 50 miles of home to do Painting and Decorating.
We guarantee all our work perfect.
You can save money by dropping us a card for samples of paper or for us to figure on your work.
Address
C. B. SCANTLEBURY,
Belleville's Decorator.
Wall Paper, wholesale and retail

NEWS-ARGUS
To the end of
1903, for
40 Cts.
Subscribe NOW.

PATENTS
50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.
TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS & C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbooks on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through MUNN & CO. receive special notice, without charge, in our Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Terms, \$3 a copy, or \$10 a year in advance. Single copies, 10c. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 222 N. W. St., Washington, D. C.

A FREE PATTERN
(your own selection) to every subscriber. Only 50 cents a year.
McCALL'S 50c MAGAZINE YEAR
A LADIES' MAGAZINE.
A gem, beautiful colored plates, latest fashions, beautiful costumes, elegant work, household hints, for latest copy, try it today or send 25c. for latest copy. Ready agents wanted. Send for terms. Style, Reliable, Simple, Up-to-date, Economical and Absolutely Perfect-Fitting Paper Patterns.
McCALL 10c BAZAR PATTERNS 15c
All Seams, Allowed and Perforations show the Basting and Sewing Lines.
Only 10c and 15c sent each—none by mail. And sent in ready every day and town, or by mail from
THE McCALL CO.,
113-115-117 West 31st St., NEW YORK.

The NEWS-ARGUS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,
TO JAN. 1, 1904, 40c.

Diarrhoea

When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S.
FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN
Dentistry of the University of Toronto.
Graduate of and Late Lecturer in the
Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Office—Over Parker's Drug Store.
238 Open every day and evening.

J. McC. POTTS, M.D., C.M.
GRADUATE MCGILL UNIVERSITY.
Late House Surgeon, Montreal General
Hospital; formerly resident accoucheur Mon-
treal Maternity Hospital and Assistant in the
cases of Women in General Hospital. Licen-
tiate Illinois State Board of Health, and Mem-
ber College of Physicians and Surgeons of
Ontario.
Office and Residence—Front Street,
Stirling.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES,
Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES:—Stirling and Bancroft.
J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.
HARRY L. BOLDRICK.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
Toronto Medical College. Licentiate of
the College of Physicians and Surgeons, On-
tario.
Office and Residence:—Dr. Boulter's
former residence, Stirling.

G. G. TERASHER.
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEY-
ANCER, &c. Office over Brown & Mc-
Cann's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

W. J. McCAMON.
BARRISTER, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT.
Office: McAnnany Block, Cor. Front and
Bridge Streets.
MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN S. BLACK.
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR
taking Affidavits. Office, over the store
lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE.
NO. 239.
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room
Conley block,
EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING
At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

DENTISTRY.
C. L. HAWLEY, L.D.S.

TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO
School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling
professionally, the second and last Friday in
each month, until further notice.
The Dental Engine, Vitalized Air, Gas, and
all the modern appliances known to Den-
tistry, will be used for the painless extraction
and preservation of the natural teeth.
Rooms at Scott House.

The Session Closed.

The longest session of the Ontario
Legislature, for many years at least,
was closed on Saturday last, when the
Lieutenant-Governor declared the
House prorogued. There have been 63
days of actual work, about thrice the
average number, and recently they
have partaken of the nature of a con-
tinuous performance, with sessions
forenoon, afternoon and evening, which
is quite an unusual proceeding, for
more than a day or two. It is between
15 and 16 weeks since the opening oc-
curred, but there was a three weeks'
adjournment in the meantime.

The session was born with Gage's
sensational announcement that he had
been bribed. Its last breath was a
motion to offer a reward of \$10,000 for
information that would clear up the
mystery. And that after almost \$100,-
000 have been spent for that purpose.

The debate on the report of the Ga-
mey Commissioners was concluded on
Saturday morning, when the premier's
motion that the report of the judges be
adopted, was carried by a strict party
vote of 41 to 37, with an amendment
concurring Mr. Gagey.

Clubbing List.

The News-Argus will club with the
following papers at the rates mentioned:
The Weekly Globe.....\$1.75
The Weekly Mail & Empire,
with one premium picture.....1.75
The Weekly Star.....1.80
The Family Herald & Weekly
Star, with two premium pic-
tures.....1.80

Cranks?
Judge—Let us get this thing right.
You say this man whom we are exam-
ining is not insane and yet he is not in
his right mind. How is that?

Witness—Lots of people, your hon-
or, who are not insane are wrong mind-
ed about everything.

An Aid to Memory.
Sloopy—And doctor, if you will, I
wish you would give me something to
help my memory. I forget so easily.
Doctor—Very well. I'll send you a
bill every month.—Baltimore Ameri-
can.

In the Stilly Night.
"What is it?" the drugist sleepily in-
quired from his bedroom window.
"This is a drug store, ain't it?" asked
the man who had rung the night bell.
"Yes. What do you want?"
"Want to look in your city directory
minute an' see where I live."

He Knew How.
Mr. Kidder—People say that it is im-
possible to find a needle in a haystack,
but they're wrong.
Mrs. Kidder—How would you go
about it?
Mr. Kidder—Walk across the stack in
my stocking feet.

FROM UNDERSTUDY TO STAR

By RICHARD KANN
Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure

The understudy clause in her con-
tract was its one redeeming feature.
Without that she would never have
survived the twelve weeks of "one
nights." The hope that some night
she would be given an opportunity to
sing the prima donna role buoyed her
up.

But mere ambition was not alone re-
sponsible for her wish to make an en-
trance with the full chorus dressed
"up stage" to do her honor, to sing the
"Moon Song" that was always enco-
ured to get first mention in the news-
paper criticisms next day. There was
something else quite as potent as am-
bition. It was a promise that if she
remained a chorus girl for another sea-
son she would return to Bond Hill and
the man with the large acreage whom
her parents had selected.

And so, with a week stand in Denver
looming up two days ahead, the season
half over and no nearer to the leading
role than when she left the east, she
was frightfully blue, so gloomy, in
fact, that she decided to tell Ned. He
was the leading baritone. He had no
need to be gloomy, and more than that,
he was essentially resourceful. She
called him to her side of the car.

"I haven't told you before," she be-
gan, "because I wasn't sure, but this is
my last season."
"Wait until we begin to play the
week stands," he said hopefully.
"You'll feel better then."

He noticed suddenly that the leaves
of the book in her lap were spotted
with something. He looked up at her
eyes. A rain cloud smile greeted him.
"It is really true," she said. Then she
told him.

"And the other man," he asked anx-
iously—"don't you care for him?"
"I have promised," she said tearfully.
"He is very nice, but I don't love him.
They didn't like me to go out this sea-
son, but you know how hopeful I was."



"OBSERVE," SHE SAID TO NED, "THE ONE
CARRIAGE AT THIS STATION."
I thought that something might happen
so that I could sing Miss Burton's role
at least once, and if I sang it well!"
"And if nothing does," he interrupted,
"you will go back to Bond Hill and
actually marry him?"

"I've given up hoping," she said.
"Nothing will."

"Something might," he said. "Sup-
pose something did?"

Her hand lay passive in his.
The next day they reached Drexel,
the last "one night" before the week at
Denver.

"Observe," she said to Ned, "the one
carriage at the station."
"It is in Miss Burton's contract," said
Ned, "that she is to have a carriage to
and from her hotel to the stations at
every stand. It is one of the advan-
tages of being a prima donna."

As she looked somewhat enviously at
the carrying out of the clause of the
contract that stood in her way, so to
speak, a bustling advance man hurried
to the carriage and ordered the driver
to be at Miss Burton's hotel in time to
make the 10:20 train for Denver Mon-
day morning.

"I shall walk," she said sadly, "and
I shall carry a little brown bag. After
I have walked to probably a hundred
more trains I shall at last walk to a
train to Bond Hill, where, ever after,
I shall live in carriages."

"You told me," said Ned, "that if
you ever had a chance to sing the lead
Bond Hill would be postponed. And then
perhaps?"

"Little boy," she interrupted, "I'm
not to have a chance to sing it. And
I've rehearsed it until I've two more
notes than I had at the beginning of
the season."
"If you could sing it in Denver," he
said soberly, "they might engage you
for something better—if you sang it to
please them," he added.
"If I sang it to please them indeed,"
she pouted. Then the tears welled up.
"It isn't a question of singing it well,
Ned," she declared. "It's a question
of singing it at all. I only want the
chance—only the chance."
"If you sang it tomorrow night," he
began, "you would have been a prima
donna if only for a night. Then you
wouldn't need to go back to Bond Hill,
and there wouldn't be any reason why
you and I?"
"If any dire thing happens to Miss

Burton," she declared, "and I do sing
tomorrow night, then there will be no
reason why I shouldn't do anything."
"Then you promise?" he asked her.
"Doesn't Miss Burton look healthy
and strong?" she answered.

There was confusion on the train
carrying the company from Drexel to
Denver before twenty-five miles of the
200 mile run over the mountains had
been covered. No prima donna was
on board, nor was there another train
reaching Denver before 9:30 that night,
which was too late to hold a curtain
for any one. Miss Burton for the first
time that season had missed a train.
There seemed to be no other solution.

"I told the man to call for her with a
carriage at 10:30," reiterated the ad-
vance man to everybody. "I couldn't
do anything more."

"It begins to look," said Ned, "as if
you might be forced to sing the part
tonight."

The managers thought so too. She
was taken by them to the baggage car,
where trunks were hurriedly over-
hauled. Miss Burton's costumes, she
knew, would not fit her. So they were
ruthlessly cut up and cut down again
to fit. In fact, she was so busy with
the gowns and the music, which she
ran over while she was not being fit-
ted, that she was at the theater almost
before she had time to think of any-
thing, even of Ned.

Denver didn't know that the very
pretty girl who got three encores for
the "Moon Song" was not Miss Burton.
Denver didn't know Miss Burton.
Anyway, so why tell it that it was
bearing an understudy? thought the
managers. But somehow, when the
dramatic men got back to their offices,
they found that some one had tele-
phoned during their absence that Miss
Burton had missed the train at Drexel,
and that they had heard her under-
study.

"We trust," one of them wrote the
next morning, "that Miss Bondhill, who
appeared in Miss Burton's stead last
night, will continue in the part during
the week. It would be hardly possible
to improve upon her work."

Miss Burton, greatly excited, arrived
at the theater in time to see the last
act.

"It seems to me," she said, "that that
horrid cabman purposely missed the
train. It wouldn't surprise me to learn
that some one had bribed him to leave
me behind," she finished.

"Ned, did you hear what she said?"
the understudy whispered.
"It occurred to me at Drexel," re-
plied Ned blandly, "that it might be
possible to do what she suggested was
done."

"Ned, you don't mean?" she began.

"I mean," he interrupted, "when you
sign your next prima donna contract
don't have inserted in it a carriage
clause. Some one else who didn't wish
to return to Bond Hill might do it to
you, and although I can't offer you
carriages and acreage I can offer you
a—"

"I don't care for carriages anyway,"
she said.

The Word Grotesque.

"Grotesque" is derived curiously
from the word "grotto." Ancient Ro-
man families often had artificial grot-
toes in their grounds, and these were
decorated with quaint paintings and
whimsical figures, such as we should
term "grotesque." Commonly, these
were fanciful and incongruous com-
binations of parts of plants or animals.

Conspicuous examples of the gro-
tesque in classical art were the cen-
taur, a horse's body joined to a man's
head and shoulders; the griffin, a lion
and Scylla, a sea monster, with wo-
man's head and fish's tail, a peril, as
ancient poets sang, to mariners sailing
between Sicily and Italy. In mediae-
val times her place in grotesque art
was taken by the mermaid, a more
poetical fancy.

The middle ages used the grotesque
chiefly in ecclesiastical gargoyles, the
best of which are the "devils" of Notre
Dame referred to in Victor Hugo's
"Quasimodo." The idea of the devil
as a man with horns, hoofs and a tail
is probably drawn from grotesque art.

Hardy Men Eaters.

Many races of men live entirely on
animal food, and these are the most
hardy and from all I have been able to
gather on the subject the most free
from diseases of all kinds. Sir Francis
Head says of the Pampas Indians:
"They are all horsemen, or, rather, pass
their lives on horseback. In spite of
the climate, which is burning hot in
summer and freezing in winter, these
brave men, who have never yet been
subdued, are entirely naked and have
not even a covering for their head.
They live together in tribes, each of
which is governed by a cacique, but
they have no fixed place of residence.
Where the pasture is good they are to
be found until it is consumed by their
horses, and they then instantly move
to a more verdant spot. They have nei-
ther bread, fruit nor vegetables, but
they subsist entirely on the flesh of
their horses."—Gentleman's Magazine.

His Arduous Duties.

Captain Sigbee tells of a conversa-
tion he once overheard between two
marines who were arguing as to who
had the least work to do on board a
man-of-war.

"It's the chaplain," said the first.
"How'd you make that out?" asked
the second.
"Because he ain't got no work to do
and all day to do it in."
The second marine snorted his dis-
gust. "You ain't got it right, Jack,"
said he. "It's the cap'n of marines."
"How's that?"
"Well, me boy, as you say, the chap-
lain's got nothin' to do and all day to
do it in, but the cap'n of marines he
ain't got anything to do and all day
to do it in and a lieutenant of marines
to help him do it."

TOGETHER WITH THE TWO HEADED CALF

By CALEB BROWN

Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure

"What'd you think?" queried Job Pa-
rson, hired man to the widow Thomp-
son, as he brought the foaming milk
pails into the farmhouse kitchen one
morning in May.

"I think you've been half an hour
too long in milking three cows," she
replied as she took the pails from him.

"Widder Thompson," said Job with
mock solemnity and his hat in his
hand, "I have the honor to inform you
that you are the sole owner of one of
the greatest living curiosities on the
face of this earth. Come out and he
hold the only two headed calf ever
born in a state of captivity."

It was true. The widow rushed down
to the barnyard to find the old spotted
cow chewing her cud in contentment,
while frisking around her had looking
at the world from two different stand-
points was a two headed calf. Nature
had produced a wonderful freak. There
was only one body, supplied with the
usual number of legs and a proper
length of tail, but the neck was orna-
mented with two perfect heads, and
two separate mouths bleated welcome
to the woman who held up her hands
in amazement.

"My stars, Job, but what is it?" she
exclaimed as the hired man followed
along.

"It's sunthin' to make you famous
the world over," he replied. "It won't



HALF THE PEOPLE IN THE COUNTY HAD CONGRATULATED HER.

be a month before you will be better
known than Queen Victoria. People
will come a thousand miles to see this
two headed calf, and you'll have at
least five offers of marriage a day."

"I want no offers of marriage, and if
this calf is to bring a lot of people
around here asking questions I'll have
you kill it right off."

But the widow wasn't in earnest in
what she said. She had been looking
out for an offer for the last five years,
and she liked nothing better than half
an hour's gossip with a tin peddler or
a lightning rod man. As she gazed at
the two headed calf, who tried to re-
turn her gaze with his four eyes at
once, she saw possibilities in the fu-
ture, and returned to the house with a
smiling countenance.

Before noon every farmer for five
miles around had heard of the living
curiosity and visited the farm; with
curiosity and the people in the county
two days half the people in the county
had taken a view and congratulated the
widow. The matter got into the local
paper and was reprinted far and
wide, and most of the papers wound
up the two headed tale by saying:

"We understand that the widow
Thompson is a well preserved, intelli-
gent woman of forty, and there are
rumors that she may assume the bonds
of matrimony again at no distant
date."

People came by the hundreds, as Job
had predicted, and letters came by the
score. But the offers of marriage
didn't accompany them. In her secret
heart the widow had determined that
that calf should bring her a husband.
Being a two headed calf he ought to
bring her two offers, and she would
take her choice.

Tin peddlers, lightning rod men, sewing
machine agents and prospectors for
natural gas looked over the fence at
that calf and offered a price, but their
figures were not accepted. Purchasing
agents for showrooms, museums and
circuses viewed the curiosity from
every side and made liberal offers, but
went away disappointed. None of
them had the good luck to discover
that the widow and the calf were one
and indivisible, the widow's hand and
heads went the widow's way, and
heart followed. If any of them had a
dash of suspicion, he was barred out by
having a wife already on his hands.
But at the end of four weeks there
came a solemn faced man. The wid-
ow's heart had begun to flutter with
expectation when the stranger ob-
served:

"My good woman, it may not be un-
known to you that a camp meeting is
to be held in Hickory grove, four miles
away, next month. To be a success a
camp meeting must have no competi-
tion, no rival. In this instance it is
the general feeling that should your
two headed calf continue on exhibition
our business in the vineyard will be
ruined to naught. In other words,
the camp meeting will outweigh the serv-
ices of the Lord's servants."

"And what do you want me to do?"
asked the widow.

"Either sell the calf or temporarily
remove it to some distant locality."
"I'll never do it," she bluntly replied
as she swiftly realized the dangers
that lurked in an interruption of the
programme.

The calf remained, and the camp
meeting was postponed to a more
auspicious occasion. That meant to a
date when two headed calves were no
more in Sycamore county. The living
curiosity was born in May, and Sep-
tember had come and the heart of
Widow Thompson was weary with
waiting. There had been cash offers
galore, but no one had been cash offers
the combination of calf and hand. "He
cometh not," sighed the widow as she
put her pail in the oven to bake, and
"I'm durned if he does!" added Job as
he dug Early Rose potatoes in the
field.

But he was coming, and one day he
arrived. He didn't even ask after the
two headed calf, although he probably
knew that it was well and thriving.
He sat himself down in the house and
talked to the widow, and this is the
way he talked:

"I am a lone man. I have been a
lone man ever since my wife died. She
was the Wild Woman of Borneo, and I
loved her from the bottom of my
heart. I, as her husband and the prop-
rietor of Oxford's Wonderful Aggre-
gation of Living Curiosities, delivered
the hourly lectures before her cage.
When she had been laid away, I might
have taken the Japan Giantess to my
bosom, but I could not love her. I
might have wedded Mme. Gossard,
the snake charmer, but there was no
affinity. I could have talked love to
Zi-Zi, the tight rope performer and can-
non ball tosser, but my heart was
weary. I have carried my burden for
years. I have looked for one to love,
but looked in vain until this hour.
Widow Thompson, fate has brought us
together. I am worth \$10,000 and am
a hustler. You are the owner of a two
headed calf and a loving heart. Shall
we bring about a combination and
travel life's road together and smash
all rival exhibitions? Don't answer me
right off quick. Take two minutes to
think it over, while I make a note of
the fact that my Cannibal Man from
the Zulu islands has just gazed the
calf closer with his head."

The widow took two minutes and
then replied, and that evening, after
she had had a talk with Job, that hired
man went out and kicked himself
around the barnyard and exclaimed:
"Durn all fool widders and two
headed calves! I've got to look for
another job!"

Blowing Off Steam.

Mr. Jenkins was spending a day at
home battling with a toothache and
making things generally animated for
his family.

"Good gracious! How hot it is in this
room, and what a noise that radiator
is making!" he cried as he entered his
wife's sewing room, to which she had
retreated for a few moments' respite
from the strenuous life in the library.

"I suppose this sort of thing goes on
every day when I am not at home to
attend to matters. No wonder you all
feel cold when you go outdoors!" mut-
tered the sufferer as he drew out the
little plug cock and the steam escaped
with a rush.

"Now you see how simple!" began
Mr. Jenkins, but just then the rush of
steam changed to a trickle of water,
rapidly increasing in volume. He en-
deavored to replace the plug.

"Hang it!" he roared as he dropped
the plug and assumed a variety of at-
titudes, nursing his fingers. "Here I've
scalded myself to death, and the water
is running over the floor, and nobody
stirring! Run to the telephone, some-
body, and call up the plumber and tell
him to send a man here directly, and—
in the name of common sense, Mary,
why don't you get some cloths instead
of— What are you laughing at?"

"Why don't you try turning off the
steam?" she asked in a tremulous
voice.

"As Stupid as a Donkey."
When one boy tells another not to
make "an ass" of himself or says that
the other is as stupid as "a donkey" or
as obstinate as "a mule" he does not
mean the remark for a compliment,
mean the remark for a compliment,
mean the remark for a compliment, and
the other boy never accepts it for
one. But is the donkey really a stupid
one. But is the donkey really a stupid
one? Is the ass anything like so
great a fool as the human being who
supposed to believe like an ass, and
is the mule only obstinate, or his he a
"firm character?" Ask any one who
associates with the donkey beast. He
will tell you at once that the little ani-
mal is as intelligent a creature of its
class as you can find.

There are donkeys that seem to show
a contempt for the human understand-
ing but by no means caring to do what a
human being asks of them, but make a
donkey love you, and you will find him
docile enough. There are stupid don-
keys and intelligent donkeys, as there
are stupid and intelligent horses, dogs
and—persons. An ass has never been
known to do anything so absolutely
stupid as to make it excusable to give
the poor creature the bad name he has
borne for ages. He is patient. He is
long suffering. Much abuse makes him
appear indifferent to the treatment he
receives. It is, however, a little too
sloppy to suppose that he is originally
stupid because his human master is
cruel.—Our Animal Friends.

Man's Future.

A man is a bundle of relations, a
knot of roots, whose flower and fruit-
age is the world. All his faculties re-
fer to natures out of him. All his fac-
ulties predict the world he is to in-
habit, as the fins of the fish forecast
that water exists or the wings of the
eagle in the egg presuppose a medium
of light air. Insulate a man, you destroy
him. He cannot live without a world.
—Emerson.

The Water Cure

The weather had been some atrocious, and what with that and a close application to business, I had got a bit out of sorts. So I determined to run out of town for a while and try country life. My relatives and friends are always complaining that I am too exclusive, too retiring. I ought to be kinder and more sociable, and here was a good and fitting opportunity. I would go and spread myself on Murphy, a cousin of mine, who has a house out in the wilds of Essex. It would do Murphy good—possibly; anyhow, it would be a change for me, and knowing Murphy pretty intimately I had a sort of idea that after a day or two of this remedy for my complaint I might come to prefer the complaint.

So I sent him a line, and he replied with a warm invitation to come. He had sufficient bed, and went by the Great Eastern Railway, that being the handiest and the only means—but of course Murphy did not mean it in that sense.

Mrs. Murphy and family were away; but my cousin thought he could fix me up comfortably, and promised me a most enjoyable time. Just what sort of a "nice, enjoyable time" I did get I'll tell you presently, for I am a man with a grievance—a strong, healthy, robust grievance that rears up on its hind legs, and speaks and demands for publicity—and I don't care who knows it!

"This is your room, old chap," Murphy said, as he showed me in. "I think you'll be all right. Good-night. You needn't get up till you want to."

This was most kind of my relative, and I appreciated it, for if there is one thing more than another I do detest it is the having to get up at a specified time, especially on winter mornings. I prefer to consult my own inclinations, and to rise just when I feel that I have had sufficient of bed for one go.

In this particular case, I rose long before I had sufficient bed, and without consulting my own inclinations; in fact, it seemed to me at the time that I had barely blown out my candle, and adjusted the pillow, when Murphy commenced a furious fusillade on the door. It must have been longer than this, because I had gone to bed at twelve, and it was striking four when I sat up and tried to recall my wits.

"Do come and give us a hand, there's a good chap," I heard Murphy petition, in quavering accents that suggested child night air and scanty attire.

"What's up?" I yelled, turning out and unlocking the door. "Ugh! it was cold."

"A pipe's burst in the bathroom," replied my cousin. "There's a regular river flowing down into my bedroom."

Good-nature and a capability of quickly grasping things are amongst my nobler qualities.

"Flow on, thou shining river," I quoted, "meanwhile I'll get into some clothing, and you run down and bring a hammer, old chap. We'll soon stop this frolic."

Murphy departed to do my bidding, and I went upstairs to take a preliminary survey of the work in hand. I was thoroughly awake by that time, and in a fairly contented frame of mind. I whistled cheerily to myself, and stepped jauntily along the passage on my mission of reconnaissance. Two or three steps I whistled, I had walked into a pool of clear, cold water, that reached up over my ankles; and as I scrambled back to my room again after a candle I began to realize that the job in hand contained a few possible elements of discomfort, and sobered down accordingly.

Did you ever walk unexpectedly into a pellucid puddle outside your bedroom door at dead of night? It is a queer sensation, and one that I can recommend to those individuals who complain of a twelvemonth's insomnia, something more satisfying to complain about, and is calculated to cause them into an activity that cannot be too good for their health.

By the time I had finished talking to myself about the matter, Murphy came up with the hammer, and, not being selfish, I resolved to share my late experience with him.

"It will freshen him up," I reflected. "The poor fellow looks worried, and a little tonic effect of that nature will do him good."

Moved by this reflection, I could spare a thought for another at such a moment of personal discomfort. I suggested to Murphy to lead the way, and picked up the candle to follow. I arrived on the landing with the light about the same moment that Murphy started to mop up the floor with his foot gear, and, for a respectable family man of good standing, I must confess his remarks were strongly to be deprecated. He stood right in the stream in the pride of his raincoat and strength and scanty attire, and inquired against the owners and builders of dwellings generally, and at his own in particular, in a way that made me shudder—as much as I could for laughing that is. It was a matter of some little surprise to me that the whole tribe of jerry builders didn't writ and cry in the streets, and be utterly swept from off the face of the earth, so powerful was his denunciation.

I told him he must have been an ass not to have seen the water, and tried to explain that it was risky for such a delicately nurtured individual as he to go in for cold baths in the winter time.

But Murphy wasn't in a fit state to listen to reason then, so I moved to the bathroom, on opening the door, was met by a stream of water that swamped me in an icy flood.

Then Murphy laughed. He's got a nice taste in humor, has my cousin.

sin, and I tell him that to discover anything worth-praising in such a case argued a weakness of intellect on the part of the discoverer that, as a relative, I was sorry to observe in him. I told him a lot more besides this, but my half-sorrowful and wholly indignant expostulations were met by more and more violent outbursts of the most insane chuckling it has ever been my misfortune to listen to. I got quite wild with him at last, and suggested that perhaps he had better go back to bed again and wait there, in comparative comfort, until reason—his reason, what there was of it—should have once more mounted her throne.

"It isn't much to brag about in the way of dynasty," said I, scathingly, referring to the "throne"; "but in your saner moments you are a tolerable idiot. Just at present you are a helpless, hopeless, incurable ass, and the spectacle of your folly makes me feel sick."

That sobered him; or it may have been the casual reference to his drawing-room, and a thought as to the view Mrs. Murphy would be likely to take of the soddened carpet, and the damp destruction around her cherished apartment. At the best struggle, however, he was no match for my language was figurative, and I knew well that any spectacle I beheld could only be mentally, for it was too dark to see a hand behind your face in the ordinary, rational, everyday manner, through the medium of one's eyes.

But whatever the cause, the result was the same, and satisfactory. With an ejaculation of dismay, Murphy dashed down the stairs, and I had the satisfaction of hearing him go "flap, splash, flap, splash," through the rushing water, and a pilgrimage after matches, while I stood above, drenched and shivering, and thought evil things of all that appertained to jerry-built houses in the winter season.

In a marvellously short space of time Murphy was back with the matches, and, with more precaution than time, we managed to locate the leak.

Then Murphy started to tinker at it with the hammer, while I held the light and endeavored to dodge the fountains that played around me. If it hadn't been so cold, I could have almost laughed at seeing Murphy tugging with his delicate little four-pound cold hammer.

He did wonderful things with that pipe, and the water, and himself. First, he closed the pipe from underneath, and sent the jets upward, over the ceiling. Then he bent it round again, and played it round his head, and, not satisfied with this, he tried once again, and this time received a shower in his bosom.

"Go it, old man!" I remarked to encourage him. "Now give us a zig-zag and a Catherine-wheel finish. Hadn't I better go and get a raft or something? We shall need it if this is going to last much longer."

"Confound the thing!" he replied, testily. "I can't stop it. You have a try."

I did! Taking the hammer, and bidding him stand clear, I raised it and struck. My idea of plumbing may have been crude, but just then I didn't hammer after a neat and showy job. What I really pined for was to get back to a condition of warmth and dryness.

All the same, the man who built those houses ought to be ashamed of himself. The next door people were burning gas, and in their bathrooms probably with the idea of keeping the frost out of the pipes, and when I managed to get the hammer out of the wall it—the gas I mean, not the hammer—served to illuminate both apartments.

"Oh! whatever will the landlord say," groaned Murphy.

"Hush," the landlord, with my compliments and regrets that I couldn't do it myself. I yelled. I was irritated a bit by having missed the pipe after all, and still more so by diverting the stream over myself.

"Take that, and that, and that!" I said, proudly, "that's the way to fix a job of that sort. Plumbing Made Easy; or, Every Man His Own Plumber! I call that."

Murphy looked thoughtful; but, seeing that the damage was done, he

only sighed sadly, and proposed going back to bed again.

It was a quarter to twelve when I got down to breakfast. Murphy was waiting for me, and the result of the night's frolic in him was apparent to the most casual observer. He had got a violent toothache, which I couldn't see, and a swollen face, which I could. He smiled a welcome as I entered the room, and the effect was something awful. A face and a half is not adapted for smiling purposes, and I advised him to drap it with art-massin or something, and to keep it quiet for a while.

The man next door came round while we were at breakfast, and made a most absurd fuss over the hole in his wall. Murphy tried to point out that it was healthier that way.

You often hear of people being smothered in bathrooms just simply for want of a little ventilation," he said kindly. "Besides, we've got a vested interest in the hole as well as you, and we don't grumble."

The man wouldn't listen to reason, however, so I advised Murphy to smile over him a bit. Murphy did so, and the man fled horror-stricken from the house, and I crept under the table and waited for the show to close.

I had an awful bother with Murphy that morning. It wasn't altogether his fault, perhaps, but rather that I couldn't quite make up my mind which way I liked him. When he signed and gave sorrowful stairs, the effect was simply ghastly, and I had to beg him to cheer up and look happy. And then, when he recollected his duties as host, and, in response to my appeals, summed up a general aspect of sick things, I preferred the other way best. It was very trying for Murphy.

Early in the evening an attack of influenza manifested itself as my perquisites from the night's entertainment, so I arranged that Murphy should take a course of sick nursing, and went to bed for the remainder of the week. I put in the other on the sofa in the breakfast room.

Once or twice Murphy remarked that he thought I should find my visit dull and monotonous, and tried to drag me out to look at the neighborhood, and places of local interest; but he didn't get me on, and the one and only time I left his house was to take the train back home—Pearson's Weekly.

Landlord—"In one word, when are you going to pay your arrears?" Hard-up Author—"I will satisfy your demands as soon as I receive the money which the publisher will pay me if he accepts the novel I am going to send him as soon as the work is finished, which I am about to commence when I have found a suitable subject and the necessary inspiration."

Husband—"Are you aware, my dear, that it takes three-fourths of my salary to meet your dressmaker's bills?" Wife—"Goodness gracious! What do you do with all the rest of your money?"

Estelle—"Ah! His proposal was just like a dream. A goose—Well, you ought to know, dear; you've been dreaming of that proposal for years."

Tommy—"How does Jimmy like his job?" Johnnie—"Oh, he says there's nothin' the matter with it except the pay, an' the hours, an' the work."

"Yes, sir," said the man in the cell, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses." "And what brought you here?" "They caught me coming out."

She—"You make love like a novice." He—"Then we're both defective. I ought to make love like an expert and you ought not to know the difference."

In 1812 there were only 400 people in the United Kingdom with incomes of £5,000 a year and over. To-day nearly 4,000 people enjoy this income.

Youth—"That fellow has some queer ideas, and he actually called me a donkey when I ventured to dispute them." Friend—"Yes, it's one of his absurd notions that he can judge people by their looks."

There are seven different branches of the Wesleyan Church in England; but the Wesleyan Methodists exceed in numbers the other four combined.



Little Bobby—Say, pop! Father—Well, well, what is it now? Little Bobby—If Chinaman speaks broken English, would a white man speak broken china—(Exit Bobby to bed).

About the ...House

VARIOUS RECIPES.

Salt Cod Fish.—Wash the pieces and soak for several hours, over night, if it is very dry. Put the skin side up to let the salt escape more freely. Change the water and set on the stove where it will not boil for at least an hour. Increase the heat gradually after the flesh begins to be tender, and let simmer for ten minutes at the least. Half an hour before serving lift the fish from the water and cover closely to keep hot until wanted. Return the water to the fire and use it for cooking "Scorned potatoes."

Scorned Potatoes.—Scrub and pare the potatoes and lay them in cold water for two hours before cooking. Drop them into boiling water from which salt codfish was taken, and boil gently until tender, about 30 minutes. Try them with a sharp pointed knife, it will not break them like a fork. Drain off all the water and sprinkle with a little more salt. Dry off on a hot plate for two or three minutes before serving.

Pouring Sauce.—Cook two table-spoons flour and two table-spoons of butter till well parched. Add one pint of boiling water; beat well and boil five minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste and just before serving as much butter as will blend, and the table-spoons of butter of boiled eggs coarsely chopped and serve at once.

Carrots in Lemon Butter.—Scrape the carrots, cut in one inch sections and soak in cold water till crisp. Cook in six times their measure of boiling salted water till tender. Drain to pieces with a broom straw. Drain and return to a hot place with one table-spoon butter, one-half table-spoon salt, one teaspoon sugar and a dust of pepper for each pint of carrots. Let it simmer covered until the butter has melted. Then pour over one table-spoon lemon juice and one teaspoon chopped parsley just before sending to the table.

Ginger Pudding.—One-third cup butter, well creamed, with one-half cup sugar, whisk in one egg well beaten, mix and sift 2½ cups flour, ¾ level table-spoons baking powder, one cup milk, and one cup dry preserved ginger, cut small. Steam two hours in a buttered mold.

Spiced Currants.—These form one of the most delicious meat relishes that the garden affords. Take two pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar, a teaspoonful each of mace and cloves, and a half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of allspice, and a small piece of ginger root. Use the ground spices and put them in a muslin bag with half a dozen peppercorns, and then put them into the boiled and skimmed vinegar and sugar. While hot, put the currants in and allow them to cook gently for about ten minutes. Then put all into a stone jar, cover it, and drain all the liquor from the currants, heat it and pour it (boiling hot) over the fruit again. Do this for six consecutive days, boiling down the liquor the last time till there is just enough left to cover the fruit.

BLUEBERRY BAKINGS.

Blueberry Muffins.—Sift well together three cups baking flour, three level table-spoons sifted powder, one heaping teaspoon sugar and one scant teaspoon salt. Beat one egg until light, and add 1½ cups milk. Make a hole in the center of the flour and gradually pour in the liquid, mixing in the flour slowly. The batter must be kept very smooth, and should be about as thick as cake batter. Add two level table-spoons melted butter, and lastly stir in two cups floured blueberries. Bake in muffin rings. Serve hot with plenty of good butter.

Blueberry Shortcake.—Sift together one quart flour, one scant teaspoon salt, two level table-spoons baking powder, and one table-spoon sugar. Rub in three table-spoons butter, and add enough milk to make a soft dough. Mix quickly and put it into a buttered baking tin. Bake in a quick oven. When done, split the cake in halves, and do not cut it, but divide quickly, and spread a thick layer of sweetened blueberries between the two halves. Heap the berries over the top, and smother the cake in whipped cream flavored with lemon. Serve at once.

TO LIGHT A DARK HALL.

A woman who has long found the narrow hall of her house dark, and difficult to treat in any way that made the entrance to the residence attractive, has transformed it to its great improvement, by letting in a great deal of light. This she did by the use of a large mirror, which she placed on one side. This opposite the parlor door and the light from that door, falling on the mirror, is reflected back into the hall, so that the size of the little place is greatly increased. The mirror is, of course, unframed, and is fitted in between cornice and baseboard, and finished at the sides with a flat moulding that seems a part of the woodwork. The value of this treatment is not realized until it is tried. Often a blank stretch of wall that seems a hopeless void, and a waste of space may offer the transforming opportunity. Care must be taken not to overdo the treatment in such a way as to create the effect of a hotel corridor or public hall, but judiciously used under the care of a good architect, the plan is to be commended.

TWO WHEAT MEAL DESSERTS.

Mix ½ pint milk with 4 pint water. Pour half of this into a saucepan and boil. Mix four ounces wheat meal with the remainder of the mixture of milk and water, and

make into a batter. Add sugar and any kind of spice to taste. Pour this into the boiling milk and water and cook for five minutes. Then pour into a mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Serve when cold with any stewed fruit.

Fruit Mold.—Stew well any kind of manner fruit, rub through a sieve, thicken with wheat meal, allowing four ounces meal to each pint of fruit juice. Add sugar and boil five minutes. Pour into a cold, wet mold.

FOR A FEW CENTS.

As pleasing and dainty a piece of fancy work as can be made for the trifling sum of 12½ cents, is a lambrequin, for the foundation of which 14 yards of good unbleached muslin are used. The goods should be evenly divided in the middle and then sewed together so as to form a long scarf. Begin on one side and draw out the threads until they reach 6 inches of the muslin are left; then decorate with sprays of flowers drawn with inks made from dyes. Violets are especially pretty on the cream-colored background. Tie the fringe into fancy knots and it is completed.

TO KEEP ICE

for the sick, cut a piece of clean flannel (white is best), about ten inches square. Place this over the top of a glass pitcher or fruit jar, pressing the flannel down half way into the vessel, and holding it tight with the top with a string. Put the ice into the flannel cup and lay several times upon the ice. Arranged thus, it will keep many hours.

STRIKE IN WEST AFRICA.

The Kroos Demand Higher Wages For Their Work.

The Kroos are a fine, muscular, industrious lot of fellows who are almost indispensable in the foreign trade with West Africa. They make excellent sailors and are unsurpassed in the art of transporting freight through the surf between ships and the shore. Stanley engaged a lot of them to go to the Congo and help him start his stations along the river. Everybody wishes them well, because they supply the best kind of native African labor. They live along the coast of Liberia.

The New Africa, an interesting journal published in Monrovia, brings the news, however, that the Kroos have a grievance and have gone on strike. They think that their wages are not adequate for the hard work they do, and many other persons will agree with them.

How would our longshoremen like to work for a pittance of 24 cents a day? This is the exact sum these stout, willing black men receive, and it is all the steamships are willing to pay. The men demanded 36 cents a day, and as their demand was not conceded they went on strike early this year. Such a thing is almost unheard of in tropical Africa, where trade unions and the walking delegate have not yet made their advent.

The result is that the trading steamers to Europe are having a hard time to get their freight handled. The editor of the New Africa, going along the coast on a steamer, found the Kroos at nearly every little port determined to compel their employers to recognize their demands. The vessel stopped at places where it was usually easy to secure a large number of hands, but this time only a few men were obtained, and these had evidently not heard that a strike had been declared. At last accounts the strike was still in progress.

Some of the prominent citizens of Monrovia say that the demands of the laborers are not unreasonable. Their work on the ships is of the heaviest kind. For years they have drudged all day long and have been required, when there was a rush of work, to labor far into the night, and all for a pittance of 24 cents a day! These sympathizers say that the service of the Kroosman is almost indispensable, and that it is a pity for a few additional cents a day is insisted, and it would be simple justice to accept his terms and end the strike.

FRANCE IN THE SAHARA.

The Oasis of Figuig on the Edge of the Desert.

The French Governor of Algeria went, a few weeks ago, on a mission to the little oasis of Figuig, a green spot on the edge of the Sahara, belonging to Morocco, some 100 miles west of the Algerian frontier. France has for years exerted some influence over Figuig. The Governor was therefore very much astonished when he and his escort reached the oasis to find the natives with a fusillade. He had not provided for this kind of reception and retired in good order, but with his official dignity seriously shaken.

The Algerian Government at once sent 5,000 men by rail from Oran to punish the natives who had thus insulted the French flag. The rail road took the troops to within short march of the oasis and it was attacked, the natives were put to flight, and they are now expected humbly to sue for peace.

The oasis is very small and has only about 15,000 inhabitants. They have had a great reputation for prowess and had held the belief that if it came to blows they could whip the French. The fact that France had not seized the oasis contributed to their conviction that France would not dare to attack it. They have been undeceived.

The despatches have been a little confused with regard to the nomenclature of this small district. There is no settlement called Figuig, the name being applied only to the oasis itself. The largest of the nine settlements is Zennaga, at the southwest corner, which is the seat of the

local government, and the large mosque, now destroyed by French guns, was a very

CONSPICUOUS OBJECT.

It was upon Zennaga that those guns were turned, and according to all reports, the other settlements were not molested.

The oasis occupies the worst possible position for defence. It is entirely surrounded by hills, and the natives had not occupied any of their verdant area they were of course wholly and well armed troops that might climb the hills. These elevations completely enclose the plain covered with date palms, which lies from 600 to 1,300 feet below the hill crests. The oasis is less than three miles in length and not much over a mile in width at its broadest part. Scattered over this little space are about 200,000 date palm trees which constitute the wealth of the little community.

The business affairs of the oasis are administered by the general assembly of all the villages, which usually meets only four times a year. The mosques and schools are famous throughout the southern Sahara and are frequented by students and the pious from far and near.

As the oasis lies close to the Algerian frontier, it has for years served as a refuge for rebels and deserters from the French colony, and thus acquired a political importance out of all proportion to its size and population. It is not very likely that the French will annex the oasis, for they are now currying favor with the Moroccan Government. They are very anxious to have influence in the political affairs of the country and to build a railroad through the great east and west valley of Morocco into Algeria. They have, however, taught the natives a lesson, which the latter are not likely soon to forget.

LOST IN THE GRASS.

An Englishwoman's Terrible Adventure in Japan.

There is surely no country half so wild away in which the Occidental traveler expects so much delight and so little danger as Japan. Yet Mr. Ernest Foxwell has recently related a tale of terrible adventure experienced in Japan by an Englishwoman but a few days after her arrival. She was staying at a little country village among the hills, and had gone out in the morning to gather flowers. She had then crossed the uplands, where there is a wild and lonely stretch of country extending for several miles; and the beauty of some wild flowers growing in the tall grass led her to leave the trail unthinkingly, and press farther and farther into the waving tangle. There came a shower, and it reached above her head.

"If I had been a foot taller," she said, in telling her story, "I should have laughed and been out in a minute or two; but those few inches buried me alive."

Almost instantly I felt sick, as you do at the beginning of an earthquake; for although I must have been quite near the path, yet with the grass all round above my head there was no knowing what would happen. I might be going right away at that very moment, and the possibility of level ground, I believe I lost my head at once. I could not think, so I kept moving one way, then another. But merely pushing through this tall, tough grass is very tiring work, even if you are on sloping ground, and can judge where you will come out, and when it is level all round, the feeling that every step is probably burying you deeper. It was like being drowned."

It was until sunset, after a whole day in the blazing sun, without food or water, constantly wandering, constantly pushing and pulling at the stems, that she was able to get out. She walked suddenly out on to open ground and fell fainting in a heap. When she recovered, stars were shining, and she was alone on an unknown mountain side. The next day, following a driving mountain torrent over rocky land, her shoes and then her stockings worn from her feet, only to find, at sundown, that it had led her to a narrow gorge, without one inch of level ground. The stream dashed through a torrent that hopelessly barred the way.

Light-headed with terror, hunger and weariness, she crouched for a time in despair. She then suddenly waded into the stream and stood until after dawn waist-deep in water, while a rain-storm pelted upon her from above. Whim or instinct, she believed that by the cool rush and sting of the water her reason and strength were preserved. The next day she retraced her weary way along the water-course back to the heights; thence, fixing anew to the point to which she must direct her steps, she successfully made her way back to civilization. When at length she reeled into the hut of a kindly Japanese woman, she had been four days lost without food, and had walked till her muscles were inflamed. It was thought that she must have them amputated; but she fortunately regained her health unscathed.

CONSCIENCE.

"Look here! are you the man I gave a square meal to one cold, bleak February morning?" "I'm da man, mum."

"Well, do you remember you promised to shovel all the snow out of my backyard, and then sneaked off without doing it?"

"Yes, mum, an' me conscience smote me. Dat's de reason I blam'd all de way here t'rough de blasp'ing sun to finish de job."

Birmingham has 14 steel-plate manufacturing factories, more than all in France, Germany and America combined.

MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

We are Selling
STRAW HATS
are selling at sight. Keep your eye open on our lines and prices. We think we have what you want.

Our Straw Hats

are selling at sight. Keep your eye open on our lines and prices. We think we have what you want.

Our Linen and Crash Hats

are right. We can tog you out in the best of toggery to celebrate the 12th of July.

We are LEADERS in our line, and that Line is

MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

FRED. T. WARD,

YOUR TAILOR, HATTER & FURNISHER.

Midsummer Specials.

Bargains in Colored Dress Muslins. Clearing Out Muslin Sale, at a big discount. In White Muslins we have the newest and prices will open your eyes.

Colored GINGHAMS, about 12 ends left, and selling at cost.

Tan CURTAINS, some odd pairs, will be sold at a great bargain.

Men's COTTON SOCKS—we have them 4 pairs for 25c. regular 10c. pair.

LADIES' COTTON HOSIERY, regular 15c. for 10c. and some at 5c. pr.

LADIES' WAISTS, regular 60c. going now for 39c.

REMANANT DRESS GOODS—we offer them at a clearing price and must be sold.

LADIES' VESTS, with long and short sleeve, 5c. to 25c.

LADIES' STOCK COLLARS, in white and colored, newest styles just in.

All the newest shades in TAFFETA RIBBONS, and the Neck and Belts.

LINEN TOWELLING—now is the time for New Towels. Here is the price and quality.

In COTTONS, bleached and unbleached Sheetings and Pillow Cotton we have all widths.

FLANNELETTES—36 in. wide, 10c.; 27 in., 5c. Quality very heavy.

SPECIAL SALE IN LADIES' HATS—we are offering you a choice of Ten Dozen Hats for 25c. Some of the newest shapes.

A fresh stock of Groceries always on hand. Paying 12½c. doz. for Eggs.

C. F. STICKLE.

Wellman's Corners.

(From our Correspondent.)

The marriage of Mr. Burrell A. Fanning and Miss Nellie W. Gullett, took place at the residence of the bride's mother on the evening of June 30th, the Rev. R. Duke being the officiating clergyman. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father, the late Wm. Gullett, it was a very quiet affair, only a very few of the nearest relatives of the contracting parties being present. Immediately at the close of the ceremony the bride and groom started on a wedding tour to Rochester and Syracuse. On their return they will settle in this locality. The bride, whose genial manner and modest grace has made her a general favorite, was the recipient of a large number of costly and elegant presents, some of which came from a distance. We congratulate the young couple and pray that their journey through life may be happy and prosperous.

The bi-centenary celebration on June 28th was very interesting. The selected hymn, that sweetest of all Charles Wesley's beautiful songs, "Jesus lover of my soul," was sung by five children of the S. S. in such a way that touched a tender chord in every heart. The Superintendent gave a good, though short, address. Miss Anderson read a well prepared paper on Wesley's life, after which Rev. Mr. Duke gave a very interesting address on Methodism—its founder, and its influence on the world.

The Orangemen held their usual monthly meeting on Wednesday evening and initiated eight new members into their order, and received one on a certificate. We wonder what No. 172 is doing to attract new members. Perhaps it is because it is so near the 12th of July, and the "kids" hope to get a chance to beat the big drum, or it may be the hot coffee and sandwiches that they serve so often that draws them. Well, we are glad that they don't do anything worse than that. We hear that Mrs. M. B. Dunham is not much improved in health.

Mr. Daniel Wootton dug potatoes out of his garden on the last day of June, as large as goose eggs. They were of the Early Ohio variety.

Having begun in this vicinity.

Dr. W. Mack and wife, who have been visiting friends in this locality, will return to their home in Appleton, Wis., next week.

Mr. E. Nix, of Toronto, is visiting his sisters, Mrs. Hoard and Mrs. Wm. Mack, and his nephew, Mr. B. Nix, of this place.

Miss Lottie Welsh of Springbrook, is the guest of the Misses Anderson.

Mrs. Wright, of Centerton, is visiting Mrs. Jas. Whitton.

We hear that Mrs. M. B. Dunham is not much improved in health.

Mr. Keegan has gone away for his vacation.

Mr. Harry Fanning was home to attend his brother's wedding.

A number from here attended the S. S. convention at Rylstone. They report a good session, and state that the Revs. Duke and Moore were the only clergymen present. We rather look to have the ministers take more interest in Sabbath School work than this would indicate.

Six persons united with the Methodist church here on Sunday, and were given the right hand of fellowship by pastor and people.

Glen Ross.

(From our Correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Leary, of Stirling, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Anderson on Sunday.

Mrs. Osborne of Nanawee is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Bowerman.

Mrs. Jackson of Detroit is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Bailey.

Miss Della Bull of Stirling is the guest of Miss Reta Edwards.

Rev. Mr. D. L. Bell, of Belleville, occupied the pulpit on Sunday and gave an eloquent and practical sermon, based on Acts 12th chapter and 12th verse.

Anson News

(From our Correspondent.)

Miss Mabel Jeffrey of Belleville, and Misses Pearl and Helen Easton of L'Amable are the guests of Miss Hazel McCullen.

Miss Minnie and Marguerite McMullen are spending their holidays at their home here.

Mrs. J. S. Chard spent the 4th in Rochester. She was accompanied by her brother and sister.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. Daniel Johnson and family in their recent bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Hoard spent Saturday and Sunday in Trenton.

Mr. Joe Burke and Mr. B. Brough spent Sunday the guests of Mrs. A. McMullen.

Wool Wanted

CASH OR TRADE, AT THE

FRANKFORD WOOLLEN MILLS

Custom Spinning, Roll Carding and Weaving promptly and well done.

We have a large stock of Tweeds, Flannels, Blankets and Yarn in exchange for wool or cash.

D. ALLPORT & SON,

Frankford, June 5th, 1903.

NOTICE.

I have on hand some of the latest

Improved U. S. Cream Separators,

HAY CARS, FORKS, SLINGS, Etc.

Also, full line of FARMING IMPLEMENTS for sale.

A good young, general purpose horse for sale.

N. LANKTREE,

Mansey-Harris Agent.

Lumber for Sale.

The undersigned has a quantity of Lumber for sale at Anson station. Will be there on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

R. G. KINGSTON.

STRAYED,

From Lot 28, Con. 8, Sidney, seven yearling Hefers, five red and white, one black and white, one brown. A suitable reward for recovery.

R. N. BIRD,

Stirling, P.O.

WANTED

200 teams to work on the B.O.L.R.R. at Bannockburn, Ont. Wages \$3.00 to \$3.25 per day. Apply to

J. R. McQUIGGE, Contractor,

Bannockburn, Ont.

Snow fell in Montana and Colorado during the past week.

A new pulpit wonder has arisen in Indiana in the person of Rev. John Kauffman, the Amish expounder, who preaches only while sound asleep.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada.

(Incorporated by Act of Parliament.)

Capital Authorized - - - - - \$2,000,000.

Capital Paid Up - - - - - \$1,290,000.

H. S. HOLT, Montreal, President.

DUNCAN M. STEWART, General Manager.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

To Encourage

Savings we accept deposits of One Dollar and upwards and allow interest from Day of Deposit.

Our Assets

Immediately available are maintained at such figures as to insure Absolute Security to the Depositor.

We Transact BUSINESS BY MAIL. No trouble, red tape or delay.

STIRLING AND MARMORA.

W. M. CHANDLER, Manager.

Foxboro Notes

(From our Own Correspondent.)

The members of the Methodist church on Foxboro circuit met at the church on Tuesday evening, June 30, and after spending a social hour, presented the pastor, Rev. R. M. Pope with the following address. The address was read by Mr. M. W. Mott, and the purse was presented by Miss May Dufosse, of Hal- loway.

TO THE REV. R. M. POPE AND FAMILY.

In the life of every human being there are times when the deeper and purer nature is stirred to its greatest depths. Such times come to all of us while sailing on the ocean of life, when our destiny seems to demand the separation of those whose barks were for a time drifting side by side. This is especially so with the pastor and the people of that grand and noble body of which we are all proud to form a part.

Three years ago you came to us as our teacher in spiritual things, and we can assure you your labor has not been in vain. Your work in this community has shown to us that you were prompted by a pure devotion to the cause of God and the uplifting of humanity to a higher and nobler plane of usefulness. Many changes have taken place since you came to our midst. There have been called away to try the realities of a spirit world, and we trust to bask in the sunlight of heaven. Associated with those have been seasons of joy and happiness which we will not soon forget, and as the cloudy and rainy weather are needful to ripen our harvests, though not pleasant to us here, so the troubles and disappointments of this life may ripen our spirits for that celestial city. Under all circumstances you have shown a willingness to lend a helping hand, to speak a sympathetic word, and to cheer those who were downcast.

We have listened to your discourses with a great deal of pleasure and profit. And your counsel prompted by your devoted life has prevailed among us with double sway. From the first you have manifested an intense interest in the young people of our congregation, and you have thoroughly appreciated our kindness and love toward them. Your daily walk has been guided we believe by the Holy Spirit, and it has so influenced our lives that many of us have had implanted within our hearts purer motives and higher ideals in Christian life.

It is with much regret that we part with your esteemed companion, Mrs. Pope has always shown a keen interest in church work, and proved by her genial disposition to be a friend to those who were a friend.

In the social circles and also in the Sabbath School, Claude will be greatly missed, yet we trust that the change will take him to still greater spheres of usefulness.

Now as you are about to sever your connection with us, we ask you to accept this purse, which, though small when compared with our appreciation of your services in our midst, yet it may serve as a memento to link the past with the unknown future. It is now time for us to say good-bye, and as we do so we sincerely hope and pray that your lives may all be spared to accomplish still greater purposes in the cause of the Master.

Signed by a number of the prominent men of the different parishes.

Mr. Pope made a very feeling and suitable reply in behalf of himself and family, after which a short programme was rendered. Dr. Faulkner occupied the chair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holgate gave a reception to their son Bidwell and his bride, who have just returned from their wedding tour.

Mrs. Thos. Holgate and children, of Evanston, Ill., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holgate.

Dr. Faulkner is slowly recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Miss Bessie Faulkner spent a few days last week visiting friends in the Brimley of Thurlow, where she formerly taught.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Sing, of Toronto, are visiting friends in our village.

Mr. Frank Grant, of London, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. Wootton.

The parsonage is being repapered and painted before the new minister gets settled.

Mr. Floyd Ashley is confined to his bed with a severe attack of rheumatism.

An old landmark is about to disappear from our midst, formerly known as the Greeny Hotel, situated in the centre of the village. The property is now owned by Dr. Jose, who will convert it into a comfortable dwelling house.

Spring Brook.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

A new organ has been placed in the Methodist church here.

The Sunday School held their annual picnic on Dominion Day in a grove near the village.

Jno. A. Kemp's barn was burned by lightning last week. No insurance.

Last Sunday was children's day in the church service here. The altar was gorgeously decorated with flowers. A very instructive discourse to the children was given by the pastor.

Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker have sent their annual donation of \$100 to Belleville Public Library.

Two more steel bridges will be built in Hastings county. One in the village of Madoc, one span of 48 feet, with concrete floor; and the other to be an over-head bridge across the Scoot river, at Bannockburn, one span of 100 feet.

"Sterling Hall."

Building Sale.

ARE YOUR EYES OPEN

to the splendid values of our MEN'S SUITS? Did it ever occur to you that it would be a wise policy on your part to deal with a firm that stands behind every garment they sell, who sell good clothes—clothes that fit and are made as they should be?

Keep your "eagle" eye open to what's doing at "Sterling Hall." When you read our ads. you can safely bank on it that you'll find the goods as represented.

Just now we are offering exceptional value in Suits at \$5, \$7.50, \$10.00 and \$12.50. The reason is the early clearing up of summer lines to make room for fall arrivals.

12th of July Outfitting.

Make your selection early from the "Sterling Hall" stock of "Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices."

White Vests at \$1.00 to \$1.50. Light, Cool Coats at 75c. to \$2.00.

Worsted Pants, in black and fancies, at \$1.50 to \$4.00.

Rain Coats at \$2.50, \$3.00 to \$10.00.

Shirts, in best make, white, and fancy colored, at 25, 50, 75c., \$1.00.

Straw and Linen Hats, in newest shapes, at 25, 50, 75c., \$1.00 up to \$3.00.

Silk Ties, in knots, bows, four-in-hands and midgits at 2 for 25c., 25c. and 50c. each.

Sox, all colors and kinds, in unequalled values, at from 4 pairs for 25c. upwards.

Women's Wear.

LINEN BALISTE MUSLINS—These are strong sellers for warm weather wear. We have them at right prices, 15, 20, 25c. yd.

WAISTINGS—Special blouse bargains in Silks, Cotton Stripes and Matings, in window, at 15c. yd.

CORSETS—A full line of Summer Corsets, in Crompton's goods, at 50c. and 75c.

W. R. MATHER.

Now for a Drop in Prices

July is our regular month for clearing out our surplus Summer Footwear. You get 15 to 20 per cent. off from regular prices marked on the shoes. Remember those famous EMPRESS SHOES are included.

The earlier you come the better chance you get. The reduction goes into effect on SATURDAY, JULY 11th.

Shoe Polish, 10, 15, 25c. Boots Made to Order.

Repairing neatly done. Rips sewed free.

J. W. BROWN,

Highest price paid for Eggs. RELIABLE BOOT & SHOE MERCHANT

Harold News

(From our Own Correspondent.)

Mr. Dave Cotton, who had the misfortune to fall from a horse and break his arm, is getting along as well as can be expected.

Mrs. Theo. Adams and son, of Butte City, Montana, is visiting her mother and other relatives at Harold, and will spend a portion of the summer with her.

Mr. Hurst, Mr. Jas. Hurst, District manager of the Federal Life Assurance Co., Belleville, Mrs. Adams was formerly Miss Netta Hurst, of this place.

Mrs. Walker, of Manitoba, is spending the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Cotton.

All the people are making calculations on going to Marmora on the 18th, where they expect to see a grand display.

Farmers are contemplating haying in the near future, which will be a better crop than many anticipated a month ago. The recent rains have made everything look more prosperous, and the farmers are once more smiling and happy.

Our factory cannot manufacture all the milk on Monday, hence some is held over till Tuesday.

Mrs. Hurst is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. J. T. Bateman.

CROCKERY.

We have just opened out another lot of fine Crockery, in the way of DIN- NER SETS, TEA SETS, TOILET SETS, JUG AND SIX GLASSES, WITH NICKEL TRAY, special price \$1.50

HUNGARIAN AND MILLET.

Our Stock of the above is Choice;

SEED BUCKWHEAT for sale.

GROCERY SPECIALS.

6 lbs. Tapioca for - - - 25c.

8 lbs. Quaker Oats for - - - 25c.

8 lbs. Lemon Biscuit - - - 25c.

5 lbs. Wine Biscuit - - - 25c.

Axle Grease and Machine Oil.

Best American Coal Oil.

I have a quantity of foundation comb for sale.

S. HOLDEN.

WM. MONTGOMERY

has on hand some fine BUGGIES and SURREYS, manufactured by Wm. Gray & Sons, Chatham; also Lumber, Wagons, his own manufacture, which will be sold cheap for cash.

Scientific Horse Shoon in connection.

NEW

Palace Shaving Parlor.

The undersigned has now open to the public the finest Shaving Parlor ever equipped in Stirling.

Having been in Peterboro' for the past year learning all the latest ideas of the profession, I am now prepared to do all work up-to-date. A call solicited.

Shop opposite Post Office, formerly Parker Brothers Bank.

W. W. HAGERMAN, Proprietor.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '04, 10c.

Irene's Strange Engagement Ring

There is one man in the world for whom I have a message. I have never seen him, nor does he know of my existence. But, by telling an incident that came into my life, I hope to bring to his notice a platitude that is of vital moment to him. And, so strange a world is this, it may chance that the first to read the story I am about to tell may be the man it most concerns.

When twenty-three years ago, I became engaged to a man whose position was not sufficiently established to justify immediate marriage, and by mutual consent we settled down to a long engagement. But at the end of two years we had a misunderstanding. There was bitter feeling on both sides. My engagement-ring was a beautifully wrought band of gold, with strange characters within, which, being interpreted, read, "United, I symbolize love; separated, I symbolize hate."

This ring my lover had bought from an old man who had been one of his father's tenants. The man, who was of Oriental origin, stated that it had been given to his people generations before, as a reward from a king whose ancestors had taken it from a captive prince.

On the outside of the ring, above the word "hate," was a tiny dark stone, almost black, and very dull; opposite the word "love" was set a small pearl of wondrous purity. By pressing delicately yet firmly on the little black stone, the ring would part into two sections, and it was only by holding the two parts together and pressing on the pearl that they would again unite.

As my lover turned to leave me on the night of our nuptials, I pressed my finger on the dark stone, and the ring fell apart in my hand. "Take it!" I said, and I held it out to him.

He took the little pieces of gold, and as he looked at them his anger softened. He would even then have become reconciled. But I was hard, for anger burned deep in my heart. He pleaded with me; I was obdurate. Then he took the half of the ring in which was set the pearl and put it in my hand.

"Irene," said he, "if you ever send me that bit of gold, I'll come to you, if I have to cross seven seas."

Then he left me. I put the piece of ring in the soft cotton-wool of the jeweller's box, which I put in the back of a little drawer in my desk, and took up the routine of my life.

I shall not dwell on the years that followed. Five years passed, and found me still living in the home of my childhood.

My father, according to his habit, had gone early to bed. I heard Jane closing the house. She came to me. "Shall I lock the outside doors, Miss Irene?"

"No; I'll see to things here," I answered absently.

"It's a terrible night, Miss Irene."

"Yes, Jane."

And it was a terrible night. A roaring wind blew in terrific gusts around the house. Sitting before the fire, I grew lost in brooding thoughts and most unconscious of my surroundings. Suddenly the clear, sharp ring of the electric bell sounded through the house. I glanced at the clock. It was half-past ten. I stood breathless. Then I did what I had always said I would never do under such circumstances—I opened the door into the vestibule.

A man stood near me. I tried to scream, but no sound came. The man stepped towards me and took off his hat.

As I glanced at him all my dormant faculties seemed for an instant to leap into life. Then there was a rushing sound in my ears, the floor seemed to tremble, and I felt myself caught in strong arms, and a mistiness came over the lights through which I saw dimly the face of my lover.

When I came to myself I was lying on the divan in the library. My lover's arms were close about me; he was covering my face with kisses.

"Irene, Irene! Dear one, I did not mean to frighten you!"

"Did you come back because you loved me?" I whispered.

"Love you? Sweetheart, my love has grown deeper each year since last I saw you! Five years I have waited for that message!"

"What message?" I asked faintly.

"I did not know that you were coming."

"Because you did not hear from me? I should have written you, Irene, but I wanted my first word to the first steamer from Paris after getting your message. But how did you know I was in Paris? I was there, and had not been in the city two hours. How did the boy know where to find me?"

"What boy? What message?" I asked, in a dazed tone.

"The message you sent me with the half of the ring."

"The ring?" I exclaimed.

"He stared at me a moment, then laughed."

"You are not yet fully conscious, Irene. In a moment you will remember."

"There is some mistake. I did not have it upon me."

He looked at me dumb. He threw off his overcoat, took from the pocket of his vest a little box, opened it, and there lay the half of the ring I touched with my fingers, for I could not believe my eyes.

"It cannot be!" I murmured.

did not send it! Tell me, how did you get it?"

He spoke concisely:

"It was about nine o'clock when I reached my hotel, and I had been in the room but a short time, when there was a knock on the door. I opened it, and a boy handed me a little package, saying, 'I was instructed to give this to you, sir,' and was gone before I could say anything. I saw this little box, and in it the half of the ring I left with you five years ago to-night. Wrapped about the gold was a piece of paper, on which was written, 'Come to me on the night of the 17th of January at eight o'clock.' I have come, and now you say you did not send me this half of the ring."

II.

Saying no more, I rushed from the library and ran swiftly up the stairs to my room.

I turned to my desk, and with trembling fingers opened the small drawer. I felt in the back and drew out the little white box. There, on its bed of cotton-wool, lay the half of the ring.

I was excited to a point of absolute calmness. Walking slowly, I went down the stairs, clinging to the banisters. I pushed aside the hangings into the library, walked up to the man within, and handed him the bit of gold. Then he did not do in the least what I had expected. He looked closely at the two pieces of gold in his hand, started in surprise, threw them carelessly on the table, and, walking over to the mantle, stood leaning on it and looked moodily into the fire. As he did not speak I walked over to his side.

"Why do you take it this way?"

"There is no harm done."

He turned on me fiercely.

"No harm done, when you did not expect me? Oh, no, there is no harm done! But I see it all now—your terror when you saw me, your swoon. And do you know you have spoken no word of greeting to me? As for a word of love—my heaven, I do not know!—you may even now be married!"

"Have you the rest of the ring?"

I asked quietly.

He took a leather case from his pocket and handed it to me. I opened it, and as I saw a miniature of myself mounted in the cover, I knew he had the rest of the ring.

The little piece of gold that meant so much. I took it out, held it against the other part in my hand, the severed edges meeting, pressed on the pearl, and the ring became again a gleaming band of gold.

"Herbert," I asked, "will you put it on my finger?" And I knew that the love of my whole heart shone in my eyes.

I do not think a happier couple ever stepped out of the light than were we when, three months later, we started on our honeymoon. The details of that delightful trip have no interest to outsiders, with the exception of an incident that occurred in Lucerne.

We were lunching one day at our hotel. At a table near us sat two women—one a regal-looking matron of about sixty, the other a girl of perhaps twenty-five, and the most beautiful creature I have ever beheld. Yet it was a face of almost tragic sadness.

They soon rose to leave. As they passed us, the girl's light summer wrap brushed against me, and the lace fluttering on its border caught on the prongs of a fork which lay near the edge of the table. The fork was near me at my left, and I instinctively put my left hand over it to keep it from being pulled off the table. As she turned and glanced down the girl gave a faint scream.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

She rose and stood among us. "But I will find him! I will find him, and he shall know the truth!"

Ten years have passed since that day. I have received many letters from my English friend. Year after year she has watched for some news of her lover. She spent large sums of money in trying to find him. But in vain. A few weeks ago she died. Her life had not been one of selfish grief and useless sorrow. The day she died I received a letter from her. The last few lines were in it. She said, "Oh, that I might vindicate myself to him! I would do it before all the world!"

The letter seems to me now like a message from the dead. And of late there has come to me the hope that, by telling the story of my ring, I might be able to bring to the eyes of the man it most concerns the vindication of one whose loyalty never faltered, and whose glorious heart was true to him to the end.—London Answers.

WEAPON FOR THE ANALYST.

Immense Strides Recently Made in Science.

The epoch-making discoveries in science described are being rapidly developed. Investigations by Curie, the French physicist, and Sir William Crookes, Prof. Rutherford, Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge have carried them into an entirely unknown region in physics and chemistry, where all analogies fail and all accepted views of the nature of matter offer no assistance.

A study of the radio-activity of the three new elements, radium, thorium and uranium, shows that three kinds of rays are emitted. One kind consists of radially projected atoms of matter which are thrown into space at the stupendous speed of 30,000 miles per second. These particles emitted by radium are one thousand times more massive than negative electrons, which are also thrown off at a similar speed, and which have long been known under the name of radiant matter. They are positively instead of negatively charged, and, moving faster than the fastest flying star, are the most rapid matter known.

This property of radioactivity has placed a new weapon in the hands of the chemical analyst as superior in delicacy to the existing methods as those spectroscopy were when introduced forty years ago. Matter in quantities invisible under the microscope, unweighable and beyond the detection even of the spectroscopist, may now be quantitatively investigated.

Every experiment yet made bears out the theory of the disintegration of the original elements into new elements. As an explanation of this newly discovered quality of radioactivity, it is found that the process continues without reference to any interference by ordinary physical or chemical forces.

The transmutation of elements is still beyond the power of the chemist, yet it is conclusively proved to be proceeding spontaneously throughout the universe. If science should one day learn how to control or influence this progress the power which would accrue to man would be something beyond the capacity of the imagination to conceive.

LITTLE THOUGHTS.

Crabs and misers hate to shell out.

In the race of life it isn't the fast man who comes out ahead.

Mock modesty is a vice behind the mask of virtue.

Make all the friends you can, but be chary about making confidants.

Love is like new milk—no matter how sweet, it will turn sour during a storm.

The man who does not fear his passion is either too old or too young.

A man never knows how good he is until he overhears his wife talking to some other man's wife.

When a woman knows something that is too good to keep, it's too bad if she cannot find anyone to tell it to.

Success does not consist in never making blunders, but in not making the same one a second time.

What a man knows will sometimes make a book, and frequently what he thinks he knows would make an entire library.

"Single blessedness" is a bouquet a bachelor throws at himself when he wants to get married but cannot find a girl foolish enough to accept him.

A FLOATING CHURCH.

A novel religious undertaking is at present under way in Berlin. It is proposed to establish a floating church on the Spree. Religious workers find that the sailors of Berlin will not go to established places of worship in the city, and after the fashion of Mohammedanism, the church union has decided to take the church to the seamen by organizing a sailing ship, the "Berliner Kreuz," of 130,000 sailors and watermen occupied annually on the Berlin waterways, and the object of the floating church is to bring these men under the influence of religious influences. The River navigation mission has held services at numerous shore stations, but these are regarded as mere makeshifts, and in order to meet the spiritual needs of the seamen a ship, with a cabin capable of accommodating fifty at a service, is to be stationed on the river, and in it regular church services will be conducted. Substantial subscriptions have been collected for this uncommon religious scheme.

Domestic (tremblingly)—"Oh, please, I have a message in the house." Mrs. Blinkers (reassuringly)—"Most likely it's Mr. Blinkers just in from the club." Domestic (positively)—"I have a message in the house." Mrs. Blinkers (stammering)—"I cannot be!" I murmured.

About the House

GOOD THINGS TO EAT.

Almond Cake.—Cream one-half cup of butter, add one cup of sugar, one-third cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour in which two level teaspoons of baking powder have been sifted and the beaten whites of three eggs. Flavor with one-half teaspoon of almond extract. Bake in a slow oven. Make a hot buttered slice, add one-half cup of chopped almonds and spread over the cake.

Almond Filling for Cake.—Chop enough blanched almonds to make two-thirds of a cup, add the same amount of chopped raisins, mix and spread between layers of warm cake. Ice the top and cover with blanched almonds cut in strips and stuck in like pins all slanting one way.

Fish Timbals.—Flake enough cold fish to make one and one-half cups, mix with one cup of milk and two beaten eggs, one cup of milk and season with salt and pepper. Fill small buttered tins or cups and set in a pan of hot water and bake about twenty minutes. Turn on to a hot platter and pour over a cup of cream sauce flavored slightly with mustard. Add a sprig or two of parsley for a garnish and serve hot.

Lemon Pudding.—For a small pudding take two cups of fine bread crumbs, two cups of milk, one-half cup of sugar, the yolks of two eggs beaten light and the grated yellow rind of one-half a lemon. Bake in an earthen pudding dish and set aside to cool. Make a meringue of the whites of two eggs beaten stiff and dry with one-half cup of powdered sugar and a teaspoon of lemon juice. Spread a layer of jelly over the pudding and cover with the meringue; brown slightly in the oven and serve cold.

Veal Fillets.—Cut veal into pieces an inch wide and six inches long. Make a good stuffing as for roast veal and spread a little on each piece and roll up. Line a dish with thin slices of bacon; lay in the veal rolls; pour on one-half cup of stock and a teaspoon of vinegar to moisten. Cover and simmer until done.

Small Graham Loaf.—Sift one cup of whole wheat meal with four level teaspoons of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Mix with one cup of milk, one-quarter cup of sugar and one tablespoon of molasses.

Cheese Fondue.—Soak one cup of fine cracker crumbs in one cup of milk; add three eggs beaten until very light, one tablespoon of melted butter and two cups of grated cheese. Have some small baking cups or ramekins buttered well, fill with the cheese mixture and bake slowly about ten minutes. Serve instantly after taking from the oven. Set the ramekins on small plates for serving.

BEVERAGES FOR HOT DAYS.

Orangeade.—Impregnate a few lumps of loaf-sugar with the oil of orange, by rubbing into them as much as you can readily from the rind of four oranges. Roll as many oranges as you desire to use, squeeze the juice, allowing eight to one quart of water. Throw the skins into half a pint of water as you squeeze them, let them stand a short time, press them a little, and add this water to the other juice. The finely sliced orange rinds should be selected, and if not found, lemon-juice may be added, with the caution that it must not be used freely enough to impair the distinct flavor of the orange. The oil should only be faintly perceptible from the oranges. Allow about 1 lb. of sugar to the quart of orangeade.

Raspberry Royal.—Three quarts ripe, red raspberries, and one quart good cider vinegar. Let them stand together twenty-four hours, then squeeze, strain, and measure. To each pint of the liquid allow 1 lb. of white sugar. Put all together in a preserving-kettle, and boil for an hour, skimming constantly until clear. When cool, add to each quart of the shrub a full gill of French brandy. Bottle and seal.

Cold Tea Punch.—Have the following orangeade prepared early in the morning: Pour one quart of cold water in a small saucepan; add the juice of two lemons and three oranges, quarter of a pound of sugar, and with the color of champagne. It will have some of its sparkling quality.

Blackberry Wine.—Fill a large stone jar with ripe berries and cover with water. Tie a cloth over the jar, and let stand for three or four days to ferment; then mash and strain through a coarse cloth. To every gallon of juice add 3 lbs. of brown sugar, cover, and let stand for a week, until clear of fermentation; pour off carefully from the sediment into a demijohn, cork, and set in a cool place. Ready in two months.—Harper's Cook Book Encyclopedia.

SUMMER HYGIENE.

Summer brings with it the opportunity for a radical change in habits, and for the formation of some that need not be dropped when summer ends. No may be carried on, perhaps in modified form, the year round.

Especially stress is laid upon the

advantage of the open windows, by means of which the summer may practically be passed in the open air. The fresh air is the first and greatest of the hygienic opportunities offered by summer, but there are others that should not be overlooked. Of these clothing is a very important item.

Proper clothing for hot weather not only adds immensely to comfort for the time being, but may also be made to aid in the climb toward health. Light-weight, porous garments, often washed, are good in themselves without regard to temperature. Most people would be better if they were strong and hardy enough to trust to them all the time. The thin woolen coat, the wide-meshed linen fabrics and flimsy muslins all give the air free access to the skin, and permit it freely to give off the waste matter of the system.

Woolen permits materials so airy in texture for women that although the skin may freckle through them on throat or arms, the gain is worth the penalty. The light weight is a great gain, especially to women, who thus escape for a time the thrall of the senseless heavy skirt dragging from the waist. The gauzy, footed nightgown makes no strain on scalp or hair, and summer is the time when the girl with thin locks can begin to make hair while the sun shines, and to recover the gloss and beauty marred by her heavy fur toque.

Summer, again, is the time to start the cold bath, with its accompanying rub down, which so materially helps circulation. If this is begun with the first warm spell it can be kept up with a little tempering all through the winter, even by those who "can't stand cold water."

USEFUL HINTS.

Faded Cashmere may be restored by sponging with equal parts of alcohol and ammonia diluted with warm water.

When Making Poultry, cream the laid butter, or dripping before mixing it with the meat, and it will blend more readily, less handling will be required, and consequently the pastry will be lighter.

To Cleanse a Hair Mattress.—Remove the hair from the bedding, pick it well, and then plunge into a lather of soap and soft water. When clean, rinse it and then lay it in the sun to dry. Wash the ticking and replace the hair, taking care that it is thoroughly dry and nicely picked over.

To Boil Spiced Beef.—Plunge the meat into enough boiling water to cover it. This hardens the outside and keeps in the juices. After the water (cooled by the meat) comes to the boil again, let it remain boiling for three minutes, then skim carefully. Then place the pot in a cooler place and let the contents simmer very gently.

Imitation Frosted Glass.—This is a cheap method of imitating frosted glass, and answers very well in a dry place, but steam will make it foggy. Moisten Epsom salts with gum and apply with a rag. When you require the same appearance, and the atmosphere is damp and steamy, moisten putty thoroughly with linseed oil and paint the panes of glass thinly over with it.

Good Paste for Papering.—The finest paste for all purposes is made as follows: To a teaspoonful of flour add gradually half a pint of cold water and mix quite smooth; add a pinch of powdered alum (some add a pinch of resin) and boil for a few minutes, stirring constantly. The addition of a little brown sugar and a few grains of corrosive sublimate will, it is said by practical chemists, preserve it for years.

WORK AND LIVE LONG.

A Man Who Says Natural Rules Have Been His Mainstay.

John Clemens, who is 97 years old, says that work is the greatest promoter of long life. He is still hale and hearty and looks back over a life well sprinkled with misfortunes with satisfaction and contentment.

He lives in the south end of St. Louis, Mo., near where his former home was before the cyclone tore it down. He still works, and says he hopes to work for a good many years more. His rules for long life are simple, and as explained by him are as follows:

Work is the key to a long life.

Work is natural exercise.

Work creates a natural appetite.

Work brings restful sleep.

Work fortifies against disease.

Work brings happiness and prosperity.

Eat with moderation.

Exercise whenever you are hungry.

Eat wholesome food.

Eat seasonable vegetables.

Drink whatever you wish, moderately.

Never drink to excess.

Avoid excitement and late hours.

Use tobacco, but not in cigarettes.

Mr. Clemens is of Corsican parentage, although he was born on board ship on the way to France.

His youth was spent on the sea, and after he went to the United States he worked in every capacity on the Mississippi steamboats. He has been shipwrecked, shot and otherwise injured, but says his simple rules for living have kept him alive and well this long.

BY RETURN.

An Oxford undergraduate was once out of funds, and wrote to his father asking for some money.

It did not come, and the student, being annoyed, sent the following telegram with answer paid:

"Where is the money?"

He received this answer by return:

"Here."

"Of course," answered the youth sarcastically, "you think you know what's what, and you're replying the what's what with a little humbug."

"I simply know what's what," he wrote when I was a boy.

DYED IN THE WOOL.

Tribal Customs in the Northern Caucasus.

The most stubborn facts to deal with are tribal customs. They are the accumulated and inherited habits of innumerable past generations, and are woven with the deepest conscientious convictions. To change such customs it is necessary to change the entire nature of the tribe. The London Daily Telegraph gives an excellent example of the tenacity of tribal custom in the following account of the vendetta, practised in the Northern Caucasus. Nearly half the deaths in this region are due to the vendetta, and three-fourths of these again are the result of a curious marriage custom. The young swain who discovers a maiden that strikes his fancy does not "pop the question," but hastens to get together the money requisite to buy her or her father's consent. He must pay from \$175 to \$200, but in case he can not raise such a sum as this, he induces a few stalwart comrades to seize the maiden and carry her off. The Telegraph continues:

"What too often follows then may be gathered from a case in point which has just taken place in Soss lambeek. Bokayed, the bridegroom's name and Neshko that of the

GIRL OF SWEET SIXTEEN

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc.
in Trade Centres.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Toronto, July 7.—Wheat.—The market was quiet with the demand less active. No. 2 Ontario red and white quoted at 74½ to 75½ middle freight. No. 2 spring is quoted at 71½ middle freight. No. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Oats.—The market is steady, with sales of No. 2 white at 32½ high freight, and they are quoted at 32½ middle freight. No. 1 white, 34½ cent.

Barley.—Trade is quiet, with no business reported. No. 3 extra quoted at 44½ middle freight, and No. 3 at 44½ to 45.

Rye.—The market is steady at 52 to 53½ cent for No. 2.

Peas.—Trade quiet with No. 2 white quoted at 63 to 64½ high freight.

Buckwheat.—Nothing doing, with prices nominal at 40 to 41½ outside.

Corn.—Market is steady. No. 3 American yellow quoted at 59½ on track, Toronto, and No. 3 mixed at 59½ Toronto. Canadian No. 1 corn, 40½ cent, and No. 2, 39½ cent.

Flour.—Ninety per cent. patents quoted to-day at \$2.72 middle freight in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight rollers of special brands for domestic trade quoted at \$3.25 to \$3.40 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady. No. 1 patents, \$4.25 to \$4.40 and strong bakers', \$4 to \$4.10 in bags, Toronto.

Milled—Bran is firm at \$17, and shorts \$19 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$16, and shorts at \$18. Manitoba bran in sacks, \$19, and shorts at \$22 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Beans.—Trade is quiet with prices nominal. Prime white are quoted at \$1.65 to \$1.75 a bushel.

Hay.—The market is firm, with demand fair. No. 1 timothy is worth \$10.50 to \$11 on track, Toronto.

Straw.—The market is quiet at \$5.25 to \$5.50 per ton for car lots on track.

Hops.—Trade dull, with prices nominal at 17 to 20c.

Potatoes.—Car lots are selling at \$1.20 to \$1.25 per bag, and small lots at \$1.35.

Poultry.—Spring chickens are quoted at 65 to 85c per pair, and old hens at 9 to 10c per lb. Turkeys, 12 to 18c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.

Butter.—Receipts fair. The demand for choice grades is good and prices easy. No. 1 creamery, 15c; No. 2, 14c; No. 3, 13c; No. 4, 12c; No. 5, 11c; No. 6, 10c; No. 7, 9c; No. 8, 8c; No. 9, 7c; No. 10, 6c; No. 11, 5c; No. 12, 4c; No. 13, 3c; No. 14, 2c; No. 15, 1c; No. 16, 10c; No. 17, 9c; No. 18, 8c; No. 19, 7c; No. 20, 6c; No. 21, 5c; No. 22, 4c; No. 23, 3c; No. 24, 2c; No. 25, 1c; No. 26, 10c; No. 27, 9c; No. 28, 8c; No. 29, 7c; No. 30, 6c; No. 31, 5c; No. 32, 4c; No. 33, 3c; No. 34, 2c; No. 35, 1c; No. 36, 10c; No. 37, 9c; No. 38, 8c; No. 39, 7c; No. 40, 6c; No. 41, 5c; No. 42, 4c; No. 43, 3c; No. 44, 2c; No. 45, 1c; No. 46, 10c; No. 47, 9c; No. 48, 8c; No. 49, 7c; No. 50, 6c; No. 51, 5c; No. 52, 4c; No. 53, 3c; No. 54, 2c; No. 55, 1c; No. 56, 10c; No. 57, 9c; No. 58, 8c; No. 59, 7c; No. 60, 6c; No. 61, 5c; No. 62, 4c; No. 63, 3c; No. 64, 2c; No. 65, 1c; No. 66, 10c; No. 67, 9c; No. 68, 8c; No. 69, 7c; No. 70, 6c; No. 71, 5c; No. 72, 4c; No. 73, 3c; No. 74, 2c; No. 75, 1c; No. 76, 10c; No. 77, 9c; No. 78, 8c; No. 79, 7c; No. 80, 6c; No. 81, 5c; No. 82, 4c; No. 83, 3c; No. 84, 2c; No. 85, 1c; No. 86, 10c; No. 87, 9c; No. 88, 8c; No. 89, 7c; No. 90, 6c; No. 91, 5c; No. 92, 4c; No. 93, 3c; No. 94, 2c; No. 95, 1c; No. 96, 10c; No. 97, 9c; No. 98, 8c; No. 99, 7c; No. 100, 6c.

Eggs.—The market is unchanged, with good demand. Choice stock brings 15c per dozen.

Cheese.—The market is quiet, with prices ruling at 11 to 11½c per lb.

HOG PRODUCTS.

Dressed hogs are unchanged. Cured meats are steady, with a good demand. We quote: Bacon, clear, 10 to 10½c, in ton and case lots. Pork, mess, \$21; do, short cut, \$22.50.

Smoked Meats.—Hams, 18 to 19½c; backs, 11 to 11½c; shoulders, 10½c; rolls, 14 to 14½c; breakfast bacon, 14c.

Lard.—The market is unchanged. We quote: Tierces, 9½c; tubs, 10c; pails, 10½ to 10¾c; compound, 8 to 9c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.

Montreal, July 7.—The local markets were fairly active and prices are easier. Wheat has declined and as a result the highest quotations for flour have been withdrawn, all millers now selling Manitoba patents at \$4.20 and \$3.90. Butter is easy, but dull, factorymen and exporters having different ideas about prices. Cheese is decidedly lower, and there ought to be good export business done at the prices.

No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat, 8½c; No. 1 Northern, 8c; do, soft, 7½c; No. 2, 7c; No. 3, 6½c; No. 4, 6c; No. 5, 5½c; No. 6, 5c; No. 7, 4½c; No. 8, 4c; No. 9, 3½c; No. 10, 3c; No. 11, 2½c; No. 12, 2c; No. 13, 1½c; No. 14, 1c; No. 15, 10c; No. 16, 9c; No. 17, 8c; No. 18, 7c; No. 19, 6c; No. 20, 5c; No. 21, 4c; No. 22, 3c; No. 23, 2c; No. 24, 1c; No. 25, 10c; No. 26, 9c; No. 27, 8c; No. 28, 7c; No. 29, 6c; No. 30, 5c; No. 31, 4c; No. 32, 3c; No. 33, 2c; No. 34, 1c; No. 35, 10c; No. 36, 9c; No. 37, 8c; No. 38, 7c; No. 39, 6c; No. 40, 5c; No. 41, 4c; No. 42, 3c; No. 43, 2c; No. 44, 1c; No. 45, 10c; No. 46, 9c; No. 47, 8c; No. 48, 7c; No. 49, 6c; No. 50, 5c; No. 51, 4c; No. 52, 3c; No. 53, 2c; No. 54, 1c; No. 55, 10c; No. 56, 9c; No. 57, 8c; No. 58, 7c; No. 59, 6c; No. 60, 5c; No. 61, 4c; No. 62, 3c; No. 63, 2c; No. 64, 1c; No. 65, 10c; No. 66, 9c; No. 67, 8c; No. 68, 7c; No. 69, 6c; No. 70, 5c; No. 71, 4c; No. 72, 3c; No. 73, 2c; No. 74, 1c; No. 75, 10c; No. 76, 9c; No. 77, 8c; No. 78, 7c; No. 79, 6c; No. 80, 5c; No. 81, 4c; No. 82, 3c; No. 83, 2c; No. 84, 1c; No. 85, 10c; No. 86, 9c; No. 87, 8c; No. 88, 7c; No. 89, 6c; No. 90, 5c; No. 91, 4c; No. 92, 3c; No. 93, 2c; No. 94, 1c; No. 95, 10c; No. 96, 9c; No. 97, 8c; No. 98, 7c; No. 99, 6c; No. 100, 5c.

Over Thirty Thousand Employees Involved.

A Stockholm despatch says: Within a year of the national strike that was designed to compel Parliament to grant a universal franchise Sweden is again in the throes of a great industrial disturbance, involving thirty thousand employees in various manufacturing and service industries.

The employees demand the recognition of a fixed minimum wage, and the abolition of piecework. The employers refuse to grant these demands, and threaten a lockout unless the men withdraw them. Several workshops closed, and the south have been already closed, and the National Employees' Association has fixed Tuesday as the date for a general lockout. If the lockout is not reached by that time, the trades unions are determined to fight, but they will probably lose if they do.

other good run at the cattle market to-day, comprising, all told, 85 cars of stock, consisting of 1,099 head of cattle, 1,811 sheep and lambs, 1,690 hogs, and 39 calves. There was a fair demand for good cattle, but for rougher grades the trade was a little drab.

The top price for choice butchers' cattle was about \$4.70, several loads of very nice quality, light cattle fetching that figure. The rough and heavier grass-fed cattle a slower sale at from \$3.35 up to \$4.

There was a fair market at steady prices for good export ewes, but lambs were a little easier towards the close of the market, owing to the heavier grass-fed cattle for the past two markets.

The hog market is weak. The quotations were unchanged to-day, but lower prices are spoken of as probable for next week. The tops to-day are \$5.75.

Export, heavy . . . \$4.80 to \$5.00
Export, light . . . 4.50 4.90
Bulls, export, heavy . . . 3.60 4.00
Bulls, light . . . 3.00 3.50
Feeders, light, 800 . . . 4.00 4.50
Lbs. and upwards . . . 2.50 3.75
Stockers, 400 to 800 . . . 2.50 3.75
Stockers, 900 lbs. . . 3.75 4.00
Butchers' cattle, choice . . . 4.60 5.00
Butchers' and run . . . 3.60 3.90
do picked . . . 4.25 4.70
do bulls . . . 3.00 3.30
do rough . . . 2.75 3.25
Light stock bulls, cwt . . . 2.25 3.00
Milk cows . . . 30.00 40.00
Hogs, best . . . 5.75 6.00
do light . . . 5.50 5.75
Sheep, export, cwt . . . 3.75 4.00
Bucks . . . 3.00 3.75
Culls . . . 2.25 2.50
Calves, each . . . 2.00 10.00
Spring lambs . . . 3.80 4.50

PREPARING FOR WAR

The Premier of Bulgaria Is Very Apprehensive.

The Belgrade correspondent of The London Times says that Petko, the Bulgarian Premier, has given an interview, in which he declared that the Sultan of Turkey and the Bulgarian Government were both opposed to war, but the situation was worse than at any time since the delivery of the Turkish note last spring. Though most of the prisoners at Salonica had been released, 400 fresh arrests have been made and 3,000 refugees have arrived at Adrianople. The aim of the Turks, the Premier is reported as saying, is the deliberate extermination of the Bulgarians in Macedonia by methods scarcely short of massacre, and the high officials in Turkey are promoting the war movement. M. Petko anticipates a war and expresses contempt for the Turkish army, which, he says, cannot mobilize inside of two months, whereas Bulgarians can mobilize an army of 250,000 well armed men very quickly. It is possible, he thinks, that the Sultan, in order to avert a war, may make concessions, but unless he does so a catastrophe is imminent.

RICH STRIKE IN YUKON

Twenty to Fifty Dollars a Day Per Man Taken Out.

A Seattle, Wash., despatch says: A special to the Post Intelligence from Dawson, says that the first news since March from the vast stretch of 2,600 miles down the Yukon Basin, from Eagle to St. Michael and Tanana, Koyukuk and Ramah Camps and Kuskokwim-Water Shed came on Tuesday on the steamer Rock Island, from Andreaski. The steamer has passengers from all camps mentioned, mostly men on Hog Creek, in the Kuyukuk, and from \$20 to \$50 is being made daily by the men. The steamer Senator has arrived here from Nome, Alaska, bringing \$40,000 in gold and several passengers, to Lawrence Hotel at Nome was destroyed by fire just before the departure of the Senator, entailing a loss of \$25,000.

SWEDEN'S LABOR TROUBLE

Over Thirty Thousand Employees Involved.

A Stockholm despatch says: Within a year of the national strike that was designed to compel Parliament to grant a universal franchise Sweden is again in the throes of a great industrial disturbance, involving thirty thousand employees in various manufacturing and service industries.

The employees demand the recognition of a fixed minimum wage, and the abolition of piecework. The employers refuse to grant these demands, and threaten a lockout unless the men withdraw them. Several workshops closed, and the south have been already closed, and the National Employees' Association has fixed Tuesday as the date for a general lockout. If the lockout is not reached by that time, the trades unions are determined to fight, but they will probably lose if they do.

SAVED THE TRAIN

Wreck Averted With Lanter and Red Handkerchief.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Pembroke local C. P. R. train had a narrow escape on Wednesday. When within a mile of Pembroke the engineer noticed the glimmer of a light and a short distance ahead, and hurriedly air-braked. The train was brought to a standstill, and upon investigation it was found that three telephone poles had been blown down by the storm, and were lying across the track. A high board fence used to protect the track from snow drifts was also lying on the rails. The red light was found to be an ordinary lantern, around which a red handkerchief had been tied by a man named Lorge, a factory employee of Pembroke.

FORGERY, THEFT, PERJURY

Serious Charges Against Ex-Manager Rowley.

A St. Thomas despatch says: Geo. Rowley, ex-manager of the Light Loan Co., was brought before His Honor Judge Emmetinger on Saturday at 2 p.m., and arraigned on three charges—forgery, theft and perjury. Crown Attorney Donahue read the detailed list of thefts contained in the charges. The list is a formidable one and included the following:

1902—Jan. 10, stealing \$2,050, money deposited. 1900—Feb. 21, theft of \$4,900, deposited. 1902—March 14, \$935, deposited. April 18, \$3,725 deposited. 1902—Dec. 9, \$1,414, deposited. Jan. 14, \$1,743, deposited. March 3, \$9,073, deposited. May 6, \$1,800. July 14, \$985. Aug. 80, \$700. Sept. 25, \$1,800. Oct. 4, \$4,373. Dec. 22, \$1,000. 1901—Jan. 2, \$918. May 20, \$2,350. June 17, \$300. Aug. 22, \$2,440. Oct. 30, \$2,000. Dec. 27, \$1,483. 1900—Jan. 3, \$1,400. Feb. 15, \$900. March 8, \$2,000. April 4, \$1,750. May 1, \$800. June 27, \$1,750. 1899—Jan. 3, \$218. March 7, \$100. 1898—Jan. 18, \$1,027.50. March 2, \$1,000. March 11, \$470. 1897—July 1, \$7,454.56. Oct. 10, \$5,524. 1896—Oct. 30, \$2,285. 1900—April 14, \$1,000. 1902—May 6, \$1,000.

Rowley is also charged with having on the 18th day of September, 1902, forged a document in connection with a bank transaction. Also with having forged a savings bank deposit receipt in the name of M. Laidlaw for \$1,500, and using the same for his own purpose. On the 10th of October, 1896, with having forged a deposit receipt in the name of Agnes E. Laidlaw for \$2,000.51 and with having used for his own purpose the said amount. The aggregate of the stealings detailed above is about \$60,000.

He is also charged with having on the 15th of February, 1903, sworn falsely to a statement of the company's assets and liabilities to deceive the public.

On being asked to plead, Mr. Wickert, solicitor for Mr. Rowley, entered a plea of "not guilty," and stated that he wished as speedy a trial as possible. The County Crown Attorney agreed, and Judge Emmetinger therefore named Monday, July 20, at 10 a.m., as the date for the trial. Mr. Donahue remarked that the list of charges was sufficient ground for deprecating to entertain bail. His Honor said there was no application for bail.

The court then adjourned, and the accused was removed to the county jail. Mr. Rowley presented a dejected appearance, as may well be expected, but is said to be bearing up well, considering the nature of the offences with which he is charged.

DROWNED THE HUSBAND

A Little Girl's Story Against Her Mother.

An Ottawa despatch says: Mrs. Lalonde and a man named Desrosiers were arrested by the Ottawa police in consequence of queer reports in circulation. The woman and her husband formerly lived on St. John's Island in the Georgian Bay, and Desrosiers was a boater with them, taking out in board a debt that Lalonde owed him.

The Lalondes had a three-year-old child and the little one is alleged to have the mainland. Her father was thrown overboard and drowned. The police were unable to obtain any further evidence to justify them in detaining Mrs. Lalonde and Desrosiers, but are looking into the matter.

SHOT HIMSELF DEAD

Constable Ends His Life in Police Station.

A Toronto despatch says: Constable George Weston, who had been on the Toronto police force for over nineteen years, committed suicide on Tuesday forenoon at No. 6 Police Station in Parkdale, where he himself through a head, and a son for ending his life. He was fired five days' pay by Chief Grassett the other day for a minor offence. He had been in poor health for some time, and during the last week had suffered considerably from internal troubles. Deceased was a native of Shropshire, England, and was 41 years of age. He is survived by a widow and four children.

FAIR BUILDINGS BURNED

Serious Blow to Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition.

A Winnipeg despatch says: Nine large and substantial buildings at the Industrial Exhibition grounds were completely destroyed by fire on Sunday evening, causing an enormous conflagration, which threatened to spread to the other buildings. The fire was fortunately checked. The loss is \$10,000, covered by insurance. The fire is a serious blow to the exhibition directors, as the Fair is only two weeks distant.

AN ALABAMA LYNNING

Sheriff Shot Down and the Negro Taken From His Cell.

A Scottsboro, Ala., despatch says: A mob of fifty persons marched from Larkinsville on Tuesday night and took Andrew J. Jones, a colored man, from jail here to the woods and hanged him after he had confessed to murdering Miss Anna Smith, white, at Larkinsville, last Saturday night. Sheriff B. O. Austin released the mob until he was down and then they took him from him.

MINING DISASTER

Nearly Two Hundred Men Are Entombed.

A Hanna, Wyoming, despatch says: Probably the worst disaster in the history of Wyoming occurred here on Wednesday, when a terrific explosion of fire-damp in Union Pacific Mine No. 1 shut off the means of escape of 200 men, who were working in the pit. The fire, which started immediately, is defying all efforts of the rescuers, and there is slight hope of saving any of the men. Twenty-eight bodies of those working near the mouth of the mine have been brought out, all of them horribly mangled, and some still showing slight evidences of life. The Union Pacific Railway Company, which owns the mine, has a large force working to reach the imprisoned men. So intense is the excitement that no one seems able to say where the disaster occurred. The supposition is that a careless miner allowed his lamp to come in contact with fire-damp.

LATER REPORT.

According to the latest reports, 235 men out of 292 who were in the mine were killed in the explosion on Wednesday. The majority of the victims are Finlanders and Swedes. A small army of rescuers, spurred on by the frantic appeals of wives, mothers and children who gathered at the mine, worked with desperate energy all night. They tell of pitiful scenes in the mine. Some of the survivors were driven insane, and fought furiously against rescuers. A small number of survivors were found sitting on cars or lying on the floor, careless of whether they lived or died. Near the seventeenth level 20 bodies were found strewn over a pile of debris which the men had striven to surmount before they were overcome by the deadly fumes. Some were seared and blackened by flames. The 11 rescuers who penetrated thus far were too weak to bring out a body.

C.P.R. TO MAKE OFFER

Big Corporation May Get the Fast Atlantic Service.

An Ottawa despatch says: Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the C. P. R., was in the city on Tuesday, and a conference with several Ministers. It is said the object of his visit was in connection with the fast Atlantic service. When tenders were called for recently for such service the C. P. R. did not put in a bid, but now that the Government has definitely decided not to accept either of the offers, it is the general impression that the only corporation which can grapple successfully with the problem which has been engaging the attention of the public men and the press of Canada for the past ten years is the Canadian Pacific. No information is forthcoming regarding the nature of the interview which Sir Thomas had with the Government, but it would not be a matter of surprise if within the next few days the announcement were made that a contract had been entered into, under which the C. P. R. will agree to furnish a weekly 20-knot service from Quebec in summer and Halifax in winter.

FIGURES FROM THE WEST

Sales of Land for the Year Just Closed.

A Winnipeg despatch says: All reports for the fiscal year ending on Tuesday give substantial proof of western Canada's rapid progress. For 1903, the Canadian Pacific Railway land department sales were 349,524 acres, for \$1,221,651, as compared with 244,678 acres for \$877,622 in 1902. Land sales of the same company for the year were 2,639,529 acres for \$9,693,950. For the previous year the sales were 1,566,456 acres for \$5,145,842.

Canadian Northern railway land department sales for the year ending to-day totaled 263,051 acres for \$911,346.

Immigration arrivals for the year are estimated at 110,100, as against 55,261 arrivals for the previous year.

Winnipeg customs office collections for June totaled \$228,036.83, an increase of \$88,239.64, over the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, \$1,938,082.87, and for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, \$1,499,226.83, an increase of \$438,856.04 for the year.

WOMEN CHIMNEY SWEEPS

Union Is Formed at St. Petersburg and at Moscow.

A St. Petersburg despatch says: A large number of callings are open to women in Russia, which are shut to them in other countries, and two new professions have just been added to the list. The first is the ancient and venerable one of chimney sweep. A guild or union of women chimney sweeps has been started in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

The other occupation opened to women is that of dressmaker. The police have come to the conclusion that women can fill this important office better than men.

GORGE STATION BLEW UP

Terrific Explosion Near the Niagara Whirlpool.

A despatch from Niagara Falls, Ont., says: A terrific explosion occurred about eight o'clock Thursday evening in the large electric railway station and power house about halfway between the G. T. R. bridge and the whirlpool. The building caught fire from an electric wire and several hundred weight of dynamite stored under the building was exploded. The building, which contained a fancy store and a photographic gallery, was utterly demolished, the sound being heard for miles.

FIRE IN COAL MINE

Canada Coal and Railway Company Suffers.

A Halifax, N. S., despatch says: A terrific fire occurred on Friday in No. 2 pit of the Canada Coal and Railway Company, at the Joggins Mines, Cumberland County. The fire started from a miner's lamp, igniting a working in the air shaft. It soon caught the timbers, and is still raging in the shaft and pit. About 200 men were at work, and all got out safely but one, Joseph Bredeau, who was slightly burned and overcome with smoke before he was rescued. All the horses are still in the pit and will be lost, either killed by smoke or burned. Manager Burrows immediately endeavored to descend, but could not get down for the smoke. It is impossible at the present time to stop the fire, and the pit may have to be flooded. The output of the Joggins mines is about 300 tons daily.

FARM LABOR SITUATION

Dominion Asked to Divert Immigration to Ontario.

A Toronto despatch says: Mr. Thomas Southworth, Director of Colonization, is besieged just now with applications for farm laborers. They are pouring in daily, and every effort is being made to fill the vacancies as far as possible. On Thursday the Dominion immigration authorities were communicated with, and asked to do everything they could to divert the tide of immigration to Ontario. If this is done the farm labor problem will, to a great extent, be solved.

A PECULIAR DEATH

Man Pinned Between Bed and Wall Seven Days.

A Binghamton, N. Y., despatch says: Geo. Barnes, a civil war veteran, fifty years old, who lived alone at Berkshire, was found nearly dead in his house by neighbors who broke in the door on Thursday morning. The man had not been seen for a week. He was found wedged between his bed and the wall, where he said he fell in an apoplectic fit a week ago, and was unable to release himself. He died soon after being found, but the physicians said death was due to starvation, as it would be possible for him to recover from the stroke of apoplexy had he had proper attendance.

SHOULD AVOID ALCOHOL

Statement of a Veteran German General.

A Berlin despatch says: In answer to an inquiry by the German Temperance Society, Count Huelsh-Hassler, the most popular of the retired German Generals and a supposed total abstainer, has written as follows:—

"During twenty-five years I drunk neither beer nor wine, and never took spirits, except on the rarest occasions. On the Emperor's birthday I took a small quantity of champagne. In 1878, after a serious lung affection, the physicians advised me to take two glasses of wine a day. I soon recovered, and no one is better now than I. I am convinced that a man works better without alcohol. Spirits are the worst, and beer is almost as bad, because it causes fatigue and creates a thirst. For the soldier, water, coffee and tea are best."

QUEBEC MINISTER DEAD

Hon. T. Duffy, Provincial Treasurer, Passes Away.

A Quebec despatch says: Hon. Thomas H. Duffy, treasurer of the Province of Quebec, was stricken with apoplexy while in a barber's chair at the Hotel Chateau Frontenac at 10 o'clock on Friday. He was removed to his rooms in the hotel and doctors were hastily summoned, but he passed away at 3 o'clock the same afternoon. A despatch was at once sent to Premier Parent, who is at St. Augustine, summoning him to the capital.

LARGEST IN OUR HISTORY

An Increase of \$4,566,860 Over Last Year in the Customs.

An Ottawa despatch says: The Customs revenue of Canada for the fiscal year which closed on June 30, has been \$36,619,659, an increase of \$4,566,860 over last year, and much the largest in the country's history. For the month of June alone the collections have been \$3,579,685, an increase of \$992,471.

NO HOGS FROM STATES

British Board of Agriculture Prohibits Landings.

A London despatch says: A new order of the Board of Agriculture has been gazetted on Friday, revising previous orders, and prohibiting the landing in Great Britain of any hogs from the United States, besides prohibiting the importation of cattle from New England. The order goes into effect August 1.

INCREASE IN IMMIGRATION

The Total for Year Just Passed Was 124,058.

An Ottawa despatch says: The total immigration for the year ending June 30th is given as 124,058, an increase of 67,279 the year previous. The origin of the immigrants is given as follows: United States, 44,080; British Isles, 37,709

While the Government railway bill was under consideration in the House of Commons last week an amendment was introduced providing that railway companies shall furnish passes to all members of Parliament. Practically all the members have passes now, but these are granted by the railways as a favor to the members, and the members are thus placed under an obligation to the railways. Under the change the members will receive their passes as a matter of law, and there will be no suspicion of bribery in the House, as Jabel Robinson said in, with the amendment of the statutory pass the introduction of the abolition of the mileage allowance to members.

Prohibition that Prohibits.

It has always been contended by the liquor party and its friends that prohibition did not prohibit, and could not be enforced. The advocates of prohibition, on the other hand, have maintained that prohibition could be enforced whenever there was a government behind it which chose to enforce it. The following in reference to prohibition in Maine is to the point:

Bangor, Me., July 2.—Within a few days Maine is likely to be in fact what it is supposed to be—a prohibition state. Never until now has constitutional prohibition prohibited the sale of liquor anywhere in Maine if a saloon-keeper was willing to submit to arrest and fine about twice a year. Now, however, the judges of the Supreme Court have given notice that the possession of a United States internal revenue liquor stamp will subject the possessor to a jail sentence instead of a fine, and all over the State hotels and restaurants last night closed their bars, wholesalers went out of business, and within a week every retailer will have quit selling.

S. S. Convention.

The Convention of the Stirling, Rawdon and Marmora S. S. Association held at Rylstone on Friday last, July 8th, was a great success, although the majority of the speakers named on the programme were not present. The shower of the morning no doubt prevented many from attending the afternoon session; but the addresses and discussions were very interesting and useful, and the choir gave some excellent music.

The evening session was attended with a crowded church and a great deal of interest was taken in the many eloquent and instructive addresses and discussions.

Although very few of the speakers that were to take part were present yet the vacancies were filled by able substitutes, and no time was lost.

The choir also gave a number of beautiful selections and gained the admiration of all present. We would especially mention Mr. Anderson, who simply charmed all who heard him.

The Association was found to be in very good standing.

The officers for the ensuing year are: Rev. J. Moore, President, with all the ministers of this district as Vice-Presidents; Mr. Wilson Anderson, Sec.; Mr. B. C. Tucker, Treas.

The next convention will be held at Wellman's Corners. Com.

Nearly 10,000 people left Great Britain for Canada in June.

Fifteen thousand foundrymen have been locked out in Sweden.

President Loubet of France received a warm welcome in England.

The pope is very ill, and his physicians hold out no hope of recovery.

Twenty-three persons were killed in a railway collision at Rockfish, Va.

Heavy rains have caused floods in Alberta. Part of Calgary is under water.

It is estimated that gold taken from the Klondike this year will be from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 in excess of last year.

A Toronto rumor says the by-elections for North Renfrew, Sault Ste. Marie, and Muskoka will be held in the latter part of September.

A contract has been let for the building of a railroad 413 miles long in Alaska. It receives no bonus from the United States Government, but is to be built as a business investment. And yet we are told that if railroads are to be built in Canada they must be subsidized.

During the twelve months ending with June, 124,658 immigrants arrived in Canada. Of these the United States supplied 44,560, British Isles 41,767, and the Continent 37,891. Next year the number will reach 200,000, and inside of five years we will be receiving half a million immigrants yearly.

Canada's foreign commerce for the financial year ending June 30, amounted to something over \$480,000,000, on the basis of goods exported and imported for home consumption. Last year the return was \$414,913,881, and in 1899 it was \$231,601,382. So, from this it will be seen that our trade with the outside world has almost doubled in the last seven years.

A beautiful character will make poetry out of the poorest life, bring sunshine into the darkest home, and develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could, crept in. Forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day. Begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with old non-sense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

NAPOLEON AND DANGER.

Gilray's Striking Cartoon, Which Was Published in 1808.

The dangers which threatened Napoleon in the opening years of the nineteenth century were shown by Gilray's cartoon, the "Valley of the Shadow of Death," which was issued Sept. 24, 1808. The valley is the valley of Bunyran's allegory. The emperor is portrayed as a man in a top hat, a trachea, and a sword, surrounded by a circle of flames. From every side horrors are springing up to assail him. The British lion, raging and furious, is springing at his throat. The Portuguese wolf has broken his chain. The King Death, mounted on a bull of "true royal Spanish breed," has cleared at a bound the body of the ex-king Joseph, which has been thrown into the "ditch of Styx." Death is poisoning his spear with fatal aim, warningly holding up at the same time his hourglass with the sand exhausted; flames follow his course. From the smoke rise the figures of Junot and Dupont, the beaten generals. The papal tiara is descending as a "Roman meteor" charged with lightning to blast the Corsican. The "Turkish new moon" is seen rising in blood. The "spirit of Charles XII." rises from the flames to avenge the wrongs of Sweden. The "imperial German eagle" is emerging from a cloud; the Prussian bird appears as a scarecrow, making desperate efforts to fly and screaming revenge. From the "Lethian ditch" the "American rattlesnake" is thrusting forth a poisoned tongue. The "Dutch frog" are spitting out their spite, and the Rhinish confederation is personified as a herd of starved "rats" ready to feast on the Corsican. The great "Russian bear," the only ally Napoleon has secured, is shaking his chain and growling, a formidable enemy in the rear.—Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice in Bookman.

INDIANS AND TROLLEY CARS

Insatiable Curiosity Caused a Long List of Casualties.

When the trolley system was installed in Mexico City the native Indians, apart from their wonderment as to what unseen force propelled the cars, were anxious to test the new power. They began by trying to stop the car with their hands, and later with their heads and bodies, until the list of casualties became great.

Then a brilliant idea struck them. They had often been to bullfights and at certain of these had watched a peculiar opening ceremony which originated in Mexico and later was introduced into Spain. Before the bull is set loose in an arena a man clothed in white from head to foot poses as a statue in the center of the ring. His face and hair are whitened, and he stands without a movement or a flutter of clothing or anything that would tend to show that he is alive.

When the bull is released he first sniffs the air and makes a mad rush for the pedestal. Getting quite close he stops and snorts, gazing at the figure. Seeing no movement, he gradually retires backward in amazement. His attention is then attracted by others, and the man escapes.

The Indians decided to try this on the cars. Dressing themselves in white and putting flour on their faces and hair they would stand motionless in the middle of the car tracks facing the coming monster.

There were many ambulance calls before they learned the difference between a bull and a trolley car.

True Lazines.

Have something to do.

Don't do it.

Get somebody else to do it.

Watch him do it.

Convince yourself that you could have done it ever so much better if it had been worth while.

Rest from your labors.

Do the thing that has to be done as leisurely as possible. "More haste less speed." Do it well, so that you won't have to do it again. Avail yourself of all labor saving devices. Invent some.

Rest. Never do today that which may be done as well tomorrow, for tomorrow you may not need to do it.

This advice is not new, but it is worth regarding.

Sunset in the Canyons.

In the deep canyons one is soon overtaken by night. Indeed in some of these intricate pathways (the work of aqueous erosion) the sunlight, if it enters at all, stays but a few moments.

As the sun goes down the changes that are marshaled on are singularly beautiful. The vivid green tints of the chaparral so brilliant at midday begin to fade and assume a deep purple, over which a delicate silvery mist imperceptibly draws its veil. On it creeps, the royal tints becoming more intense, until suddenly it takes on a fiery glow, and over all the slopes there plays a rosy light, the warm good night of the upper range.

The Thunder Makers.

"De worl' am a great big playhouse," said Charcoal Eph in one of his ruminate moods, "an' whilst de stabs am doin' dey big stunts in de centah ob de stage de res' ob us am pushin' scenery an' makin' thundahstems wid de sheet, Mistah Jackson."

The Height of Daring.

Willie Littleboy—What's the hero anyhow?

Bob Tulckneck—A hero is a feller that dast to tie a can to a bulldog's tail.—Smart Set.

Only 24 per cent of doctors reach seventy years, but 42 per cent of clergymen do so.

The Bridegroom's Song.

I'm sick of the song of the bride and her bloom. Just hearken to me for a while I'm the groom.

I know I've no rights in the case, but alas! That's right—all I get in the case is a lass! I know I'm supposed to be silent and meek But hang it! I'm bound to get reckless and speak.

They're buzzing about what the bride is to wear. They're buzzing about how she'll fix up her hair.

They're quarrelling over the bridal bouquet I listen in silence to all they can say. They treat me as though I was chained to my doom.

Alack! what am I? I am only the groom. The best I can do is some black and some white.

A horse-collar vest and a bad case of fright; My hair will be combed as its combed every day.

I'd sure get mobbed if I lugged a bouquet. I've got to be meek and try bravely to smile.

The meekness will stand me in hand after while. Sing on of the beautiful bride and her bloom.

But don't mention me—I'm only the groom. Just say "he was dressed in conventional black."

Then kindly forget me and hasten right To rave of the bride till your black in the face—

I'm only the groom, and I'm learning my place.

Man is naught but a lump of clay Gifted with hopes and fears, And woman can mould him any old way When she softens him with her tears.

John Hyderman of Deseronto was killed in attempting to get of a moving train near Trenton.

Rev. J. P. Wilson of Peterboro has accepted a call to Bridge St. Church, Belleville, in June 1904.

On Monday two barns belonging to E. Donnelly and Mrs. Gillen, of Belleville, were destroyed by fire.

Rev. W. H. Montgomery has left Marmora, and the Herald states there will be no service in the Presbyterian Church there for three weeks, until Presbytery meets.

The Rev. Wm. Galbraith, of Belleville has exchanged his property in Belleville for property in Toronto, and will remove to the latter city. He is one of the aldermen of Belleville, and his removal will cause a vacancy in the city council.

The Marmora Herald says: "Mr. A. W. Carscadden has formed a company to carry on the business formerly conducted by himself, which will be styled A. W. Carscadden & Co. The company is composed of several of the ablest capitalists of the Province, as well as some local men."

The Rev. Dr. Crothers of Bridge St. Methodist Church, Belleville, has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of George St. Church, Peterboro. Dr. Crothers has accepted the invitation, and will remove to Peterboro at the close of the conference year in June, 1904.

Belleville Ontario:—"William Dafee of Frankford, was taken to the hospital some days ago. He is suffering from blood poisoning. Yesterday he became violently insane, and in his frenzy smashed the door of the strong room in which he was confined and started out towards the bay. He was scantily clad. The police were called on for assistance, and Officer Hayes rode down on his wheel. He caught Dafee, who was near the shore, and had a big stone in each hand. The officer approached him from behind, and seized him before he could do anything with the missiles. He was taken to jail. It is feared he cannot recover."

Clubbing List

THE NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe.....\$1.75

The Weekly Mail & Empire, with one premium picture... 1.75

The Weekly Sun.....1.80

The Family Herald & Weekly Star, with two premium pictures.....1.80

The Farmers' Advocate (new subscribers).....1.80

The Toronto Star (Daily).....2.20

The Toronto Globe (Daily).....4.50

Specially low clubbing rates with the Montreal Daily or Weekly Witness.

When you Want

Cracked Barley,

Oats,

Gluten Meal,

Victor Feed,

Bran, Shorts,

COME HERE.

We have ample stocks. You are always sure to get your load.

J. C. HANLEY & CO.,

GROCERS, FEED & SEED

MERCHANTS,

BELLEVILLE - ONT.

Our Motto—"Advance."

For nearly half a century we have been steadily growing and advancing. To defeat all previous records is still our object. Just now we desire that this July's business shall defeat all before.

We realized some time ago the effort necessary and you will find the product of this in the very low prices at which our Remnants are marked. The values represented in these should alone give us the increase we desire.

Along with these will be daily specials which will make a visit here profitable. Remnants of

COTTONS, SHEETINGS, TICKINGS, TOWELING,

LINENS, PRINTS, MUSLINS, GINGHAMS,

DUCKS, DRESS GOODS, SILKS, LININGS.

Wash Goods Specials.

Never before have we shown or sold such great quantities of Wash Goods of all kinds.

Not only the excellent patterns and qualities but our low prices have been a factor in the season's success.

Good values at regular prices—here is an offering which should appeal to all who have a taste for dainty wash garments.

Fine Colored Muslins—mostly this season's patterns, a few of last but you could not tell the difference, all fine qualities, regular 12c., 15c., 20c., 25c. for 8c.

Colored New York Challies—patterns for waists, dresses and wrappers, fast colors. Regular price, 25c. on sale, 10c.

Oddments from our Summer Collar assortment, new styles, regular 35c. and 40c. for 25c.

Half-Price Millinery.

The reception accorded this season to the many beautiful creations produced in our workshop has been of great satisfaction to us.

Clearing time has arrived—the colored varieties must go so we place them on sale at half price.

Not an undesirable one among them—as pretty as we have sold this season. But it's getting late so this great reduction.

Fine White and Cream Ostrich Tips were 75c. for 25c.

All our Straw Sailors priced as high as \$2.00 for 25c.

Untrimmed Shapes—newest styles—the remainder of a large assortment, were from 85c. to \$2.00 selling at 25c., 50c., 75c.

Store Closed at 12 o'clock every Wednesday during July and August.

The RITCHIE COMPANY Limited.

THE NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

To 1st of Jan. 1904, for 40c.

It is not circumstances so much as the attitude and quality of the mind that gives happiness, contentment and divinity of service.

Painting, Paperhanging, Graining, Hard Wood Finishing Decorating in all Branches.

If you want the outside of your house painted or the inside painted, interior decorated, no matter what, we are prepared to execute for you all kind of first-class work and do it promptly.

We have a large staff of the best mechanics to be found in Canada, men with much experience.

We have too all necessary materials at remarkably low prices.

Best Oil at 70c. per gal. Best Grade A Lead, \$6.00 per hundred weight.

Wall Papers remarkably low in price and we give Bording free to match our papers, 2 yards with each double roll of paper.

We will go to any point 25 miles from Belleville and hang our papers at 10c. per roll. We will go any place within 50 miles of home to do Painting and Decorating.

We guarantee all our work perfect.

You can save money by dropping us a card for samples of paper or for us to figure on your work.

Address C. B. SCANTLEBURY, Belleville's Decorator.

Wall Paper, wholesale and retail.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '04, 40c.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The GUARDIAN, "NORWICH UNION," "SUN," "GORE," FARMS FOR SALE. HORSE "W. S. MARTIN, Insurance Agent, STIRLING

Note Heads, Envelopes,

Billheads, Circulars,

Cards, Posters,

—AND—

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

—AT—

NEWS-ARGUS Office

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbooks on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through MUNN & CO. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & CO. 36 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 605 1/2 St., Washington, D. C.

NEWS-ARGUS

To the end of

1903, for

40 Cts.

Subscribe now.

SAVE MONEY By JOINING the MUTUAL LITERARY-MUSIC CLUB OF AMERICA

25 Cents pays for three months' membership. Each member receives the official club organ every month, including 6 pieces of high-class vocal and instrumental new music each month. Is pieces in all; also a Certificate of Membership which gives the privilege of Club Room in New York City, and of buying literature, music or musical instruments of any description at wholesale prices, saving you from 20% to 60% on your purchases. Don't fail to join at once. You will get much more than your money's worth. MUTUAL LITERARY-MUSIC CLUB, Dept. 1, 150 Nassau St., N.Y.

Not How Cheap But How Good

The most successful farmers in Canada read the FARMER'S ADVOCATE; they think about their work, they act upon its teachings, and they are its greatest admirers. Its editors and contributors are specialists.

FARMER'S ADVOCATE and HOME MAGAZINE

contains the cream of agricultural thought, and practical men continue to read it because it pays them and because they want the best. We want thousands of new subscribers who will appreciate something good. The sooner you subscribe, the more you will get.

A BIG

\$1.00

OFFER.

For \$1.00 we will send to new subscribers every issue of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE from now till the end of 1903, including the beautiful Christmas Number for both years. Time is money. Read it! Think it! Act! Send for a free sample copy if you want to see a practical, up-to-date farmer's paper. It will please you.

ADDRESS:

The William Weld Co., Ltd.

LONDON, ONTARIO.

A FREE PATTERN

(your own selection) to every subscriber. Only 50 cents a year.

McCALL'S 50c MAGAZINE YEAR

A LADIES' MAGAZINE.

A gem, beautiful colored plates; latest fashions; dressmaking economies; every work, household hints, fiction, etc., sent to day, or, send 5c. for latest copy. Lady agents wanted. Send for terms.

Stylish, Reliable, Simple, Up-to-date, Economical and Absolutely Perfect-Fitting Paper Patterns.

McCALL 10c BAZAR PATTERNS 15c

All Seams Allowed and Perforations show the Making and Sewing Lines.

Only 10 and 15 cents each—much lighter and for them. Sold in weekly variety shop and towns, or by mail from

THE McCALL CO., 113-115-117 West 31st St., NEW YORK.

The NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

TO JAN. 1, 1904, 40c.

Diarrhoea

When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S.

FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN Dentistry of the University of Toronto, Graduate of and Late Demonstrator in the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. OFFICE—Over Parker's Drug Store. Open every day and evening.

J. McC. POTTS, M.D., C.M.

GRADUATE MCGILL UNIVERSITY, Late House Surgeon, Montreal General Hospital; formerly resident accoucher, Montreal Maternity Hospital and Assistant in diseases of Women in General Hospital. Licensed Illinois State Board of Health, and Member College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Front Street, Stirling.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, &c. OFFICES—Stirling and Bancroft. J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A. HARRY L. BOLDRICK.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY of Toronto, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. Boulter's former residence, Stirling.

G. G. THRASHER,

SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office over Brown & McCutcheon's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

W. J. McCANON,

BARRISTER, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT. Office: McAnany Block, Cor. Front and Bridge Streets.

JOHN S. BLACK,

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR taking Affidavits. Office, over the store lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE

No. 239, I. O. O. F. Meets in the Lodge room, Conley block.

EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING

At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.

DENTISTRY.

C. L. HAWLEY, L.D.S.

TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling professionally, the second and last Friday in each month, until further notice. The Dental Engine, Vitalized Air, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth. Rooms at Scott House.

There is a maxim of unfailing truth that nobody ever pries into another man's concerns but with a design to do him mischief.—South.

No Wild Camels.

In some part or other of the world horses, cattle and sheep are found wild; but, it is asserted, nowhere can be found wild camels.

Winter Musketeers.

A winter musketeer that is at its ripest and most luscious stage in October and January is one of the odd fruits found in China. This, it seems, is but one of many oddities as good as they are strange that the man with the cue has kept from the ken of his western cousins.

Debt in Turkey.

To subvert a man's residence for debt is unlawful in Turkey, and sufficient land to support him is also exempt from seizure.

The First Idea of the Telescope.

The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacle maker placing two or more pairs of spectacles before each other and looking through them at the distant sky. Their idea was followed up by older heads.

The North Pole.

During the nineteenth century 200 ships, numerous lives and over \$30,000,000 were lost in futile efforts to reach the north pole.

A Moon Blunder.

The new moon appears in the western sky and sets from the moment it becomes visible, but in the "Children of Gibeon" Walter Besant caused a new moon to rise in the east at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Glass.

Dr. Schlemann found bits of glass in his excavations at Mycenae, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known in his time.

Hair Superstition.

There is a superstition among southern children to the effect that hair combs should never be thrown out of doors for the reason that the birds will use them in building their nests and thus produce constant headache to the person to whom they belong.

Natural Gas.

The origin of natural gas is the action of water upon aluminum carbide, by which methane is evolved.

Five Hundred Shocks a Year.

The empire of Japan has no fewer than 700 earthquake observing stations scattered over it, and the records of the 500 shocks that annually visit that country are accurately noted.

What He Lost.

Shakespeare was reading the latest news.

"Here's a fellow getting \$1 a word!" he exclaimed.

"Too bad!" returned Johnson. "Just think of what I'd have got at that rate."

Determined to have the last word any way, he turned to his dictionary.

ON THE SIXTH NIGHT...

By C. B. LEWIS

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

Overwork and worry had begun to tell on Milton Sharpless, the contractor on the Edgeware road. He was a single man of thirty, having a good reputation for honesty, sobriety and hard work. He had rooms in the house of a widow.

For three nights he got a few hours sleep; then came two nights in which he did not close his eyes. He had never been sick a day in his life and had a contempt for people who were ailing, but as he went to bed on this night he agreed with himself that if sleep did not come his case should be submitted to a doctor on the morrow. He went to bed at 9 o'clock, but at 11 he was still awake.

Thousands of sleepless persons have counted themselves to sleep or taken imaginary journeys to lose themselves in oblivion before the end was reached. Instead of this Milton Sharpless settled down with his hands under his head and began to plan a singular thing. It was singular because he was an honest man and a man of merciful heart. He planned a burglary, followed by murder. On the Edgeware road, a mile beyond his place of business, was a villa occupied by two old maid sisters. They were fairly rich, but from motives of economy did not keep a servant. Their name was Swift, and Sharpless had been called to the house several times to make repairs. On his last visit, which was to repair a ceiling, he had overheard a conversation going to prove that there was quite a large sum of money in the house and that the same might not be invested for a month or so.

Why he should have thought of crime he could not say; why he should have thought of these particular persons was just as much of an enigma. As he lay there wooling sleep he lost his iden-



HE STRUCK TO KILL, AND HE DID KILL.

tity and became a burglar. In imagination he started from the house with his coat collar turned up and his hat pulled down over his face and armed with a short crowbar for forcing doors. In the walk of a mile he met no pedestrians, but he encountered two policemen, and each one of them gave him a sharp looking over. In fact, one of them seemed inclined to accost him and ask the reason of his presence there at such an hour. The bells were striking midnight as he reached the villa. He entered the grounds by climbing the wall at the back, and he was careful to avoid the gravel paths and the flower beds. He found the back door and windows safely locked, but after carefully working away for ten minutes he had a window up and crawled through into the kitchen. He knew the lay of the house, and he got down on hands and knees and crawled across the floor, down a wall and into the sitting room. In this room stood an old fashioned mahogany bureau, and he argued that the money would be kept there if still in the house. When he had presented his bill for repairs, one of the sisters had taken the money to pay it from the bottom drawer, which had an intricate lock and was almost as safe as an iron chest.

Upon reaching the bureau Sharpless lighted a candle he had brought along for job. There was no picking the lock and no crevice in which to insert his jimmy. He was seeking for an advantage when he heard a movement upstairs, and a moment later both sisters came down, carrying a light. They had been awakened by the noise he made. As he heard them descending the stairs Sharpless turned to flee, but fell over a chair, and the women rushed in on him with screams of "Thief" and "Police!" They did more than scream—they laid hold of him, and for a moment they had strength sufficient to keep him down, and to render him still more desperate they recognized him and called him by name.

As he struggled with his feet he realized that there was but one thing to do to save himself from capture and prison—he attacked them with the iron bar. He struck to kill, and he did kill.

and when he made his way out of the house he left the two sisters dead or dying behind him. He did not return to his lodgings by the Edgeware road, but by way of Myrtle lane and Pentecost walk, and he had the good fortune to meet no one but a half intoxicated tramp. There was no blood on his clothes and there were no marks on his person, and he felt sure that he was the last man in London who would be suspected. He sat down and smoked a pipe to give himself time to recover from the excitement, and the bells were striking 2 o'clock when he tumbled into bed and went to sleep.

At 7 o'clock next morning he was aroused by one of the lodgers rapping on his door, and he got up feeling that he had had a fairly good sleep. He ate his breakfast, went away to his work, and it was only after supper that he picked up an evening paper and received such a shock that for a moment he was turned to stone. The Swift sisters had been found murdered. On the previous night some one had entered the villa by prying up a back window and while trying to open the old bureau had alarmed the house. The two women had come down to meet their death at the hands of the desperate villain. Every detail of his plan came back to Sharpless as he sat there, and every detail of the tragedy, as gathered by the detectives, fitted in with his. The horror of it overcame him, and he fell to the floor, and for the next month it was an even chance whether he lived or died. He believed himself the murderer. He believed that he had got up in his sleep and followed out the plan of his waking moments, and his remorse was intense. When he could leave his bed, he determined to go to the police and give himself up. Without a word to any one of his intentions he set off for the nearest station and entered it and began to relate his story. He was listened to for a couple of minutes, and then the captain waved him away and said:

"My man, you are off in your head and should not be out on the streets alone. The murderer of the Swift sisters was captured this morning and has made a full confession."

So it was. The crime had been committed by a professional burglar, and it had been brought home to him so clearly that he had broken down and confessed to all details. It so happened that on that particular night Sharpless' landlady was ill from the time he went to bed until after daylight, and he could not have left his room without being seen. Again, a fellow lodger looked in on him at midnight and found him sleeping. Very few people ever came to know of the case, and you will not wonder that they accounted it a strange one. Sharpless certainly planned and executed the double crime in his thoughts, while a man he had never heard of did the same thing in reality. It has been asked if it is possible for a person to leave his own identity for awhile and enter upon that of another. You may answer the question as you will, as it will settle nothing.

Three of a Kind.

While we were visiting at a small village in one of the Carolinas we went one afternoon to see one of the old negro mamies in her own log cabin. She was highly honored at the condescension of "de ladies" and was much concerned that the call might not be disturbed by the presence of her children—"fo'teen pickaninnies," she called them. Of course curiosity was too strong for the youngsters, and soon the door was blocked with curly heads and wide open eyes. When mammy perceived them she just turned around and, gathering up her skirts as one does in front of a flock of trespassing chickens, cried out "Shoo!" and the cough drops disappeared.

But toward the end of our visit mammy needed the services of a helper to put out the jelly and cake that she insisted we eat. Stepping to the door, she called:

"Mariana!"

Soon three girls in single piece coverings came bashfully but curiously through the door, and all were given orders by the bustling mother. "But," said one of the callers in a half jesting way, "are all three named Mariana, mammy?"

"Yes," the old woman explained, "all three. You see, when the lil' girls came 'fo' I got round 'gain de folks jest call 'em all Mariana, an' de folks 'bout here an' anywhome I want a pickaninny I jes' calls 'Mariana,' an' one's sho' to come."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Sure Remedy.

Do unto others as they do unto you might well be the heading of this true tale. Two men and a dog are the characters therein. Man No. 1, being unable to sleep for three entire nights owing to the constant barking of the dog aforesaid, got up and arrayed himself at 4 o'clock in the morning and hid him to his neighbor's front door. There he kept his thumb on the electric bell until the dismayed servant appeared.

"I wish to see Mr. W."

"Why, sure he's in bed at this hour, sir."

"I'm sorry, but I must see him now."

"He ain't goin' ter get up at this time ter see nobody."

"Well, I intend to stay here and ring this bell until he does see me, and you can go and tell him that."

After an ominous interval Mr. W. descended, almost speechless with wrath.

"What do you mean by disturbing me in this manner? It's the most outrageous—"

"Yes, that's what I think, and I simply called to warn you that as long as your dog keeps me awake every night I shall come and ring this bell, for if I can't sleep you certainly shall not. Good morning."—New York Times.

AIDS TO HAPPINESS.

The Time When Help, Kindness and Sympathy Count Most.

It is during the formative period, the time when a man is seeking to get a foothold, that help counts for most, when even the slightest aid is greatly appreciated. A few books lent to Andrew Carnegie when he was beginning his career were to him an inspiration. He has repaid the loan; made posterity rich; for a millionfold by his beneficent aid in sprinkling libraries over the globe. Help the saplings, the mighty oaks have no need of your aid. The heartening words should come when needed, not when they seem only hypocritical protestations or devious preparations for future favors. Columbus, surrounded by his mutinous crew, threatening to kill him, alone amid the crowd, had no one to stand by him, but he stood land, and riches opened before them. Then they fell at his feet, proclaimed him almost a god and said he truly was inspired from heaven. Success transfigured him; a long line of pebbly beach and a few trees made him divine. A little patience along the way, a little closer companionship, a little brotherly love in his hours of watching, waiting, and hoping, would have been great balm to his soul.

It is in childhood that pleasures count most, when the slightest investment of kindness brings largest return. Let us give the children sunlight, love, companionship, sympathy with their little troubles and worries that seem to them so great, genuine interest in their growing hopes, their yearnings. Let us put ourselves into their places, view the world through their eyes so that we may gently correct the errors of their perspective by our greater wisdom. Such trifles will make them genuinely happy, happier by far than things a thousand times greater that come too late.—From "The Power of Truth," by William George Jordan, Published by Brentano's.

ARABIC PROVERBS.

To the dog who has money men say, "My lord dog."

Consult thy wife and do the reverse of what she advises.

When the moon is with thee of what account are the stars.

Joy lasts for seven days, but sadness endures for a lifetime.

He who has gold is beloved, though he be a dog and the son of a dog.

It is better to commit ten sins in the sight of God than one in the sight of men.

Those who are learning to shave heads practice upon those of the opponents.

The beauty of a man lies in his intelligence; the intelligence of a woman is to be found in her beauty.

When thou seest two people in constant converse thou mayest know that the one is the dupe of the other.

Shun him who can be of no use to thee. In this world he cannot serve thee and in that which is to come he cannot intercede in thy behalf.—Tunis.

Squealed.

Feline amenities show themselves most forcibly at committee meetings. There was one of these latter gathered together to discuss a charity bazaar. The chairman snuffed sweetly upon the artist's wife and said:

"You'll get your husband to let us have some little thing of his for the art table, will you not, Mrs. Mahabick?"

"Well, you know husbands are not always easily managed, my dear."

"Ah, but take him after one of your nice dinners and then put in a word for our worthy cause. But remember we are not allowed to have anything which sells for over \$25."

"Indeed!" And then Mrs. M.'s eyebrows went up alarmingly. "Then perhaps he'll induce one of his pupils to dash off something for you."

Painting Animals' Eyes.

One of the most difficult things which the artists and taxidermists of the government studio have to do is the painting and preparation of glass eyes for the mammals, birds and reptiles mounted at that institution for exhibition in the National museum.

These "eyes" are made of glass, hollow within and from the rear, so that the inner surface may be painted any color desired. As no two animals' eyes are alike and as the colors are often complicated and unusual, it requires a great deal of skill, study and practice before one is competent to undertake the work.

Life Saving Superstition.

The superstitious collier is often laughed to scorn, but a miner in north Wales is just now thanking his lucky stars that he believes in omens. He was boring under some coal and was startled by seeing a rat scuttling away. He walked away from the spot, and directly afterward a large fall of coal occurred just over the place where the man had been working.—London Standard.

The Beggar's Sign.

Smith (seeing beggar bearing sign reading, "Deaf and Dumb")—"I'd like to help this poor fellow, but I don't know how to tell whether he is really deaf and dumb."

Beggar (softly)—Read the sign, mister, read the sign.

He Knew.

"This is rather an unusual hour for you to be going to lunch. Not hungry so early, are you?"

"No, but I will be by the time the waiter condescends to notice me."—Exchange.

IDEOGRAPHIC FIGURES.

A Lesson in English That Was Taught by a Chinaman.

That we have partially adopted the Chinese method in our written language was a new thought to me and one that I got from the proprietor of a Park avenue laundry when, in the natural Caucasian fashion, I referred to his written language as being very inferior.

"John," I said, "why do your people use those chicken tracks instead of having an alphabet, as we have?"

"A R C" too much trouble," he answered quickly. "Why, you use chicken tracks, too, sometimes."

"We don't use them," I replied. "Yes, you use them very good. I show you." Then he dipped his convenient brush in the ink and made the number "80" on a sheet of brown paper. "That name of street over there," he continued, pointing. "You say, 'eighty-nine'; you don't write it with 'A B C.' That Chinese. One mark is one thing—your 'idea'; yes, idea. You don't put down 'n-i-n-e'—and here his brush came into use again—"you put down '9'. That's very good Chinese. We do that all the time."

"That is ideographic," I suggested. "Yes, English have much ideographic. All English ideographic. See!" And again he used his brush. "You make 'I' and '4,' and you say 'minns,' 'plus.' You don't spell with 'A B C.' That is a mark for idea—ideographic. You make 'M' and say 'thousand.' That Chinese way. Very good. I say, 'How hot?' and you write '4-87.' All Chinese. No 'A B C.' no many letters, only marks and ideas."

"Fine way. English know some fine Chinese ways. See '5,' '6.' You know them. Ideas! You say ideographic. You make many Chinese marks—marks for stars, for plants, for measures, for weights and signs for hundred and hundred many things; same as Chinese. Good!"

I actually left that laundry wiser than I entered it.

A DRAMATIC LAWYER.

Effective Clinch That Resulted in Setting a Murderer Free.

Lachaud, the great French advocate, was renowned for deliberate but telling dramatic improvisations, as it were, upon the original theme.

At one time, for instance, he was defending a murderer on Dec. 24. All day long he harassed witnesses, recalling them, causing delay after delay before getting his final address to the jury. It was well on in the evening before he commenced. Then suddenly, at the height of his passionate appeals for the prisoner, the slow, solemn bells of the cathedral next door pealed for the midnight mass—the first mass of Christmas morning. Lachaud stopped as if overwhelmed by a sudden warning.

"Do you hear?" he said solemnly, after a moment's silence, and his manner conveyed that all his own glib eloquence had been shattered by the divine interruption of Christ himself.

"The Redeemer comes to amend our pitiable endeavors. Which of us would dare now, on this great day of mercy, and forgiveness, to condemn another human being and, above all, to condemn one whose culpability is more than doubtful?"

The prisoner was acquitted without the least difficulty, though his death sentence ten minutes before had been regarded as certain. The actual sound of the pealing bells had been too much for nerves already strained to snapping point by the fatigue of a long day's sitting.

But nobody guessed, except the few who knew Lachaud intimately, that he had been maneuvering from the time the court opened in the morning to get that one stirring effect. The prisoner was a dead man without it and saved as certainly if it could be brought off successfully.

Simple Headache Cure.

Here is a headache cure that is said to be a marvelous remedy and to relieve the sufferer when all else fails. It is easy to make and easy to apply, and it consists simply of black pepper and camphor. Take a quantity of black pepper and put it in a handkerchief. Then fold the handkerchief over so that the grains cannot fall out and saturate it with camphor. Bind this "plaster" on the head and hold it in. In a very few moments the headache will be relieved and the patient will be asleep. When the handkerchief becomes dry saturate again with the camphor; that's all. People who have tried everything else say that this home remedy relieves them quickest. At any rate, it is worth trying.

Julius Perry's Escape From the Mob.

Julius Perry had a narrow escape from violence at the hands of the Paris commune, to whom he was especially odious. He eluded their pursuit through a church, letting himself down in a basket out of a rear window while the mob was forcing the outer door. The basket fell to the ground with a thud and gave its occupant a severe shaking up.

Where Invention Is Necessary.

"Have you made any improvements in your invention?"

"I have," answered the enterprising scientist. "One of my assistants has just discovered a new way to put stock on the market."

Life's Surprises.

"Life," said the tobaccoist to the wooden Indian, "is for most people a continuous process of getting used to things that they haven't been expecting."

Paper was Invented by the Chinese

123 years before the Christian era.

STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER I.

"Mad from Life's history,
Glad to Death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world."

He glided on swift, smooth wheels along the broad Embankment from Westminster towards the City his eyes lit for a moment on the figure of a young girl walking close to the river wall far on in front of him. It was a casual, almost unconscious glance. She caught his eye because she was so strangely out of keeping with the glad June morning. The air was brisk and the sky blue. The beautiful world looked its best. In the gardens to the left children chirped and flowers bloomed; on the right the bright river rippled and smiled in the sunshine. But in every line of that dropping figure misery made itself felt. She was, in appearance, little more than a child. The shabby little dress clung close to her slender form, and a thick coil of yellow hair hung disordered over her shoulder. She walked swiftly, yet faggedly, with sudden stops and quick glances at the water. All this the keen, dark eyes of the man noticed half-consciously as he closed in on her at the rate of ten yards a second.

Ten seconds more and he had gone by, and she in the same moment had died; on so slight a thing life hangs. But suddenly, just as he was close behind, the girl swung herself over the low wall of the Embankment, and went down with a splash into the water.

He dropped off behind his bicycle at the spot where she had vanished; his spinning pedal grated harshly on the kerbstones, and he was over the Embankment wall so swiftly after her that it seemed but one plunge. He saw the dark outline far and dimly through the water, and struck out for it. The limp figure yielded lightly to his touch as he went plunging up to the surface of the river. Luckily the tide set strongly, and a dozen strong strokes with the quick current carried him to the landing-stage of the steamboats close at hand.

A human cargo had just been landed there, and a cheer broke out as he reached the stage with his burthen, and a score of willing hands were stretched to help him. But he needed no help. Like a cat he clambered on to the stage, making nothing of his burthen. With strength and dexterity combined he pushed or edged his way rapidly through the crowd, still carrying the limp, light form, from which the water dripped.

A crowd had already gathered outside, and there was another cheer as he came upon the footway. His tall figure showing clear over the throng, he raised his hand and beckoned to a passing hansom. In an instant it dashed smoothly up to the kerbstones beside him scattering the crowd recklessly to right and left.

"To the hospital, sir," said the driver, as the unconscious girl was lifted to the seat.

"No; the Cecil Hotel, as fast as you can drive."

He stepped in beside his charge, and they were whirled away, the crowd still cheering, and the inevitable policeman showing in the distance—late.

The hansom dashed headlong from the busy street into a quiet courtyard, an oasis of rest in the very heart of strident London.

All round the place were men and women lazily breakfasting, chatting, lounging, or smoking in the shady verandah. Every eye was turned on the hansom that charged furiously in and pulled up sharp, with a scramble and scuffle of wheels and hoofs, at the hotel door.

They saw a tall man leap out dripping wet with a girl dripping wet in his arms. He tossed the driver a sovereign, and disappeared into the hotel. Yet not so fast but he was recognized by the fashionable crowd that clustered in the verandah or loitered round the door.

"It's Dr. Vivian Ardel," said an American, clean-shaven and long-

faced, who was dawdling over his breakfast at the verandah to the right of the entrance. "The smartest man in London, I reckon; gives our Edison fits."

"And the richest," added his placid, commonplace wife. "They say he's worth as many millions as he can count on his fingers."

"And the handsomest," cried the dainty daughter, sparkling with vivacity. "I saw him last week, when he'd what you call 'carried his bat' at Lords. The people were cheering like mad, and he looked just too fetching in fannels."

Meanwhile Dr. Vivian Ardel, careless of comment, with his helpless burthen went up the broad, shallow steps of the great marble staircase two at a time. At the second landing he came face to face with the head-chambermaid, a stout, middle-aged woman, who stared in open-eyed bewilderment at the dripping man and the dripping woman in his arms.

"Show me to a vacant bedroom," he said, "and that clear, low tone which begot obedience, got hot-water bottles and flannels, and a flask of brandy. Quick, woman! it's a matter of life or death!"

Very softly he laid his burthen down on the deep velvet carpet of the room. The water streamed from her in little ponds and rivulets, or stood out in bright round beads on the thick tufts of the carpet. As she lay there, with the damp garments clinging to her motionless form, to an inexperienced eye she was quite dead. Her body and limbs were limp as a newly-shot bird's. Her face wore death's color; there was no breath from her lips or motion at her heart.

But Dr. Ardel did not despair. In his dark eyes there was a resolute confidence of one who has often battled at close quarters with death, and won. He plucked a plump velvet cushion from the couch and set it under the girl's shoulders, so that the body lay in a slight slope on the floor. Then he put back the thick dark coils of dead gold hair that fell across her face, and pressed the white cheeks gently with his finger-tips till the small blue lips opened, the double row of narrow white teeth unclenched, and the tongue's tip showed. Leaning over the body, he firmly pressed her elbows to her sides; and slowly raised her arms till they were extended at full length over her head. Again and again, smoothly and slowly, the motion was repeated with patient persistence.

The chambermaid came softly into the room, laden with hot-water bottles, flannels, and brandy-flask.

"Take off her boots and chafe her feet," Dr. Ardel ordered, without ceasing a second from his work.

The woman had been a nurse in her time. With the quick freemasonry of the hospital these two knew each other in a moment, as officer and soldier know each other in mufti. She obeyed at once, quietly and dexterously, crouching on the carpet with the little naked feet pure and chill as white marble, in her lap.

Up and down, up and down the limp arms moved, a score of times at least in a minute and a half, and still the girl lay at all seeming dead. But the doctor's quick eye saw a change. His head went down close to her left side, and his ear, sensitive as a hunted hare's, rather felt than heard a faint pulsation like the quiver of a thread.

Steadily they worked on, those two, in silent, patient conflict with threatening death, so silently that the ticking of the doctor's watch was the only sound heard in the room.

Then his finger-tips touched the girl's slim wrist, and he broke the silence at last.

"The brandy, nurse."

With his fingers still on her pulse he let a dozen drops of the strong spirit trickle from the spoon through the blue lips. Yes! the tranquillity quiver was more perceptible, and a faint glow like the flickering rose tint in the heart of an opal showed waveringly in the white cheek.

Hospital discipline had hitherto kept the nurse silent, but now the

woman in her conquered the nurse. "Is she dead, doctor?" she asked, with a gasp of intense eagerness. "No; nor like to die, I hope. Got her to bed now as quickly as you can; light the fire in the room and set the hot-water bottle at her feet. I will return in twenty minutes. Will that give you time enough?"

"Plenty, sir; a quarter of an hour will do."

He paced up and down the corridor impatiently, and was back in the room sharp at the appointed time.

A warm air blazed cheerily in the room and the girl was in bed, the nurse standing beside it.

"Conscious yet?" he asked abruptly.

"No, doctor; showed no sign of life."

Again he let the brandy trickle slowly through her lips. The faint rose tint grew deeper, and on her cheek his finger-tips. As he bent over her the eyelids raised without warning, and eyes blue as forget-me-nots looked straight into his own; vaguely at first, but afterwards and more dazed slowly in their translucent depths and her whole body quivered as though with pain.

The pain in her face shadowed the dark eyes that gazed upon her, so keen was his sympathy. A faint pitiful moan was heard, and her lips moved as if to speak.

Then his face suddenly took on a look of command. Once, twice, three times his hands moved in rapid passes before her eyes. Remembrance and pain died at once out of her face; softly the lids began to drop till the long dark lashes rested on her cheeks, and she lay placid and motionless.

"Sleep!" he said softly, with his lips close to the shell-like ear that peeped from the thick clusters of yellow hair. "Sleep!" and the answer came back faint and far-away from the mystic region of dreams—"I sleep."

"Forget your sorrows," he whispered back. "Sleep a restful sleep till I tell you to awake."

She breathed a gentle, placid little sigh and nestled her cheek cosily to the yielding pillow; her breath came soft and slow, and her sweet lips parted in a happy smile.

Pity, Ardel almost to pain, was in Vivian Ardel's heart as he gazed on her.

Then for the first time her loveliness dawned upon him. Till then she had been to him a mere abstraction, a life to be fought for and saved. Now all at once her beauty thrilled him. The small thin hands, pure white as the snowdrops, lay loosely on the counterpane; the lovely face was framed in a thick tangle of gold curls. The delicate lines of the eyebrows, the silken fringe of the lashes, showed in clear outline on pallid cheek and forehead.

He felt a sudden, when words fail utterly to solve the mystery of those soft, tender curves and tints of woman's loveliness that fill men's soul with such passionate delight.

"Poor child!" he said softly; "so young, so beautiful, with life stretching long before her, how she must have suffered to seek death willingly! Stay with her, nurse," he said to the woman who stood by silently.

"Let her have a little milk every half-hour till I return. She will take it without complaint. Above all things, she needs rest."

"But doctor," the woman protested, "I must first—"

"I will see to that," the doctor interposed. "I am going straight to the manager."

Without a word more the nurse set busily, obediently to her task.

There was much whispering and turning of heads in the great hall of the hotel as he walked through to the manager's room. Even in the biggest hotel in Europe, Dr. Vivian Ardel was a personage, and a vague version of the rescue had already been buzzed about the place.

"Certainly, doctor," the manager said, in reply to Dr. Ardel's explanation and request. "It shall be exactly as you desire. I will see to it myself."

"Can you telephone to my place at once for a change of clothes, and have them sent up to whatever bath-room they give me?"

"I'll have it done at once. Do you know, your bicycle has just come in."

"I'm glad of that. There was a little device of my own attached which I should not like to lose. Will you kindly have it put by carefully, and give the man who brought it a sovereign. I will stay on here for a little to look after my patient. I can have a bedroom and sitting-room I suppose?"

"Of course. Your usual rooms."

Dr. Ardel emerged radiant from his bath, every nerve tingling, every vein warm with vitality, a superb picture of vigorous manhood.

The cold plunge into the Thames, the long wait in his wet clothes, had not hurt him in the least.

He waited showed him his sitting-room, and he had tried to fling himself into the stretching out of his bath, but he had not more than sixteen years of age. She had the rest of her youth, the best of her life before her, and she truly forfeited both. I have given her both back by the stretching out of my bath, and I wish I could do as much for myself!"

The thought seemed to sting him. He suddenly remembered, he leaped on from his seat and paced the floor rapidly a dozen times, and paused abruptly before a great mirror that

almost filled one wall of the room from floor to ceiling.

"I look the same," he said. "There is not a grey hair or a wrinkle. Yet the best of my life is gone for ever. The intoxicating, exuberant delight of youth is lost to me, and the joys of manhood, with its inevitable death behind, but gloomy thoughts won't help or hinder. Let me enjoy life as it goes, for death ends all."

He threw up the soft-footed waiter stole into the room, and noiselessly set the gong on an Eastern story set the lunch on the table.

It was an exquisite lunch—exquisitely cooked and served. Vivian Ardel enjoyed the dainty viands and delicate wines with the keen appetite of health and the fastidious palate of the epicure.

He threw up the window, lit a cigar, and dropped again into his easy-chair. The sky was still cloudless and the sunshine bright on the river. The summer air breathed softly into the room. His thoughts ran in the same current as before. What a pleasant, beautiful world it is! How happy is our life in it! How full of varying delight, if it could only last! So his thoughts ran incessantly on the two great problems—life and death.

An hour later he found the girl still sleeping and the nurse reading before him, her hands idly with folded hands as he entered.

"I shall not require you for half an hour, nurse," he said, and he left the room, glad of the respite.

As the door closed behind her he turned to the bed with a purpose in his eyes. Yet he paused for a moment or two, hesitating. We want to capture the secrets of her life while she lies there helpless and unconscious? To unveil her soul as the penitent's before the priest? He looked again at the sleeping girl.

"Is it fair?" he asked himself, "to capture the secrets of her life while she lies there helpless and unconscious? To unveil her soul as the penitent's before the priest? He looked again at the sleeping girl.

"Innocent young face," he mused, "that speaks of sorrow, heart innocent and pure. Sorrow, not shame, has brought her to this pass. It will be less pain to tell her story than, and I must know all, that I may help her as I wish to help her."

He touched her forehead lightly with his finger-tips, and a slight quiver passed through her body at his touch.

"Do you hear me?" he asked, in clear, low voice; and his answer came back clear and low, "I hear."

"Tell me your name and age?"

"Lucy Ray; not quite sixteen."

"Where have you lived before you came to London?"

"In Kent, close to Canterbury."

"Tell me of your life?"

"My father was a doctor. We were very happy in our little home, but he died last year of a fever caught from a poor patient. His wife left us lonely and very poor, and we came to London, mother and I, to earn our own bread. We want to teach music, for we could both play and sing, but no one would hire us. It was a heart-breaking failure. Our little stock of money slowly drained away. Mother grew white and worn. At last I got a place as governess, and the people were pleased and kind to me at first, and said I was clever and taught well, and life looked a little brighter."

"But after six months there was a change. The only son came back from college. He was very gay and pleasant-spoken, and for a while the house was brighter for his presence. Above all things, he loved to come to the nursery or school-room to play with his little sisters. But one day his mother found him there, and was strangely angry. She turned him out of the room, and then said things, of which I only vaguely guessed the meaning, that made me hot with shame. I went back to mother and told her, and she was angrier than I was, and pitied me, and cried over me, and we were almost happy together. But the money I had earned slipped away, and I could earn no more; and we had very little food, and mother faded slowly, growing every day paler and thinner. Yesterday she died."

"Then I was very lonely and miserable, and had no one to turn to for help or hope. A woman who lived in the house, a young woman, came to me and whispered vile things of her own life, and frightened me. I had no means to live. I had no wish to live. I was longing to be with mother and father, at rest. At most it was only a few days more life, a few days of misery; and I thought the good God would pardon me, I had suffered so much. I was half mad with grief and hunger when I went down to the river. I had heard it was an easy death, and I was frightened at the look of the water, and I walked a little way by the riverside trembling. Then all at once courage came to me, and I climbed over and leaped in."

"I remember the rush through the air. I remember the chill touch of the water. I remember no more till I opened my eyes in a mysterious, a strange, large, handsome room. A man was hanging over me whose eyes seemed—"

But now the clear, commanding whisper broke in on her words—"Sleep," and the half-finished sentence died upon her lips, and with a contented little sigh she passed again into a deep, dreamless, hypnotic slumber.

He took the little hand in his own. The soft, warm touch of it told its story of weakness and of health and strength, and the pulse beat easily and steadily in the slim blue-veined wrist.

Just then a tap came to the door and the nurse entered.

"I hope I have not stayed too long away, sir?"

"You are in time, nurse. She will sleep. It might as she sleeps rest, and I will see her early in the morning. You can take your own rest without fear."

(To be continued.)

The first pleasure on the Thames was the "Marjorie" that the "Richmond" followed her a year later.

ON THE FARM.

STACKING SMALL GRAINS.

After the small grains have been cut the question of whether or not to stack is one which every farmer must decide for himself. If a threshing machine can be secured at once in a bin, it is by far the safest and most economical plan, for no matter how well small grains are stacked, there is more or less danger of their being injured by dashing rains.

The stacks must stand long enough so that the grain is thoroughly dry before it is put into the bin. However, where many people in the neighborhood want to thresh from the stack, it is almost impossible to get a machine in the right time. Many fields of grain are seriously damaged by being left unstacked. The safest plan, therefore, is to stack and then thresh as soon as possible.

In choosing a site for stacks, be governed entirely by circumstances. If a barn or shed is available for storing unthreshed grain, and it is practically safe there, use it by all means. If shelter is not available, stack where the grain may be utilized to best advantage in sheltered sections of the wood. In many cases the straw in the stack is either burned or stacked in the field, where it may rot and be plowed under. In this case the wheat may be stacked where it grows.

First decide whether you want a round stack or a rick. A round stack will probably withstand the effects of dashing rain better than a rick. However, ricks are more easily made and are quite popular in many sections. In the great northwest it is the common practice to place the wheat in round stacks.

The first essential in making a stack is to have a good foundation. This is ordinarily secured by building a firm shock in the center of the spot where the stack is to stand. Continue setting bundles upon it, gradually sloping them more and more until they are almost level when the outer course is reached, care being always taken that most of the bundles do not touch the ground.

When the foundation is completed, the chief thing to look after is to see that the middle of the stack is always kept high and solid. Do this by laying extra courses of bundles, walking back and forth on them, and having the man who pitches from the wagon always throw the bundles on the center of the stack. Good stackers do not step on the bundles in the outer course. This leaves them loose. They will settle more than the bundles in the center and consequently will slope forward, making an outer layer almost IMPERVIOUS TO WATER.

When these two points are carefully looked after and attention is given to laying the outer course of bundles so they will not slip, a good stack is a certainty. Of course, a smoother looking, and in reality a better stack, can be made with small bundles than with the large and with out than wheat or rye.

When the stacker begins to "draw in," this must be done gradually so that the water will be turned off rapidly, consequently begin before the stack shows too great a height, as it makes unnecessary work to pitch it to the top of a very high stack. When the top has been reached, use great care in completing it. If a layer of prairie hay or rye straw be placed on top and properly weighted down, there will be little or no trouble in keeping the stack from taking water. This, however, is seldom practical, consequently finish the top by carefully breaking and placing the longest bundles, which should be selected during the construction of the stack. As a rule cap sheafs from shocks are best for this purpose. At intervals of 2 or 3 feet along the top insert slender sticks 3 by 5 feet long, to keep the bundles in place. Watch the stack during a stormy period and if any bundles are blown off, see that they are put back at once.

GROW TURNIPS.

The reasons I advocate the growing of turnips on an unlimited scale

are that to my knowledge there is not a crop grown that furnishes as cheaply, abundantly and in so short a time, so large a quantity of food for man and stock, writes Mr. John Van Loon. While I sell large quantities of them, they are always sold out to be a money crop and often being of them in the market, I find this so satisfactory that on my small farm consisting of about 34 acres, every acre is sown to turnips of different varieties and some times scarlet clover seed is mixed in.

It sometimes occurs that an unexpectedly large crop is raised when none is looked for. The past fall owing to an early and very destructive frost, which occurred in our vicinity, hundreds of acres of turnips, such as into beans, to mention a few, and vines of all descriptions suffered likewise. In our own case ten acres of cowpeas and soy beans were killed outright. The sowing of this entire field to turnips in time and long before the killing frost occurred produced a truly wonderful crop.

The result I look for next year. This field with its heavy crop of cowpeas vines, supplemented with several tons of decayed turnips or acres, will not only make an ideal field for growing vegetables but will grow a large crop of the kind at a comparatively small outlay of labor on rich soil. The course I have followed in growing something besides weeds on the soil has been a source of a great deal of satisfaction in maintaining soil fertility and in one of the secrets of raising good vegetables.

A FEW POINTERS.

The farm should be a manufacturing establishment, selling no raw material, nothing but the finished product.

There is no economy in raising cattle, growing feed and harvesting it, then selling land to a feeder to finish the product.

The greatest profit on moderate priced land is made by growing stock, together with such crops as they can harvest themselves. They can gather their own feed cheaper than any one else can do it.

As farming advances in price and improved systems and business methods must be adopted. Cheap farming on costly land never paid and never will pay.

Mud splitting narrow tires or wagons pull very heavy under present conditions of bad roads. Wide tires act as rollers and improve the roads, while the narrow tires cut deep channels to hold water.

All kinds of farm implements last much longer if housed and the wood on parts coated with paint or linseed oil.

SOUR SWILL BAD FOR SWINE.

One of the chief reasons why some pig raisers fail to secure the success which their neighbors enjoy is because the kitchen refuse is allowed to become fermented before being fed. It is a mistake to imagine that everything a pig will eat is good for him. He has really no greater need, nor does his system call for food strongly acid, than a man would have for pickles at every meal. There is no more active agent in promoting indigestion in pig of all ages and in checking rapid growth, than sour swill.

Unprofitable growth thus is fresh and ailing, and for older ones, and broad sows in particular, it commonly puts them off their feed. While everything coming from the kitchen should be made use of, its receptacle should be kept clean. It all goes to the pigs, and while fresh and good at once; nothing can be gained by delay, and much may be lost.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcer, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and prevents cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Mistress (finding visitor in kitchen) "Who is this, Mary?" Mary (confused)—"My brother, m'm." Mistress (suspiciously)—"You're not much alike." Mary (stammering, apologetically)—"We were m'm, he's just had his beard shaved off, and that makes him look different, m'm."

Jim Dumps was father of a lass Who, by her brightness, led her class. The teacher asked Miss Dumps the question: "How can you best assist digestion?" "By eating Force." When told to him, This story tickled "Sunny Jim."

Force

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

the A-B-C of good health.

Boy Big and Healthy.

"My little boy was very sick and would not take any nourishment. I got a package of 'Force' and fed him on it, and he pleased to say he is thriving. I will now put him back to his usual size by giving him 'Force' healthy. All I for his health."

"Mrs. J. Lindsay Brown."

Emaciated By Kidney Disease

Suffered Greatly From Backache, Sleeplessness and Headache—
Now Enthusiastic in Praising Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

One feature of kidney disease is the gradual loss of flesh and wasting away of the tissues of the body. Slowly and surely the victim feels strength and vigor ebbing away and realizes his awful condition. The following letter suggests a remedy which has brought back health and happiness to thousands of sufferers from kidney disease.

Mr. William E. Haidich, Port Robinson, Ont., states: "I was for several years a great sufferer from disease I am now happily free. I had wasted degree and at times was completely incapacitated with pain in the back, biliousness and headache. I had little or no appetite, insomnia, and grew despondent and hopeless of relief as I had taken treatment from doctors to no avail."

"Finally on the advice of a friend,

I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and after using a few boxes I was again enjoying health and vigor as the worst symptoms had entirely passed away. When I think of my present good health in comparison with my miserable condition of three years ago I would not go back to my former state for any amount of money. I may be considered enthusiastic over Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but considering the benefit derived from them, I have every reason to be. Acting, as they do, directly on the liver, kidneys and bowels, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills insure perfect condition of the digestive organs. One pill a dose. 25c. cents a box, at all dealers, or E. K. Robinson, Boston & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book maker, are on every box of his remedies.

HAMMOCK SALE.

Extra size Hammocks, with valance, pillow and double stretchers, fancy colors. VERY LOW PRICES.

Pure Paris Green, Bluestone and Hellebore.

SPECIAL PRICES ON—

PURE WHITE LEAD,
PURE LINSEED OIL,
VARNISHES, BRUSHES, etc.

CHAS. E. PARKER,

PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.



Ice Cream Freezers

All Styles,
All Sizes,
All Prices.

OIL STOVES.

We keep the best GERMAN OIL STOVES in ONE, TWO and THREE BURNERS. Handsomely finished and made to last.

We are also offering the "Auto-Valvo" High Oil Stove, with or without oven, at an exceptionally low figure. This stove is a blue flame-wickless, and is of the very latest construction, being perfect in operation.

Why bother with a wood or coal fire for domestic and cooking purposes during the hot summer when an Oil Stove will do your work at less cost, in less time, and with more comfort?

We shall be pleased to have you inspect these lines.

H. & J. WARREN,

HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE, MILL STREET.

Health Flashes.

By U. P. TO-DAY IN TORONTO STAR

Cultivate the "plant of cheerfulness." A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. Worry and bad health go together.

Some people think that nuts are very indigestible. Try eating them without salt. Remove the skins and chew very fine. They are about 50 per cent. fat and are very nourishing.

Stand up straight. Hold your head up like a man and breathe rightly through your nose. Try and get for yourself a good carriage.

Business men, tired mothers, wearied-out housekeepers, take a holiday. It will do you good. It pays. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

It's well to brush your teeth after every meal; at least they should be cared for every night and every morning. Artificial teeth may be very good, but there is nothing like your own natural teeth. They are the best. Take good care of them. Too much candy, too hot drinks, and an abundance of ice cream are not good for the teeth.

Little people like candy. Perhaps it's good for them—perhaps it isn't—but why not try putting sugar on their bread and butter occasionally? I think they'd like it. It costs less than candy and is much more wholesome. Brown sugar is best.

The fruit season is now upon us. What a wealth of fruit we have in Canada! Eat plenty of it, but see that it is fresh and ripe. Don't eat half-decayed fruit. It doesn't make for good health. Try and get your fruit "well painted" by the sun.

Do you want to know the best work on Health and Hygiene? It's called "The Bible." Read it, study it up; you would be surprised to see how much there is in this old-fashioned book which it read and acted upon, would tend to give you health and happiness.

We are just on the threshold of summer now. Do try and live more out of doors. Open your windows wide. Why not eat out on your veranda or under a tent on your lawn or back yard? If possible, sleep in the open air, too. Walk more and ride less. Do these things and you will feel better.

The estate of the Anderson bank at Oakville, which failed some time ago has been wound up, the creditors receiving three cents on the dollar. The amount owed was \$150,000.

Edward Beaupre, the young Canadian giant who has been on exhibition for some time in a St. Lawrence street museum, has gone to New York. Beaupre is twenty-two years of age, weighs 367 pounds, and is eight feet three inches in height. Beaupre was born on a ranch in the North-West Territories five hundred miles west of Winnipeg. His father and mother, he declares, are of ordinary stature, and he pounds when he was only nine of three years he began to grow. At the age of ten years of age measured six feet four inches. He attended school in a little settlement near his home until he was thirteen years of age. He has a brother at home nine years of age, who is a little more than seven feet tall.

TRAVELLED FROM WINNIPEG.

A Mother and Two Daughters, in Needy Circumstances, Make the Journey from Winnipeg to Gravenhurst to Seek Admission to the Free Hospital for Consumptives.

An illustration of the many distressing cases constantly coming before the management of the Free Hospital for Consumptives at Gravenhurst is in point this week. A week since, the Secretary, at the head office in Toronto, through whom all applications should properly be made, received a long-distance telephone message from the Physician-in-Charge at Gravenhurst, saying that a mother, with two daughters, both of whom were afflicted with consumption, had presented themselves at the doors of the Free Hospital, hoping to be at once admitted.

One daughter has the trouble only in a slight degree, and from a medical point of view is admissible, as soon as room can be made. The other has the disease in a more acute condition, and will need to take immediate rest until it becomes somewhat quiescent. The family are poor, their railway fares having been paid by a friend. The mother has been given employment on the domestic staff of the Hospital, and the daughters will board in town until there are vacant beds in the Hospital to admit them. They came all this distance poverty stricken, but in the belief that somehow they would manage to get admission to the institution.

Want of money is the only thing, the Trustees tell us, that is preventing the increase of accommodation beyond the eighty patients already provided for. Up to the present no one has been refused admission on account of his or her poverty, but we are told that the want of funds is preventing the Trustees from providing the increased accommodation needed. Indeed, a heavy burden of debt is now pressing upon them, and must be promptly met if this work is to be carried on.

Contributions may be sent to Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Kt., 4 Lampart Ave., Toronto, or Mr. W. J. Gage, 64 Front St. West, Toronto.

White Blackberries.

By means of cross-breeding, Mr. Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa, California, has developed a variety of blackberries which are perfectly white, as bright as snow in the sunshine, and so transparent that the seeds can be seen inside the ripe fruit. The seeds are said to be unusually small, and the berries are as sweet and as meltingly tender as the finest of the black varieties. The familiar Lawton berry is described as the great-grandparent of the new white variety, to which has been given the name "Iceberry." The white berries are as large as the Lawtons.

Lady Minto is going on a trip to Japan.

Nine large cattle stables at the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition grounds were completely destroyed by fire on Sunday evening. The loss is \$10,000, covered by insurance. The fire is a serious blow to the Exhibition directors, as the fair is only two weeks distant.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 75c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line. To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Train calling at Stirling station as follows:—
GOWAN WEST. GOWAN EAST.
Mail & Ex. 6:27 a.m. Accom. 10:35 a.m.
Accom. 4:43 p.m. Mail & Ex. 3:43 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1903.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Messrs. Grain and Barrow, contractors, of this place, have lately completed the brick work of a large house for Mr. Robert Lough, north of Marmora.

Meet me at Ward's Saturday evening.

The volunteers returned home by special train on Saturday afternoon last. They were a bronzed looking lot, and appeared to have had plenty of outdoor drill while at camp.

White Vests, White Shirts, Straw Hats at Ward's.

The decoration service by Stirling Lodge No. 289, I. O. O. F., last evening was very successful, a large number of visitors being present, though the turnout of Oddfellows was not large. There are now fifteen graves of deceased brethren in Stirling cemetery.

Cool Shirts and Underwear at Ward's.

New postage stamps are now issued, and you are now able to get a first class portrait of the King very cheaply. This likeness of his Majesty is copied from the latest painted since his accession to the throne, representing him in royal robes. The portrait is a striking and excellent one.

See Ward's window for Straw Hats.

Rev. S. A. Duprau, of Belleville, preached excellent sermons in the Methodist Church Stirling, last Sunday, morning and evening. He took Rev. Mr. Bell's work on that day, on account of the latter's illness. Mr. Bell is rapidly recovering, and expects to take his work next Sabbath.

LOST—At Oak Hill Lake, on July 1st, a beat Case. The owner will please leave at the News-Argus Office.

The party which left here for a month or six weeks visit to Manitoba and the Northwest last Saturday included Rev. S. S. Burns, B.A., Mr. Geo. E. Kennedy, B.A., Principal of Stirling High School, and Mr. H. M. Paulin, late Principal of the Public School. Mr. Gerald Clute left the day previous for Belleville, and intended joining the party at Toronto. He will visit his brother Harold at Napinka, and other friends and relatives in Manitoba.

We had not a complete list of honors awarded at Albert College closing last week, but have since been favored with the list, and find that we did not give Mr. Gerald L. Clute credit for all that should have been given to him. In intermediate piano he took honors, also in intermediate vocal, as well as the Gardiner prize in junior theory. Miss Mabel E. Free took honors in primary piano course. In bookkeeping, D. M. Wilson and H. A. Wilson were granted certificates.

A very successful lawn social was held on Wednesday evening under the auspices of the congregation of St. John's church. Col. Halliwell's lawn was utilized for the event, and was prettily decorated. A large number were present, and a rushing business done in ice cream, lemonade, candy, fruits, etc. Choice flowers were also posed in large quantities at a very artistic flower stall. Music was supplied by the Stirling Brass Band, and harmonica solos rendered by Mr. Christy, of Toronto, were highly enjoyed. The workers were rewarded by gaining for church purposes the sum of about \$100, clear of all expenses.

About thirty cheesemakers met at Campbellford on the evening of June 27th to organize in order to secure better wages. The cheese flowers were discussed, and it was understood that another meeting would be held shortly, and a thorough organization effected. The Despatch says: "We cannot but feel that this agitation should be amicably and satisfactorily settled between the employers and the men without the necessity of a trades union. All that is necessary is for both sides to meet and talk this matter over before taking drastic steps. We feel satisfied that the farmers interested will take a common sense view and the cheesemakers will be satisfied with a slight advance. A fair spirit of justice and common sense will now, we trust, prevail with both parties and prevent trouble for next season."

The Bobcaygeon Independent gives this advice to the farmers of Ontario:—"Don't involve yourself in debts on the hope of good sales in the fall. Avoid signing notes as you would the devil. Don't be inveigled by glib-tongued agents to buy things you can do very well without. The country is full of men preying upon the farmers—implements, pianos, societies, company stocks, pictures, sewing machines, books, every conceivable scheme to get the farmer to sign notes. Learn to say no, positively, emphatically. The good times are not to last forever, and if the agricultural slump that must come sooner or later should catch the farming community heavily involved with these notes, the smothering of a few loan companies and brokers will not be a flea-bite compared to the disaster that is meant by an involved farming community practically under suspension."

Fatal Accident.

Boiler on G. T. R. Exploded.

About 2:15 a.m., on Sunday last, as a double header train was coming up the Halloway grade, about two miles south of Madoc Junction, the boiler of one of the engines blew up. The crown sheet in front dropped and steam poured out through the fire hole. The engineer, Robert McAuliffe, of Peterboro, and fireman Porter of Millbrook, were both blown off the engine, and were found in the ditch, one on each side of the engine. The former was terribly scalded, but bore his sufferings with great fortitude. The engines were cut off from the train and brought the injured men to this place for medical attendance, where they were cared for by Dr. Alger, (Company's physician) and Dr. Zwick. After all was done that could be to relieve them they were placed on mattresses in a caboose and taken to St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterboro, where McAuliffe died on Sunday night. The fireman Porter, was not so severely scalded, though there is danger that his injuries may terminate fatally.

Promotions.

II. to III.—Marguerite Whitty, Florence Hewat, Violet Utman, May Saries, Mollie Warren, Florence Chard, Hazel Hagerman, Blanche Montgomery, Robert Belshaw.

For special reasons the junior second class from the II. Dept. was placed with me in November last, and I allowed them to write for III. class, with my senior second pupils, but only the two last named in the above list have passed.

With Mr. Mackintosh's sanction I am promoting without examination, from Jr. III. to Sr. III. the following pupils:—
Irwin Boldrick, Arthur Fletcher, Fred Hulm, Hazel Calder, Annie Ashley, Alice Patterson, Robert Patterson, Roscoe Rosebush, Pearl Sharp.
M. K. LAMBLY, Teacher.

Village Council.

Minutes of a regular meeting of the Village Council held July 6th. Members present, J. Earl Halliwell, acting Reeve; T. L. Meiklejohn, Geo. Lagrow and Delbert Utman.

The minutes of last meetings were read and confirmed.

The following accounts were on motion of Mr. Meiklejohn, seconded by Mr. Lagrow, directed to be paid:—

Mrs. Sharp, board of Mrs. Mc-Gowan, in June, \$5.00
Peter Fox, teaming, 2.75
A. Godfrey, duties in June, 12.84
2 days' work, 2.50
Gilbert Seeley, 1 day's work, 1.25
David Martin, nails, etc. for corporation, 10.47
M. Kirby, meals and horse feed to parties drawing gravel, 5.00
Grant, Hamilton Co., 2 bbls. gasoline, 25.22
Jas. Airhart, 2 days' work, 2.50

Moved by Mr. Meiklejohn, seconded by Mr. Utman, that the acting Reeve and the Treasurer be authorized to borrow from the Sovereign Bank, the sum of seven hundred dollars to retire note and interest held by said bank, and for current expenses, and to give their note for the same, said note to have the seal of the corporation, and to be payable in four months and to bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum. Carried unanimously.

On motion of Mr. Meiklejohn, seconded by Mr. Lagrow, leave of absence was extended to the Reeve for three months from July 1st, inst.

JOHN S. BLACK, Clerk.

FOR SALE—A well bred Brood Mare, a good roadster. Also, a new, 9-foot, all steel Hay Rake for one or two horses. Will be sold cheap. Apply to W. J. GRAHAM.

At the Belleville cheese board on Saturday last a large number of cheeses were offered. Buyers offered 90c., 9 11/16c., and 9 15/16c. Only a few were sold at the latter figure. The remainder were bought on the street.

Mr. F. B. Prior has resigned the office of Clerk of the township of Sidney. At a special meeting of Sidney Council held at the town hall on June 30th, Mr. Prior's resignation was accepted, and Mr. Arthur Chapman was appointed Clerk in his stead. The Council granted Mr. Prior a retiring gratuity of \$400.



Examine these Prices—

Ladies' Fine Oxford Shoes, \$1.25
Dongola Lace Boots, \$1.25
Coarse, Glove Grain Boots, 80c. up
Men's Dongola and Box Calf Boots, Goodyear welt, \$2.50 to \$3.50
Boots for \$1.75
Coarse, everyday Boots for 80c. up
Misses' Patent Kid, 3-strap Slipper for 80c. up
Dongola, How Slippers and Oxfords from \$1.25
Children's Fine Dongola, lace or button boots, from 40c. to \$1.25
Boys' Everyday Boots, 50c. to \$1.00
Children's 1-strap Slipper, sizes from 4 to 7, only 25c. a pair, and they are good wearers. Come while we have all sizes.

Our Hand-Made Work is a specialty. Repairing neatly and promptly done. All repairs served free. Our Shoe Dressing takes the cake, 10, 15, 20, 25c. Look out for your size in the Great Bargains we hang out daily.

GEO. REYNOLDS.

SHOE KING.

Jas. Boldrick & Son.

Our Clothing business in the Corner Store is still vigorous, and securely successful. It is with the best class of citizens, they knowing our long reputation as reliable business men. The ready made Clothing stamp do not come to us, they belong to a class we do not crave for. People who do not value their appearance need not come to us. A man's standing has much to do with what he wears. We hope to remain in business for some years yet, and to still retain, as in the past, the best class of the high grade Tailor made Clothing.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

REXALL HOUSEHOLD DYES.

These Dyes will dye Wool, Cotton, Silk, Jute or mixed goods in one bath—they are the latest and most improved Dye in the world. Try a package. All colors at C. F. STICKLE, Agent.

PERSONALS.

Mr. E. F. Butler, of Toronto, is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Rowena Dobson, of Picton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. G. Thrasher.

Mrs. R. Sager, of Toronto, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mann.

Miss Kate Cahill, of Belleville, has been the guest of Miss Lena Lagrow, the past week.

Mr. Anson Wright, of Syracuse, is visiting his brother, Mr. Chas. Wright, and other relatives.

Misses Stella McWilliams and Nina Spencer, of Marmora, are the guests of Miss L. A. Phillips.

Mr. Alf. Heyworth, of North Bay, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Reynolds, the latter part of last week.

Mrs. (Dr.) Walt will be "At Home" on Thursday and Friday, the 16th and 17th inst., and on Thursdays thereafter.

Messrs. Cleve Conley, C. Seeley and E. Fox, of Rochester, spent Saturday and Sunday last, visiting relatives here.

Miss Lillian B. Stickle, soprano soloist of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, came home on Monday evening to spend vacation.

Misses Mabel and Pearl Martin and their brother, Harold, of Green Bay, Wis. are visiting grandparents and friends in town.

Miss Bessie Parker, of the General Hospital, Toronto, accompanied by her friend, Miss McCulloch, also of that institution, are visiting her parents in town.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Board on the 8th inst. 1206 boxes of cheese were boarded as follows:

1 Cook's.....50
2 Central.....150
3 Enterprise.....90
4 Harold.....85
5 King.....50
6 Kingston.....120
7 Marmora.....120
8 Maple Leaf.....120
9 Marmora.....30
10 Riversdale.....50
11 Shamrock.....115
12 Spry.....35
13 Spring Brook.....90
14 Stirling.....90
15 West Hamilton.....100
16 Glen.....50

Buyers present—Bird, Cook, Kerr, Rollins and Whitton.

Sales—Bird got 295 boxes at 9 7/16c.; Cook 270 boxes at 9 7/16c.; Whitton 331 at 9 1/2c. and 220 boxes at 9 7/16c.

Board will meet next Wednesday at 4 o'clock.

Holton's mill in Belleville was totally destroyed by fire on Monday afternoon. The fire started in the lumber cutting department, and was caused by the friction of pulleys. There was an insurance of \$4000 on the building in the Anglo-American. The loss will be a serious one to Mr. Holton, as the mill had just started up with a fine season's work ahead of it.

BIRTHS.

HUBBLE—In Campbellford, on July 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. N. F. Hubble, a son.

MARRIED.

FANNING-GULLETT—At the residence of the bride's mother, on June 30th, 1903, by the Rev. Richard Burrill, Henry Fanning, to Nellie Warden, third daughter of the late William Gullett, both of Wellman's Corners.

HAWKINS-HOWSON—At the residence of the bride's parents, Campbellford, on June 30th, by Rev. J. C. Bell, Ada E. Howson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Howson, to G. Herbert Hawkins, of Hope township.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST.

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Ophthalmic Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at the Stirling House parlors, three times a week, viz. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor. Next visit will be in October.

Looking Into It.

When the Shoe Question is to be settled you must look carefully into it. You want the shoes that give the best service all round—not only the shoes that look best, but the one that feels easiest and wears best.

Ladies, do not wear anything but the KING Quality, if you wish to have comfort, a stylish shoe and a good wearer.

HARDWARE!

Plymouth Binder Twine.

Just got in my full stock of PLYMOUTH Twine.

Without a doubt there is nothing equal to it in Length, Durability, Evenness and Strength.

I guarantee my prices as low as any on the market.

My stock of HARVEST TOOLS are complete—Rakes, Forks, Cradles, Scythes, Stones, Grind Stones and fixtures. Grass Scythes guaranteed.

Pure Paris Green GUARANTEED.

Revetroughing, Plumbing, Fitting and all job work done promptly.

My stock is complete.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

The News-Argus

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

TO JAN. 1, 1904, 40c.

Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales of real estate, and to conduct the same in the most satisfactory manner. Orders left at the News-Argus office or addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to.

WM. RODGERS.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS, AT

LOWEST RATES,

At News-Argus Office

THE Stirling News-Argus

is published every Thursday morning at the office of the publisher, North Street, Stirling, Ont. door north of Parker's drug store, by JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year.

If paid in advance. If not so paid, \$1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements: Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for 1 year, 6 mos. 3 mos. 1 mos. 10c. 15c. 20c. 25c.

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held responsible. Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property for sale or lease, etc.

Two inches \$10 per year; \$5 for six months; \$4 for three months; \$3 for two months; \$2 for one month. One inch, 60c. per year. Fractional cards limited to 12 lines, \$4 per year. A column measures twenty inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge. Transient advertisements, 50c. per line first insertion, 30c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors' Help." We have extensive experience in the intricate patent law of 50 foreign countries. We have a Washington office. Write for free advice. MARION & MARION, Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

TRADE MARKS. PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may receive valuable information. Communications strictly confidential. We have a Washington office. Write for free advice. MARION & MARION, Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any paper in the world. Specimen copies and HANDBOOK ON PATENTS sent free.

did not come,"

STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER II.

Vivian Ardel was full of pity, but mingled with his pity there was something of impatience, even of anger, at this tale of misery, so easily averted.

"What wanton waste," he mused, "of the happy days due to her golden youth—days never to be recalled or renewed. How may I best redeem from misery this young life that I have saved from death?"

He paced the spacious room rapidly as was his wont when in deep thought, pausing now and again abruptly to stare out with vacant eyes upon the shining river.

"What can I do?" The question repeated itself insistently again and again in his thoughts, finding no answer.

"None," comfort is easily managed. I can get her to a good school, of course, for a year or two. But, poor child, she has been so lonely! Her nature longs for love and sympathy, and she will drop and pine for lack of them. The question began again.

Suddenly an answer came to him, and his face brightened in a moment.

"Yes," he said, "perfect for both. Eva, I know, will gladly consent. But what will John think or say? He must be asked first, of course. But then he is away on circuit at Liverpool. The delay is unfortunate; I will write to him at once."

He sat down at a writing-table, and his pen flew over the paper, but the writing was like copper-plate. One, two, three sheets were rapidly filled in many minutes, and the letter closed.

He had written the name on the envelope, "John Trevor," and was adding the address when a knock came to the door.

"Come in!" he cried impatiently, glancing back over his shoulder; then, suddenly, with a cry of pleasure, he leaped from his seat.

A well-built man of about forty-five years of age, with strong, honest face, clean-shaven, firm mouth, and shrewd, grey eyes, stood at the door.

"You come upon a wish, Trevor," Ardel said, heartily welcoming him.

"How curious those things happen! I was just writing to you; I hadn't finished the address on the envelope."

"May I read it?" Trevor asked gravely.

"May! You must read it at once. It's something I am anxious about."

There was a look of appeal in Ardel's face as the shrewd eyes, well used to accounts of crime and happenings, missed no word. Then the frank, grey eyes were raised to the anxious dark ones with a look of kindly admiration.

"Of course," said Trevor heartily. "I think I can answer for Eva as well as for myself. She wants just such a girl as you describe to help her with the little ones—a girl who would be a companion to her now that I am so much away, a friend, a younger sister; some one she could love. It's Eva's nature to love, as you know. But are you quite sure of this girl's story, Ardel?"

"Quite sure."

"You learned it from—"

"The girl herself."

"I don't understand. You write here she is still unconscious."

"Don't mind misunderstanding then; best believe. Can't you trust me?"

"Of course I can, and do; but I must say, for a sceptic, Ardel, you sometimes manifest a most generous faith."

"You know my creed and practice: be as happy as you can; make others as happy as you can; and never come back but there is no credit for faith because I know."

"And I take your word for her consent willingly; so that's settled."

"I hope Eva will be pleased."

"I know she will be delighted. Now it's my turn; I have a request to make too."

"I consent beforehand, whatever it is," said Ardel, smiling. "A request from you is a rarity."

"Mind, I hold you to your word. You dine with Eva and myself at Lavella to-morrow. Have you forgotten that to-morrow is your birthday?"

Vivian Ardel's face darkened ominously.

"I have not forgotten it," he said; "I wish I could. I hate this thought."

His earnestness startled his friend.

"You, of all men, Ardel," he cried; "whose life is so full of happiness and sunshine. What other thoughts and memories than pleasant ones can birthdays have for you?"

"It is because the road is so pleasant, Trevor, that I hate the milestones. It's because life is so happy that it hurts me to be reminded how much I have already spent—how little is left to spend. But don't mind me; it's a relief to break out like that sometimes. There, the fit is over now. I should be delighted, of course, to spend the day with you and Eva. But my girl—"

"Eva will come to town for her early."

"That would be perfect. Eva's face and voice will win her heart at once. But are you sure she can come?"

"Certain. She was coming in any case for London shopping, and to carry you off by force, if my diplomacy failed."

Ardel kept his friend for the evening, and they dined luxuriously on the dinner of the host's designing. Trevor enjoyed himself as the ordinary man enjoys good wine and food; but he lacked the keen appreciative pleasure of the other, whose every sense ministered to his delight.

After dinner they sat smoking at the window, looking out on the moonlit river, on whose dim waters the boats moved hither and thither, phantom-like, trailing black shadows.

They smoked for a while in silence—the pleasant, respectful silence of close comradeship. Ardel broke it first.

"How did you get back so soon?" he asked. "The assizes are not over."

"No; but I had to leave. You remember I am engaged to defend the young swell Wickham, who is charged with murdering his sweetheart. It's to be tried here in London, but the day is not yet fixed. I came back for that. They gave me an enormous fee in the case, but no fee pays for the worry of mind."

"I should think not; a life in your hands! a man's life, the one priceless, unpurchasable treasure, dependent on you to save or lose! This Wickham, I hear, is young, rich, and handsome, with all the enjoyments of the world before him—no grave."

"It's a horrible responsibility, Trevor. Can you get him off?"

"I cannot say. The evidence is circumstantial merely. But I never knew a chain so close and strong—each link welded to the next."

"Is he innocent?"

"I cannot tell you that, either. I think he is. But I always believe in the innocent while I'm defending them. I couldn't put my whole heart into the defence if I didn't. But in this case the general current of opinion is strongly the other way."

"Well, I hope sincerely that he will escape."

"If he is innocent, you mean?"

"Innocent or guilty, I hope he'll get off."

Trevor looked at him in surprise; for he spoke very calmly.

"I cannot understand you at all, Ardel," he said, at last. "I thought, of all men living, you valued human life highest and most abhorred murder."

"I believe I hate all murder. But of all, as the most deliberate and the most revolting. We cannot back the life that is lost. Why do you destroy another, with all its wonders, all its possibilities, for the sake of a mere senseless vengeance? It is such blind savagery, such disgusting

presumption, in man to ruin what he is so helpless to restore."

"I feel just like that myself when I see the prisoner in the dock, his chosen girl and his eyes with the agony of fear. Then I would give my own right hand to save him, innocent or guilty. But in cooler moments my reason tells me it is well the murderer should die."

"Don't listen to your reason, then," said Ardel vehemently, "for it is wrong. If a man's heart and brain are sound and work together, his feelings are a better guide than his reason. If we could but manage to look at things as they are, instead of as we wish them to be, we should be able to see the truth. But that does not justify the murder of the murderer—the cruel, remorseless quenching of that wonderful thing, life. It revolts me even to think of it. Oh, it is a mercy we cannot but only create what death means. Our life, vigorous in heart and brain, rich in thought and memory, and hope, and keen, conscious enjoyment, recoils at the horrible glimpses it catches now and again of oblivion. If we could but manage to prolong or renew our lives in this beautiful world of ours, we need not envy the myths they call angels."

"Yet you were quite ready to risk this precious life of yours no later than this morning, Trevor, smiling at this rhapsody of his friend."

"There was no risk; not the very least. I took every precaution against even the passing trouble of a chill. But I'll be quite frank with you, Trevor. I believe even if there were a risk I would have no second thought. Didn't I say just now our feelings, our impulses should govern us, and not our reason? It was an overmastering, unreasoning impulse that sent me into the water without thought of danger. I'm glad it is so. Life itself would not be worth having if one lived in constant terror of losing it. It is a delight to work under God. If it gives happiness to help others," he went on, with deep feeling in his voice, "you should be the happiest man on God's earth to-day."

"I am, Trevor, no man happier. All my life things have gone well with me. I have health, wealth and success. Better still, I have that keen relish for all forms of enjoyment alike—the simplest and the highest—which makes mere living to me a continual delight. But now, again, and more often of late, the thought grips my heart that I must die and lose all. This hand," he laid a strong, shapely hand on the table—"must turn into foul clay. This body of mine be crawled over by worms. I—Vivian Ardel—I that now speak to you with my senses, thoughts, hopes, with my all—troubling consciousness of life, will be no more than a few spade-fuls of dull earth. The thing seems horrible, incredible; yet I know it must come."

"Why trouble with such thoughts? You are still young in years; you are younger than your years. A long and happy life stretches out before you."

"Why trouble? Because I cannot help troubling. The thought of death hangs over me like a cloud. The best half of my life is gone. I will be thirty to-morrow. I have twenty years more. After fifty the wine of life is gone and only the lees remain. You see, I have made careful calculation of my treasure."

"Don't frighten a fellow, Ardel. Remember I'm not so far off from fifty myself. Surely a man can make himself comfortable after fifty."

"Comfortable, yes; and even happy, after a fashion."

"I mean to be as happy as I can. I assure you, while I live, if I should, as I hope, live to a hundred."

"But the shadow of the approach of death hangs over me like a cloud. The best half of my life is gone. I will be thirty to-morrow. I have twenty years more. After fifty the wine of life is gone and only the lees remain. You see, I have made careful calculation of my treasure."

"Don't frighten a fellow, Ardel. Remember I'm not so far off from fifty myself. Surely a man can make himself comfortable after fifty."

"Comfortable, yes; and even happy, after a fashion."

"I mean to be as happy as I can. I assure you, while I live, if I should, as I hope, live to a hundred."

"But the shadow of the approach of death hangs over me like a cloud. The best half of my life is gone. I will be thirty to-morrow. I have twenty years more. After fifty the wine of life is gone and only the lees remain. You see, I have made careful calculation of my treasure."

"Don't frighten a fellow, Ardel. Remember I'm not so far off from fifty myself. Surely a man can make himself comfortable after fifty."

"Comfortable, yes; and even happy, after a fashion."

"I mean to be as happy as I can. I assure you, while I live, if I should, as I hope, live to a hundred."

"But the shadow of the approach of death hangs over me like a cloud. The best half of my life is gone. I will be thirty to-morrow. I have twenty years more. After fifty the wine of life is gone and only the lees remain. You see, I have made careful calculation of my treasure."

"Don't frighten a fellow, Ardel. Remember I'm not so far off from fifty myself. Surely a man can make himself comfortable after fifty."

"Comfortable, yes; and even happy, after a fashion."

"I mean to be as happy as I can. I assure you, while I live, if I should, as I hope, live to a hundred."

"But the shadow of the approach of death hangs over me like a cloud. The best half of my life is gone. I will be thirty to-morrow. I have twenty years more. After fifty the wine of life is gone and only the lees remain. You see, I have made careful calculation of my treasure."

"Don't frighten a fellow, Ardel. Remember I'm not so far off from fifty myself. Surely a man can make himself comfortable after fifty."

"Comfortable, yes; and even happy, after a fashion."

"I mean to be as happy as I can. I assure you, while I live, if I should, as I hope, live to a hundred."

"But the shadow of the approach of death hangs over me like a cloud. The best half of my life is gone. I will be thirty to-morrow. I have twenty years more. After fifty the wine of life is gone and only the lees remain. You see, I have made careful calculation of my treasure."

"Don't frighten a fellow, Ardel. Remember I'm not so far off from fifty myself. Surely a man can make himself comfortable after fifty."

"Comfortable, yes; and even happy, after a fashion."

"I mean to be as happy as I can. I assure you, while I live, if I should, as I hope, live to a hundred."

"But the shadow of the approach of death hangs over me like a cloud. The best half of my life is gone. I will be thirty to-morrow. I have twenty years more. After fifty the wine of life is gone and only the lees remain. You see, I have made careful calculation of my treasure."

"Don't frighten a fellow, Ardel. Remember I'm not so far off from fifty myself. Surely a man can make himself comfortable after fifty."

"Comfortable, yes; and even happy, after a fashion."

"I mean to be as happy as I can. I assure you, while I live, if I should, as I hope, live to a hundred."

"But the shadow of the approach of death hangs over me like a cloud. The best half of my life is gone. I will be thirty to-morrow. I have twenty years more. After fifty the wine of life is gone and only the lees remain. You see, I have made careful calculation of my treasure."

"Don't frighten a fellow, Ardel. Remember I'm not so far off from fifty myself. Surely a man can make himself comfortable after fifty."

now them. We can prevent the machine breaking down, but we cannot stop it from wearing out. I myself have found effective remedies for most of the diseases our flesh is heir to. It is possible, I believe, to find remedies for them all. But for old age there is no cure."

"Then there is no way out of it?" Trevor had been gradually captivated, in spite of himself, by his friend's earnestness and by the eternal interest of the subject. "We must endure what we cannot cure."

"I am not so sure of that," answered Vivian, with a strange look in his dark eyes. "We may perhaps have what we cannot make. But that is only a vague dream that haunts me at odd times; born, I dare say, of the intense longing for life."

"How the time has gone by!" he broke off abruptly. "In another hour I will be thirty years of age—another year of life to go. You must, look sharp, Trevor, to catch your train. Eva will be anxious."

"I have half an hour yet, and can do it in twenty minutes. But I am glad you spoke. How time flies!"

"The time flies," Trevor said, looking gloomily at his watch. "I am in a moment. Remember, Trevor, he said with a smile, as he bade his friend good-night in the courtyard, "I shall expect you and Eva here at two o'clock."

"Two o'clock? what shall I fall," Trevor cried, as he leaped into his hansom, and was whirled away through the noise and glare of the crowded streets.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIFY RAILWAYS.

The Catalpa Tree Could Be Made Useful and Ornamental.

Nothing is more dreary and depressing than the unsightly borders of railroad tracks—cinder, gray crushed stone, tangle of weeds, and dilapidated fences. In England and Europe grass banks, shrubs, and trees make a pleasing sight flying by the car window. A suggestion for railways combining at once utility and beauty is made by the New York World in the following extract:

"Arboriculture is advocating the growth of Catalpa trees along railroad and telegraph lines, to supply ties and poles. The trees, it says, will attain the right size for telegraph poles in sixteen years, and at that age and size will furnish five railway cross-ties to a trunk. Upon almost every railway right of way may be grown 640 trees to each mile of track, omitting the inside line of curves, but planting one row of trees upon each side of the track and forty to fifty feet from centre, trees one rod apart."

"In sixteen years this will provide 3,000 ties, being enough to relay the mile of track. Since the catalpa renews itself from the stump when cut, and the young shoots grow very rapidly with the well-established roots to support the new growth, the trees would be permanent and fully supply all requirements for ties, fence posts, telegraph poles and lumber."

By cutting a portion each year the avenue of trees would remain unbroken. An avenue 1,000 miles long! As many railway lines are of much greater length than this, here would be the happiest views which America could possess."

THE SIGN OF THE FISH.

Used As a Symbol by the Early Christian Church.

The symbols upon early Christian monuments, of which so many have been discovered, this last century, are curious and interesting. One of the most frequent is that of the fish. The figure of the fish is used; and also the Greek word for fish, says Dr. A. W. Patten, who has looked into the subject. Ramsay, in his excavations in Asia Minor, has found some very important inscriptions in which the fish signs are frequent.

Why was it that the early Christians used this sign? The reason will appear when we remember that they found in the letters of the Greek word for fish an acrostic on the name of the Saviour. The word was "ichthys." Each letter of the word in the original Greek begins one of the words in the following phrase: "Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour."

So the word "ichthys" came to stand for a Christian, and it was used as a mark of Christianity. It was not only sculptured on burial monuments, but came to be used on various utensils. A great many terra cotta lamps have been found, especially at Spalato, on which is found the impress of the fish. Many of these "ichthys" lamps are found also at Rome. The word "fish" came to be used also to describe a Christian, and to call a man a fish was equivalent to calling him a Christian.

One of the old Christian frescoes, indicating a baptism, a man is represented as pulling a fish out of the water. Ramsay tells us that it was customary in Asia Minor in the second century for the Christians to use this symbolic language. It was used, then, for them to speak openly of their faith in Christ. They were accustomed to wear rings with the fish sign as a signet, much as we wear symbolic badges to-day. One day two men met, neither aware of the faith of the other. One, without saying a word, traced with his stick the figure of a fish in the sand. The other quickly burst out in assertion of his Christian faith, for the fish symbol had declared the other's allegiance to Christ.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

A remarkable coincidence occurred on an inquest on the body of a woman at the London hospital recently. Three of the jurymen were named after the fish—two were called Mr. "Percy," and a fifth was called

ON THE FARM.

SWINE BREEDING.

Mr. S. M. Federick delivered the following address before the meeting of the American Poland-China Record Association:

"Construct your pens so that the pigs will get all the sunlight possible. By the time they are four or five days old see that they get exercise. Here the breeder will have to exercise all his ingenuity. Place the pigs outside of pen until they become hungry; place sow in inside of pen; drive them with a whip, or put them in a box or barrel, and when hungry they will try to climb out to reach the sow. Use any and every way that suggests itself to give them exercise. Give them your best efforts at this time. A little neglect now will make you feel, when fall comes and the time for the sale of your stocks is at hand more than you before. Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are those: 'It might have been.'"

"I want to digress enough, right here to say that, in my opinion, to become a successful breeder of swine requires a greater degree of skill, closer observance to breed, than any other kind of live stock, owing to the large number at birth with its attendant weakness, and the susceptibility of the pig during his early life to his environment, being farthest removed from the

NATURAL CONDITIONS.

"Having now gotten the litter through the first four or five weeks of life, you can begin to let piggy depend less upon nature's food and more upon food which you will skillfully provide. Place a separate trough for the pigs' drink by giving a little new milk, for which you can substitute skimmed milk with a little mill feed, and continue as in the case of the sow, to feed foods rich in nitrogenous materials instead of fat. My treatment of the sow was designed to secure strength in the pig at the time of birth, but this influence does not end here; whereas, a pig with barely enough vitality to enable him to get through piggish in a very puny condition will not usually amount to much."

"One of the things to be guarded against is getting too fat while young. Excessive fat is not healthy; in fact, obesity is a disease. Too rapid growth at an early age throws too much work upon the immature organs; hence in a little time the pig that was promising shows symptoms of inflammation and fever, terminating in thumps, which usually means the end of the pig. Even if he apparently escapes these ills if fed too heavily while young, you will observe his

SHORTNESS OF BREATH.

upon the least exertion and general lack of constitution, the manifest result of early forcing. You may feed liberally if food is of the right kind, and if at the same time the pigs get plenty of exercise. Shut a pig up and you stunt him and he loses appetite. Exercise quickens the circulation, sharpens the appetite, and greatly aids digestion; hence, we see the improvement in growth, particularly in bone and muscular. The playful kitten, the frolicsome colt, and romping children most plainly show nature's method of invigorating the system."

"I have dwelt upon the need of exercise and the system of feeding to prevent excessive fatness for the reason that Poland-China have been bred for easy feeding qualities until they possess this trait to a degree possessed by no other breed extant. We pride ourselves on our maturity. We think this trait has been carried far enough, possibly too far. Having developed in a wonderful degree, such as is possessed by no other breed, his ability to make a pork under all conditions and circumstances, let us now with proper food and care, which he has not had in the past turn his wonderful feeding capacity to the upbuilding of a strong and muscular frame, thus keeping our favorite in the proud position thus far held in his career, the greatest hog the world has ever known."

LIGHT AND VENTILATION.

There are the farmers' busy days, but they are not so busy that they should not be giving more or less thought to preparations for housing as well as feeding his cows. Stable in particular should receive very attentive consideration. Among the questions of light and ventilation which should be put in the mind of the farmer are: Is proper ventilation now, arrangements should be made so that the cows can have pure air to breathe? There are not merely questions of speculative interest, but they have direct connection with practical returns. Light is a most effective germ destroyer. Fresh, pure air is absolutely indispensable for man and beast, if they are to do their best. Good air to breathe will lessen the amount of feed required and increase the returns. We bestow such care on a horse, but on the other hand, we neglect the cow. It is not necessary to go to very great expense, but it is necessary, if one wants best returns, in some way to provide light and fresh air in the stable.

REMEDY FOR SCALY LEGS.

Make a saturated solution of fresh naphthalene flakes in good kerosene. Fill a small bucket with the solution, and dip the bird's legs into this solution once a week. Four or five drippings, will usually cure the worst cases, says the Poultry Monthly. After the first dripping remove all scales that will come away easily. Be careful to dip only the legs into the solution. Do not let it get on the skin of the thighs or it will raise a blister. Try to avoid soiling the feathers with it. Add Venetian red to the solution, as it makes it stick and colors the legs sufficiently to identify at a glance the birds that have been treated. The red stains soon wear off. Use only enough red to color the solution a good, red color. It is a safe, simple cure if used properly, but remember, that you can kill or badly blister fowls with kerosene if you are careless and sloppy in using it.

THE HARVEST TALKS.

It is not the number of acres plowed and planted, but rather the number of bushels harvested, that determines the profitability. Better plant less and have the soil in good tilth, sow the seed in good season, and under as favorable conditions as possible, cultivate at the proper time and secure a good growth and yield rather than plant a larger acreage and be less able to have all work done in good season and in consequence secure a lessened yield.—Successful Farming.

Piles.

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have caused it to be mentioned in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured, or a box, all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & CO., Toronto, Dr. Chase's Ointment.

WIRELESS TELEPHONY.

M. Malche, a French inventor, has made some experiments with wireless telephony in the forests at St. Germain. The transmitter was placed on the top of a house, but connected to the ground in the manner of a lightning rod. A thousand yards distant two poles ninety feet apart were connected together by wire, and had a telephone receiver in circuit. Sounds from the transmitter were plainly heard in it. Reversers of the line of transmission do not catch the message.

SCARLET FUNERALS.

They have a curious custom at the burial of married women in Brazil. The coffin, hearse and the liveries of the drivers must be bright scarlet, the four white horses drawing the hearse must be covered with scarlet notes, and scarlet plumes must deck the horses' heads.

"Your marriage was the result of love at first sight, wasn't it?" "Yes," replied the near-sighted friend. "I never shall forget that day. Only time in my life I was ever known to forget my glasses."

Harry: "Miss Maston has pretty teeth, hasn't she?" Elsie: "Yes, yet she told me they were only \$25."

Dreadful Case of Itching Piles

Doctor Wanted to Burn the Skin With a Red Hot Iron—Patient Was Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mr. Alex. McLean, Tarbot Vale, N. S., writes:—"For two years I worked as sectionman on the Dominion Coal Company's Railroad between Sydney and Glace Bay, N. S., and during that time was exposed to all sorts of weather. Gradually my health failed, and I became a victim of protruding piles. At first I did not know what was ailing me, but consulted a doctor, and though he treated me for piles, they only grew worse."

"I was forced to give up work and return to my home. My suffering could scarcely be described. I could not walk or lie down, but while the rest of the family was sleeping I would be groaning and aching from the excruciating pains."

"Again I decided to consult a doctor. This one stripped me, and he said the piles would have to be burned with a red-hot iron. I shivered at the thought of burning the flesh, and told him I could not think of undergoing such an operation, so he gave me some salve, for which he charged me two dollars, but it did not do me any good."

"I was in a desperate condition, and had about given up hope of ever being freed from this dreadful suffering when a friend told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment. He said he had seen so many cured that it had cured that he would pay for it himself if it failed to cure."

"My experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment is that the first application did me more good than did the two doctors, and it has made me as well and as free from piles as any man. Since being cured I worked during the winter in the lumber woods and experienced no return of my old trouble. I am not putting it too strong when I say that Dr. Chase's Ointment was worth \$100 a box to me. You are free to use my testimonial for the benefit of others, as I feel it my duty to make known this great ointment."

"Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmonds, Bates and Co., Toronto."

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

"I was in a desperate condition, and had about given up hope of ever being freed from this dreadful suffering when a friend told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment. He said he had seen so many cured that it had cured that he would pay for it himself if it failed to cure."

"My experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment is that the first application did me more good than did the two doctors, and it has made me as well and as free from piles as any man. Since being cured I worked during the winter in the lumber woods and experienced no return of my old trouble. I am not putting it too strong when I say that Dr. Chase's Ointment was worth \$100 a box to me. You are free to use my testimonial for the benefit of others, as I feel it my duty to make known this great ointment."

"Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmonds, Bates and Co., Toronto."

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.

"I was in a desperate condition, and had about given up hope of ever being freed from this dreadful suffering when a friend told me about Dr. Chase's Ointment. He said he had seen so many cured that it had cured that he would pay for it himself if it failed to cure."

"My experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment is that the first application did me more good than did the two doctors, and it has made me as well and as free from piles as any man. Since being cured I worked during the winter in the lumber woods and experienced no return of my old trouble. I am not putting it too strong when I say that Dr. Chase's Ointment was worth \$100 a box to me. You are free to use my testimonial for the benefit of others, as I feel it my duty to make known this great ointment."

"Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmonds, Bates and Co., Toronto."

To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his remedies.



THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1903.

Canada's Prosperity.

The financial year ending June 30th has been one of unprecedented prosperity for Canada. The revenue on consolidated account amounted to the enormous sum of \$63,739,271, giving a surplus of \$23,290,168 over ordinary expenditures, and of \$15,060,075 over all expenditures combined. All the receipts for the last financial year are not yet in. When paid they will augment the total revenue by about a million and a half. A number of liabilities incurred during the past twelve months have also to be met. It is not thought, however, that the totals given above will undergo any material change, as the receipts and expenditures still to come will about balance each other. Canada's big surplus will give the Government a chance to effect a large reduction in the public debt if they so desire. The increase in revenue in 1902-3, as compared with 1901-2, amounts to \$7,385,577. The ordinary expenditure underwent a reduction of \$906,218, and the capital expenditure a reduction of \$4,302,062. The Dominion has every reason to congratulate itself upon a well-filled treasury, and rosette prospects for the future.

In the Dominion Parliament the redistribution of constituencies necessary on account of the recent census has occupied considerable time in a special committee, and as concerns Ontario was only completed on Monday. The County of Hastings was one of the last to be divided. The new division gives the county two members instead of three as heretofore. The county will be divided as follows:

East Hastings—Town of Deseronto, townships of Hungerford and Thurlow, village of Tweed, townships of Tyendinaga, Bangor, Wicklow, McCulloch, Carleton Place, Elginville and Grimsby, Faraday, Limerick, Mayo, Montague and Herschel, Tudor and Cassel.

West Hastings—City of Belleville, townships of Sidney, Huntingdon, Madoc, village of Madoc, townships of Marmora and Lake, village of Marmora, township of Rawdon, village of Stirling, township of Wollaston, town of Trenton.

Last week may well be called "Farmers' Week at Ottawa." The clauses of the railway bill respecting cattle guards were so amended as to make the railway companies liable for damages done to cattle getting from the highway on to the tracks. Provision was made for the application of the procedure laid down by Provincial laws to secure the right of drainage across railway property, and it was further provided that the additional cost of putting down a drain due to the construction of the railroad shall be borne by the railway company. Another most important amendment made was that which declares that if a fire is started by a locomotive the railway company shall pay for the damage done. Under this amendment it is not necessary, in order to recover damages, to prove negligence on the part of the company. At no session of the Dominion Parliament ever held have so many measures of special interest to the farmer been adopted as were adopted at Ottawa last week.—The Weekly Sun.

It is known that many railway companies will not employ men who are addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. But it seems this rule is not lived up to by all the railways. The report of the commissioners who investigated the cause of a recent railway wreck near Windsor, Ont., gives matter for serious consideration. The following quotation from the report is sufficient to show its import: "We find that Forward Brakeman Thorpe was under the influence of liquor, asleep on the fireman's usual seat, and was incapable of performing his duties or of maintaining a proper watch; that fireman Hill, who had neglected the opportunity for rest, properly provided at Richmond, when resting after the heavy work of firing the engine up the Bedford grade, was asleep sitting on running board in the engine cab, when the train rushed through Windsor Junction yard, the Driver Copeland of engine 277, who had in the manner neglected his opportunity for rest, and had been drinking when off duty, was capable of performing his duties, but fell asleep in his cab after passing the grade, and was asleep when the train went through the junction and until the time of the collision."

How often such a state of affairs exists on board railroad trains can only be surmised, but it is certain that many accidents due to the same causes are averted by the narrowest chance every year. A law forbidding railway companies to overwork their employees, even when they desire the extra mileage, would, if strictly enforced, help to better the condition of affairs to a certain extent, but so long as men who use liquor are employed upon train service, the recurrence of such accidents as the Windsor collision will continue to form part of the history of each year.

While a funeral was in progress at the Altona Cemetery, near Berlin, Ont., cries were heard to proceed from the coffin. Examination discovered the young girl who was being buried to be alive. She died, however, within two hours.

Mr. Walter S. Alward has been commissioned to model a statue of the late Sir Oliver Mowat. The sum of \$5,000 was voted by the Legislature last session for this purpose. The new statue will be of bronze, nine feet high, and is to be erected in Queen's Park, opposite the Parliament Buildings.

Wise and Otherwise.

It is well to preach morality—better to practice it.

When you stop to argue with the devil he is making progress.

Place yourself in his place before you condemn your neighbor.

The counsels of some men have more to do than their brains.

There are church folks that are long in prayer and short in giving.

It is a well filled purse to cover a multitude of bodily, mental and moral defects.

It is always too late to mend with some individuals, or at least their actions say so.

A whole lot of people are hoggish enough to want to skim the milk of human kindness.

The man who will not shift front, when he knows he is going wrong, wants to go wrong.

The reason why some people have money is that they are simply because they help themselves to it.

While there is only one road to Heaven, there are dozens of them to the other place and poor house.

You and I are chronically dishonest when we lose sight of the fact that honesty—in all cases—is the best policy.

There is, as far as I can see, mighty little difference between the "dead beat" and thief. If there is any, it favors the thief.

Wasted Energies.

The world is full of people who don't accomplish much because they waste their energy. They don't hit high enough, or low enough.

When you want to drive a nail, the proper way to do it is to hit it on the head. A twenty-horse-power sledgehammer won't drive it if it doesn't hit it.

If your ambition points you to a certain goal, get after it. Don't go around the other side of it, or take a balloon and fly over it, or take a spade and dig under it.

A little diplomacy and maneuvering may be a good thing to start with, but you can't catch fish if you don't bait the hook and drop it in the water. You can't bring down your bird unless you aim right at him and pull the trigger.

If you want a job you don't ask the janitor; you ask the boss.

If you want to be a doctor, you don't apprentice yourself to an undertaker; that would be too roundabout a way to get at it.

If you want to be a sailor you don't go inland.

If you want to knock a board off the fence that keeps you out of the garden of success, hit it where the nails are.

Senator R. B. Dickey died at his home in Amherst, N. S., aged 92 years.

A Methodist College, to be called McDougall, will be established at Edmonton.

Albert Dunsford was upset out of a canoe while fishing near Peterboro and drowned.

Mr. Chas. F. Aylesworth of Madoc has resigned position of Inspector of Colonization Roads, which he held for many years.

Estimates of the citrus fruit crops of California place the probable number of carloads of lemons and oranges for the season of 1903-4 at 36,000 carloads. This would be the largest crop on record.

The big tent where the Christian Endeavor convention at Denver, Col., was held, was blown down on Monday while over 6,000 people were inside. A dozen persons were injured, but none seriously.

The Hon. A. G. Blair has resigned his position as Minister of Railways and Canals in the Dominion Government. The reason given is a difference of opinion on the railway policy of the government.

Dr. James Third, Kingston, has been appointed visiting and consulting physician to the Gravenhurst Sanatorium for Consumptives. Hitherto Dr. Stewart of Montreal has been the only member of the staff east of Toronto.

Hon. Mr. Fielding, in reply to questions stated that the accounts of the fiscal year just ended are not yet closed, but up to date \$1,245,382.25 have been paid in bounties on iron and steel, including \$147,022.91 deferred payments from the previous year.

Justice Sir John Douglas Armour of the Supreme Court of Canada, and a member of the Alaskan Boundary Commission, who had been ill for some time and recently suffered a relapse, died at the residence of his son in London, Eng., on Saturday last. He was 73 years of age.

The 5th annual convention of the Provincial Volunteer Firemen's Association will be held at Trenton on August 4th, 5th and 6th. On the last mentioned date, which is Trenton's civic holiday, there will be a grand parade and a good programme of sports, for which valuable prizes are offered.

The Elgin Loan Co., which failed at St. Thomas a few weeks ago, is now shown by the liquidators to have a surplus. The total assets are \$356,322.48, and the liabilities \$393,402.25, leaving a surplus of \$22,920.23. Ex-manager Rowley's total defalcations are placed at \$187,620.14.

The firm of A. E. Ames & Co., stock brokers and private bankers, of Toronto, who suspended business on June 2nd, have recommended business. They have already paid their creditors 25 per cent of their indebtedness, and the balance is to be paid in six, twelve, and eighteen months, with interest at six per cent.

There was a sad drowning accident in the River Trent at Frankford on Monday last. Maggie, the two-year-old daughter of Patrick O'Sullivan, while bathing with two other girls of the same age, stumbled over a rock and fell into deep water. The others could give no assistance. The body was found half an hour later, but life was extinct.

Mrs. Hopper, of Oshawa, is 104 years old, and still retains all her faculties. She was born in Devonshire, Eng., on March 25, 1799, and has a vivid recollection of the celebration of the victory of Nelson at Trafalgar, and of the British flag at Waterloo. She was married in 1820 to Richard Hopper, of Devonshire, Eng. Nine children in the rest of the union. Her husband died in 1886, at the age of 85 years.

The Irish Color.

Green is universally regarded, says the Westminster Gazette, as the Irish color, but antiquarians say that green as the national flag of Ireland is of comparatively modern origin.

The latest authority to express an opinion on the subject is the Rev. Canon Branch, a learned member of the Royal Irish academy. He does not accept the explanation that the green flag was adopted by the United Irishmen at the close of the eighteenth century by blending the orange and the blue, the latter being regarded by some as the Irish flag.

He asserts the emerald green standard was used in Ireland in the sixteenth century, but it was not till the eighteenth century that it became the national color.

The Shark Flies the Feather.

Speaking of sharks to an old sailor, I first heard the proverb "The shark flies the feather." It appears to be true. We are acquainted with the voracity of the shark. When following a ship it will devour without discrimination any article that may be thrown overboard, such as cordage, cans, cloth, wood, shoes, knives, spoons, forks, plates, etc., but sailors declare that it will never touch a pilot fish or a fowl, either alive or dead. It avoids sea gulls, sea mews, petrels and every feathered thing. Such being the case, why do not people who bathe in shark infested waters wear a suit made of feathers?

Emphasizing a Fact.

There are peculiarities, idiosyncrasies of expression, which emphasize and accentuate facts. It is not enough to say, "he is deaf." We invariably add, "as a post." It would appear sufficient to say, "he is blind," but we prefer in nearly all cases to admit of no contradiction by announcing that he is "stone blind." To be "dead" should suffice; "dead as a doornail" clinches the fact.

Clubbing List.

The NEWS-ARGUS will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe	\$1.75
The Weekly Mail & Empire, with one premium picture	1.75
The Weekly Sun	1.80
The Family Herald & Weekly Star, with two premium pictures	1.80
The Farmers' Advocate (new subscribers)	1.80
The Toronto Star (Daily)	2.20
The Toronto Globe (Daily)	4.50

Specially low clubbing rates with the Montreal Daily or Weekly Witness.

THE

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

of Canada, Ltd.

Head Office, - Toronto.

Issue all approved forms of Policies at Lowest Rates.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

T. G. CLUTE, Agent.

Office on Mill St., Stirling.

When you Want

Cracked Barley,
" Oats,
Gluten Meal,
Victor Feed,
Bran, Shorts,
COME HERE.

We have ample stocks. You are always sure to get your load.

J. C. HANLEY & CO.,
GROCERS, FEED & SEED
MERCHANTS,
BELLEVILLE - ONT.

Underpriced Housefurnishings.

Here are a few items from our Housefurnishing Department which will show conclusively its ability to at least equal the other departments in low price value giving.

Our reputation for complete assortments necessitates the clearing of ends and odd lots which after the season's selling have dropped below this high standard. This and the necessity for valuable space now occupied by these incomplete lines, make such advantageous prices for you.

Our desire is not only to sell, but to sell quickly. The prices below should convince you we have made our best effort to make a journey to our store interesting and profitable. Bargains in every department.

- 5 only Fancy Wool Door Mats, reg. 85c. for 20c.
- 6 only Rugs, 18 in. x 36 in., assorted colors, regular 50c. for 25c.
- 5 only Fringed Axminster Rugs, 18 in. x 36 in., regular 90c. for 55c.
- A lot of choice remnants in Brussels Carpet, made up into Rugs with fringed ends, lengths from 1 to 2 yds., prices \$1.00 to \$2.00, all HALF PRICE.
- 8 only Turkish Design Rugs, 30 x 60 in., regular \$1.75 for \$1.00.
- 2 only Turkish Design Rugs, \$2.50 for \$1.50.
- 2 only Union Rugs, 2 1/2 x 8 yds., \$4.50 for \$2.50.
- Ends of Borders and Bodies in Carpets, ranging in price from 90c. to \$1.25, suitable for mats, HALF PRICE.

Half Price Covers.

An odd lot of small Table Covers which have not sold as freely as we desire.

We have cut the price in two to clear them before continual handling makes them soiled and undesirable.

Not the newest designs—still many would not be out of place in the best fitted rooms, and then the price—JUST HALF.

Odd lot of Silk, Velvet and Wool Table Covers, with and without fringe, were 95c. to \$4.50—HALF PRICE.

A desirable lot of White Bed Spreads, slightly soiled in the manufacture, size 72 x 90 in., all much below regular value price, at 95c.

The RITCHIE COMPANY Limited.

BELLEVILLE.

THE NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

To 1st of Jan. 1904, for 40c.

The Government has decided to invite the International Congress of Geologists to meet in Canada in 1906.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The GUARDIAN,
" NORWICH UNION,
" SUN,
" GORE.

FARMS FOR SALE.

HORSE " W. S. MARTIN,
Insurance Agent, STIRLING

Note Heads, Envelopes,

Billheads, Circulars,

Cards, Posters,

—AND—

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

—AT—

NEWS-ARGUS Office

PATENTS

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through MUNN & CO. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office: 225 S. St., Washington, D. C.

NEWS-ARGUS

To the end of

1903, for

40 Cts.

Subscribe now.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '04, 40c.

SAVE MONEY By JOINING the MUTUAL LITERARY-MUSIC CLUB OF AMERICA

25 Cents pays for three months' membership. Each member receives the official club organ every month, including 6 pieces of high-class vocal and instrumental new music each month, in pieces in all; also a Certificate of Membership which gives the privilege of Club Room in New York City, and of buying literature, music or musical instruments of any description at wholesale prices, saving you from 20% to 60% on your purchases. Don't fail to join today. You will get much more than your money's worth. MUTUAL LITERARY-MUSIC CLUB, Dept. 1, 130 Nassau St., N.Y.

Not How Cheap But How Good

The most successful farmers in Canada read the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. They think about their work, they act upon its teachings, and they are its greatest admirers. Its editors and contributors are specialists.

FARMER'S ADVOCATE and HOME MAGAZINE

contains the cream of agricultural thought, and practical men continue to read it because it pays them and because they want the best. We want thousands of new subscribers who will appreciate something good. The sooner you subscribe, the more you will get.

A BIG

\$1.00

OFFER.

For \$1.00 we will send to new subscribers every issue of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE from now till the end of 1903, including the beautiful Christmas Number for both years. Time is money. Read! Think! Act! Send for a free sample copy if you want to see a practical, up-to-date farmer's paper. It will please you.

ADDRESS:

The William Weld Co., Ltd. LONDON, ONTARIO.

A FREE PATTERN

(your own selection) to every subscriber. Only 50 cents a year.

McCALL'S 50th YEAR MAGAZINE

A LADIES' MAGAZINE.

A gem, beautiful colored plates; latest fashions; dressmaking economies; fancy work; household hints; fiction, etc. Subscriptions in day, or send \$5 for latest copy. Lady agents wanted. Send for terms. Stylish, Reliable, Simple, Up-to-date, Economical and Absolutely Perfect-Fitting Paper Patterns.

McCALL BAZAR PATTERNS 10c AND 15c

All Seams Allowed and Perforations show the Cutting and Sewing Lines.

Only 10 and 15 cents each—none higher. Ask for them. Send your ready money city and town, or by mail from THE McCALL CO., 113-115 West 31st St., NEW YORK.

The NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

TO JAN. 1, 1904, 40c.

Diarrhoea

When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S.

FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN Dentistry of the University of Toronto, Graduate of and Late Demonstrator in the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office—Over Parker's Drug Store. Open every day and evening.

J. McC. POTTS, M.D., C.M.

GRADUATE MEDICAL UNIVERSITY, Late House Surgeon, Montreal General Hospital; formerly resident apothecary, Montreal Maternity Hospital and Assistant in Diseases of Women in General Hospital. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Office and Residence—Front Street, Stirling.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK,

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, etc. Office—Stirling and Bancroft. J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A. HARRY L. BOLDRICK.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.

GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Toronto Medical College. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario. Office and Residence—Dr. Boulter's former residence, Stirling.

G. G. THRASHER,

SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, etc. Office over Brown & McCutcheon's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

W. J. McCAMON,

BARRISTER, ETC., RELLEVILLE, ONT. Office: McCammon Block, Cor. Front and Bridge Streets.

MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN S. BLACK,

CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR taking Affidavits. Office, over the store lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE

I. O. O. F.

Meets in the Lodge room, Conley block, EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, at 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.

DENTISTRY.

O. L. HAWLEY, L. D. S.

TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO School of Dentistry, will visit Stirling professionally, the second and last Friday in each month, until further notice.

The Dental Engine, Vitrified Air, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth. Rooms at Scott House.

Victoria and Napoleon.

Queen Victoria once gave a remarkable description of her visit to the Tomb of Napoleon I. during the reign of Napoleon III. "The coffin is not yet here," she wrote, "but in a small side chapel of St. Jerome. Into this the emperor led me, and there I stood at the arm of Napoleon III, his nephew, before the coffin of England's bitterest foe, I, the granddaughter of that king who hated him most and who most vigorously opposed him and this very nephew, who bears his name, being my nearest and dearest ally! The organ of the church was playing 'God Save the Queen' at the time, and this solemn scene took place by torchlight and during a thunderstorm. Strange and wonderful indeed!"

Willing, but Not Anxious.

Ministers sometimes observe some curious phases of human nature among persons soliciting their services in the performance of a marriage ceremony.

"Will you take this woman for your wedded wife?" asked a clergyman of a would-be bridegroom.

"Yes; I'll take her," remarked the man in a half dejected tone, "but," he added, with surprising frankness, "I'd rather it were her sister."

Worm.

"I am but a worm!" I protested, being in a groveling, penitential mood.

"Oh, I think you're just nice enough to eat, actually!" cried the faithful little wife.

"That shows you're getting to be an old hen," whimpered I, more cast down than ever.

As He Understood.

Mr. Crawford—I swan, Martha, property must be cheap up in the city.

Mrs. Crawford—What makes you think so, Sir?

Mr. Crawford—Why, the paper says they have five and ten cent stores. Man could take a dollar and buy a dozen of stores.

A Literalist.

Wealthy Citizen—But I said distinctly in my advertisement that I wanted "a reliable colored concubine," and you are a red faced Irishman.

Applaud—But, sure, Sir, isn't red as reliable a color as black?—Baltimore American.

The Acme of Meekness.

McJigger—Chicken hearted? Well, I should say; he's the limit.

Thingumbob—Is that so?

McJigger—Nothing can make him right.

Why, I've even seen him let a man climb him out of his turn in the barber shop, and he never said a word.

The Adirondack government reserve contains 1,855,861 acres, and private parks aggregate 700,000 acres. The Catskill reserve is 82,330 acres.

Jane the Unexpected.

By ANNIE P. DOBIE.

JANE THORNTON reclined at ease in the most luxurious of hammocks, on the veranda. The warm June sun tried to penetrate through the thick curtain of wisteria and Virginia creeper. Jane felt that she owed it to herself to take short easy after all her efforts of the past two weeks. She had entertained all her friends, and paid all her social debts. She felt that she could look the whole world in the face, for she owed not any man—woman either, which was more to the point. Such a time as she had had, too, with mother away in Europe, not that she was much help when she was at home—and how terribly disappointing that had been, with her father taking care of her! The very time she was most needed! Tom had done some errands and carried messages, but small brothers of twelve are not always to be counted upon. It had taken nothing of two evenings and two afternoons to get around all the people in her set. It was really an awful thing to live all one's life in a growing country town; one's circle of friends was ever growing and ever enlarging, and responsibilities were increasing. Jane was a girl of twenty, and she was a girl of the future. Her ill-health had been in everybody's debt—in everybody's, that is, but the Martins'. It was really too contemptible the way those people acted! They were asked everywhere, and never gave much as Jane felt inclined to stay and enjoy his society, she felt impelled to get away as soon as she could decently make her escape. After partaking of the ethereal viands usually served on such occasions, Jane made her adieu, excusing herself on the ground that she had many preparations to make for her intended journey.

On the way home, try as she would, she could not account for the strange feeling she had experienced at the Martins'. There was something wrong, but what? As she neared home an awful thought struck her. She hurriedly opened the door and rushed to the hall-table. There lay the pink envelope still unbroken. She hastily tore it open, and read the following:

MRS. ARNOLDI will demonstrate the uses of BARKER'S CHOCOLATE to the ladies of M. at David Young's Grocery Store, Tuesday and Wednesday next, from 2 to 6. You are cordially invited.

Jane turned cold and collapsed on the lowest step of the stair, utterly regardless of her new veil in her humiliation.

Was ever anyone in such a predicament? What would the Martins think? And Bob Martin! And she had made such a good impression. If she had only opened that envelope, and not taken so much for granted! How should she ever explain? She could not eat at dinner, thinking and planning out ways of making the matter right; and by bedtime she had in imagination apologized and explained to the Martins in about twenty different ways. Occasionally the ridiculous side of it would come uppermost and she would laugh heartily, but misery returned when she faced the real facts.

Her sleep that night was troubled, but when morning came her resolve was made. Taking the pink envelope in her hand she started out, dreading the encounter and trying to imagine what the Martins would do and say. She was shown into the drawing-room, and when Mrs. Martin came in a few minutes later Jane at once entered upon her difficult task. Of course they treated the mistake as a huge joke, and Jane soon felt quite reassured. In the midst of it all Bob Martin came in and joined in their laughter, and the end of it was that his visit was not the flying one he had intended. He lingered on in M. for some weeks longer, much to the surprise of Mrs. Skimmer and gossip of her type. Somehow Jane postponed her visit to the mountains, and when her mother returned home three months later there was a trousseau to be provided and a wedding day was fixed for the following January.

"When is it to be?" asked Jane.

"To-morrow. I met Mrs. Skimmer and she told me all about it. That woman knows everything. It's a mystery to me where she gets her news. The party is for Bob Martin, who has done so well in Vancouver. He is making a flying visit, and you know, I shall wear a pink muslin with the frills. What are you going to do this afternoon, Jane?"

"Nothing in particular. I am going to the Willsons' for a while this evening, but shall come home early."

"I promised in a moment of weakness to take Bee and Jacky to the Beach this afternoon," said Eleanor. "I can't get out of it. Come along and help me take care of them. We can have tea there and you can go to the Willsons' after."

"Very well," said Jane. "I shall meet you on the two o'clock boat. The sail will do me good."

Eleanor went off, leaving Jane to review the possibilities of her wardrobe in the event of her being invited to the Martins'. Her blue muslin with the frills was still fresh, but then pale blue was rather trying to any but the most youthful complexion by daylight. Why not wear her cream voile with the medallions at the Mountain House, and she might as well look her best, especially as Bob Martin would be there. One cannot afford to overlook possibilities when one is a lady.

When Tommy came in to lunch the pink envelope was not forthcoming. Jane felt some misgivings; but when she questioned him and found that he had been chum, Dick Winkles all morning with the young Smith fast asleep on her hands, Jane hurried on to the Willsons', where she spent the evening, and twelve o'clock was just chiming out as she reached home, weary in every limb.

As she passed through the hall on her way upstairs she glanced at the little table where the family letters were al-

ways placed—there, sure enough, was the pink envelope directed to her in a neat hand!

Next morning Jane awoke late, and had to rush about to keep her appointments at various dressmakers' and dry goods shops. Several times she met Besa Martin, who greeted her with the most engaging of smiles. She was late for luncheon, and had barely time to snatch a little rest before it was time to dress for the Martins' party.

This was a very important ceremony. Baths and washings of hair and arrangement of lace absorb a large amount of time, but when at last Miss Thornton sallied forth she was well satisfied with the result. To see her glancing leisurely along, the perfection of grace and elegance, one could never have guessed how hard it had been to get her back hair done at the proper angle or the fearful struggle she had had in getting arrayed in her new voile.

When she reached her destination the party was in progress. Some of the younger guests were playing tennis, while others were scattered in groups on the lawn. The older ladies preferred to remain chatting idly or hugging the verandas, trying to look as if they were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Jane made her way to the drawing-room, where the Martins were receiving their guests. As they greeted her she was conscious of a peculiar note in their cordiality, a vague indefinable something which quickly communicated itself to her. A sort of veiled surprise, impossible to explain or describe. She felt present to the cousin, who proved to be a fine-looking man of simple manners, whom one was at ease in a moment. But much as Jane felt inclined to stay and enjoy his society, she felt impelled to get away as soon as she could decently make her escape. After partaking of the ethereal viands usually served on such occasions, Jane made her adieu, excusing herself on the ground that she had many preparations to make for her intended journey.

On the way home, try as she would, she could not account for the strange feeling she had experienced at the Martins'. There was something wrong, but what? As she neared home an awful thought struck her. She hurriedly opened the door and rushed to the hall-table. There lay the pink envelope still unbroken. She hastily tore it open, and read the following:

MRS. ARNOLDI will demonstrate the uses of BARKER'S CHOCOLATE to the ladies of M. at David Young's Grocery Store, Tuesday and Wednesday next, from 2 to 6. You are cordially invited.

Jane turned cold and collapsed on the lowest step of the stair, utterly regardless of her new veil in her humiliation.

Was ever anyone in such a predicament? What would the Martins think? And Bob Martin! And she had made such a good impression. If she had only opened that envelope, and not taken so much for granted! How should she ever explain? She could not eat at dinner, thinking and planning out ways of making the matter right; and by bedtime she had in imagination apologized and explained to the Martins in about twenty different ways. Occasionally the ridiculous side of it would come uppermost and she would laugh heartily, but misery returned when she faced the real facts.

Her sleep that night was troubled, but when morning came her resolve was made. Taking the pink envelope in her hand she started out, dreading the encounter and trying to imagine what the Martins would do and say. She was shown into the drawing-room, and when Mrs. Martin came in a few minutes later Jane at once entered upon her difficult task. Of course they treated the mistake as a huge joke, and Jane soon felt quite reassured. In the midst of it all Bob Martin came in and joined in their laughter, and the end of it was that his visit was not the flying one he had intended. He lingered on in M. for some weeks longer, much to the surprise of Mrs. Skimmer and gossip of her type. Somehow Jane postponed her visit to the mountains, and when her mother returned home three months later there was a trousseau to be provided and a wedding day was fixed for the following January.

"When is it to be?" asked Jane.

"To-morrow. I met Mrs. Skimmer and she told me all about it. That woman knows everything. It's a mystery to me where she gets her news. The party is for Bob Martin, who has done so well in Vancouver. He is making a flying visit, and you know, I shall wear a pink muslin with the frills. What are you going to do this afternoon, Jane?"

"Nothing in particular. I am going to the Willsons' for a while this evening, but shall come home early."

"I promised in a moment of weakness to take Bee and Jacky to the Beach this afternoon," said Eleanor. "I can't get out of it. Come along and help me take care of them. We can have tea there and you can go to the Willsons' after."

"Very well," said Jane. "I shall meet you on the two o'clock boat. The sail will do me good."

Eleanor went off, leaving Jane to review the possibilities of her wardrobe in the event of her being invited to the Martins'. Her blue muslin with the frills was still fresh, but then pale blue was rather trying to any but the most youthful complexion by daylight. Why not wear her cream voile with the medallions at the Mountain House, and she might as well look her best, especially as Bob Martin would be there. One cannot afford to overlook possibilities when one is a lady.

When Tommy came in to lunch the pink envelope was not forthcoming. Jane felt some misgivings; but when she questioned him and found that he had been chum, Dick Winkles all morning with the young Smith fast asleep on her hands, Jane hurried on to the Willsons', where she spent the evening, and twelve o'clock was just chiming out as she reached home, weary in every limb.

As she passed through the hall on her way upstairs she glanced at the little table where the family letters were al-

ways placed—there, sure enough, was the pink envelope directed to her in a neat hand!

Next morning Jane awoke late, and had to rush about to keep her appointments at various dressmakers' and dry goods shops. Several times she met Besa Martin, who greeted her with the most engaging of smiles. She was late for luncheon, and had barely time to snatch a little rest before it was time to dress for the Martins' party.

This was a very important ceremony. Baths and washings of hair and arrangement of lace absorb a large amount of time, but when at last Miss Thornton sallied forth she was well satisfied with the result. To see her glancing leisurely along, the perfection of grace and elegance, one could never have guessed how hard it had been to get her back hair done at the proper angle or the fearful struggle she had had in getting arrayed in her new voile.

When she reached her destination the party was in progress. Some of the younger guests were playing tennis, while others were scattered in groups on the lawn. The older ladies preferred to remain chatting idly or hugging the verandas, trying to look as if they were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Jane made her way to the drawing-room, where the Martins were receiving their guests. As they greeted her she was conscious of a peculiar note in their cordiality, a vague indefinable something which quickly communicated itself to her. A sort of veiled surprise, impossible to explain or describe. She felt present to the cousin, who proved to be a fine-looking man of simple manners, whom one was at ease in a moment. But much as Jane felt inclined to stay and enjoy his society, she felt impelled to get away as soon as she could decently make her escape. After partaking of the ethereal viands usually served on such occasions, Jane made her adieu, excusing herself on the ground that she had many preparations to make for her intended journey.

On the way home, try as she would, she could not account for the strange feeling she had experienced at the Martins'. There was something wrong, but what? As she neared home an awful thought struck her. She hurriedly opened the door and rushed to the hall-table. There lay the pink envelope still unbroken. She hastily tore it open, and read the following:

MRS. ARNOLDI will demonstrate the uses of BARKER'S CHOCOLATE to the ladies of M. at David Young's Grocery Store, Tuesday and Wednesday next, from 2 to 6. You are cordially invited.

Jane turned cold and collapsed on the lowest step of the stair, utterly regardless of her new veil in her humiliation.

Was ever anyone in such a predicament? What would the Martins think? And Bob Martin! And she had made such a good impression. If she had only opened that envelope, and not taken so much for granted! How should she ever explain? She could not eat at dinner, thinking and planning out ways of making the matter right; and by bedtime she had in imagination apologized and explained to the Martins in about twenty different ways. Occasionally the ridiculous side of it would come uppermost and she would laugh heartily, but misery returned when she faced the real facts.

Her sleep that night was troubled, but when morning came her resolve was made. Taking the pink envelope in her hand she started out, dreading the encounter and trying to imagine what the Martins would do and say. She was shown into the drawing-room, and when Mrs. Martin came in a few minutes later Jane at once entered upon her difficult task. Of course they treated the mistake as a huge joke, and Jane soon felt quite reassured. In the midst of it all Bob Martin came in and joined in their laughter, and the end of it was that his visit was not the flying one he had intended. He lingered on in M. for some weeks longer, much to the surprise of Mrs. Skimmer and gossip of her type. Somehow Jane postponed her visit to the mountains, and when her mother returned home three months later there was a trousseau to be provided and a wedding day was fixed for the following January.

"When is it to be?" asked Jane.

"To-morrow. I met Mrs. Skimmer and she told me all about it. That woman knows everything. It's a mystery to me where she gets her news. The party is for Bob Martin, who has done so well in Vancouver. He is making a flying visit, and you know, I shall wear a pink muslin with the frills. What are you going to do this afternoon, Jane?"

"Nothing in particular. I am going to the Willsons' for a while this evening, but shall come home early."

"I promised in a moment of weakness to take Bee and Jacky to the Beach this afternoon," said Eleanor. "I can't get out of it. Come along and help me take care of them. We can have tea there and you can go to the Willsons' after."

"Very well," said Jane. "I shall meet you on the two o'clock boat. The sail will do me good."

Eleanor went off, leaving Jane to review the possibilities of her wardrobe in the event of her being invited to the Martins'. Her blue muslin with the frills was still fresh, but then pale blue was rather trying to any but the most youthful complexion by daylight. Why not wear her cream voile with the medallions at the Mountain House, and she might as well look her best, especially as Bob Martin would be there. One cannot afford to overlook possibilities when one is a lady.

When Tommy came in to lunch the pink envelope was not forthcoming. Jane felt some misgivings; but when she questioned him and found that he had been chum, Dick Winkles all morning with the young Smith fast asleep on her hands, Jane hurried on to the Willsons', where she spent the evening, and twelve o'clock was just chiming out as she reached home, weary in every limb.

As she passed through the hall on her way upstairs she glanced at the little table where the family letters were al-

ways placed—there, sure enough, was the pink envelope directed to her in a neat hand!

Next morning Jane awoke late, and had to rush about to keep her appointments at various dressmakers' and dry goods shops. Several times she met Besa Martin, who greeted her with the most engaging of smiles. She was late for luncheon, and had barely time to snatch a little rest before it was time to dress for the Martins' party.

This was a very important ceremony. Baths and washings of hair and arrangement of lace absorb a large amount of time, but when at last Miss Thornton sallied forth she was well satisfied with the result. To see her glancing leisurely along, the perfection of grace and elegance, one could never have guessed how hard it had been to get her back hair done at the proper angle or the fearful struggle she had had in getting arrayed in her new voile.

When she reached her destination the party was in progress. Some of the younger guests were playing tennis, while others were scattered in groups on the lawn. The older ladies preferred to remain chatting idly or hugging the verandas, trying to look as if they were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Jane made her way to the drawing-room, where the Martins were receiving their guests. As they greeted her she was conscious of a peculiar note in their cordiality, a vague indefinable something which quickly communicated itself to her. A sort of veiled surprise, impossible to explain or describe. She felt present to the cousin, who proved to be a fine-looking man of simple manners, whom one was at ease in a moment. But much as Jane felt inclined to stay and enjoy his society, she felt impelled to get away as soon as she could decently make her escape. After partaking of the ethereal viands usually served on such occasions, Jane made her adieu, excusing herself on the ground that she had many preparations to make for her intended journey.

On the way home, try as she would, she could not account for the strange feeling she had experienced at the Martins'. There was something wrong, but what? As she neared home an awful thought struck her. She hurriedly opened the door and rushed to the hall-table. There lay the pink envelope still unbroken. She hastily tore it open, and read the following:

MRS. ARNOLDI will demonstrate the uses of BARKER'S CHOCOLATE to the ladies of M. at David Young's Grocery Store, Tuesday and Wednesday next, from 2 to 6. You are cordially invited.

Jane turned cold and collapsed on the lowest step of the stair, utterly regardless of her new veil in her humiliation.

Was ever anyone in such a predicament? What would the Martins think? And Bob Martin! And she had made such a good impression. If she had only opened that envelope, and not taken so much for granted! How should she ever explain? She could not eat at dinner, thinking and planning out ways of making the matter right; and by bedtime she had in imagination apologized and explained to the Martins in about twenty different ways. Occasionally the ridiculous side of it would come uppermost and she would laugh heartily, but misery returned when she faced the real facts.

Her sleep that night was troubled, but when morning came her resolve was made. Taking the pink envelope in her hand she started out, dreading the encounter and trying to imagine what the Martins would do and say. She was shown into the drawing-room, and when Mrs. Martin came in a few minutes later Jane at once entered upon her difficult task. Of course they treated the mistake as a huge joke, and Jane soon felt quite reassured. In the midst of it all Bob Martin came in and joined in their laughter, and the end of it was that his visit was not the flying one he had intended. He lingered on in M. for some weeks longer, much to the surprise of Mrs. Skimmer and gossip of her type. Somehow Jane postponed her visit to the mountains, and when her mother returned home three months later there was a trousseau to be provided and a wedding day was fixed for the following January.

"When is it to be?" asked Jane.

"To-morrow. I met Mrs. Skimmer and she told me all about it. That woman knows everything. It's a mystery to me where she gets her news. The party is for Bob Martin, who has done so well in Vancouver. He is making a flying visit, and you know, I shall wear a pink muslin with the frills. What are you going to do this afternoon, Jane?"

"Nothing in particular. I am going to the Willsons' for a while this evening, but shall come home early."

"I promised in a moment of weakness to take Bee and Jacky to the Beach this afternoon," said Eleanor. "I can't get out of it. Come along and help me take care of them. We can have tea there and you can go to the Willsons' after."

"Very well," said Jane. "I shall meet you on the two o'clock boat. The sail will do me good."

Eleanor went off, leaving Jane to review the possibilities of her wardrobe in the event of her being invited to the Martins'. Her blue muslin with the frills was still fresh, but then pale blue was rather trying to any but the most youthful complexion by daylight. Why not wear her cream voile with the medallions at the Mountain House, and she might as well look her best, especially as Bob Martin would be there. One cannot afford to overlook possibilities when one is a lady.

VIOLIT

By FREDERICK WHITE

Copyright, 1907, by T. C. McNeill

She did not understand the significance of her name, this child of the streets and tenements, and it is doubtful if her parents did.

"Violit," as the other children called her, was not either sweet or beautiful, nor was she expressive. Children were cheap in that neighborhood, and their keep was the dearest thing about them. Violit's parents were good to her in their way—as good as they could afford to be—but work and food were the pressing things in life, and she was only one of five.

Violit was eight years old and possessed of a surprising vocabulary for one of her age. She could swear fluently in English and even in Yiddish when occasion demanded, although it is doubtful if she appreciated the meaning of the words she used except as a means of retort under certain conditions. These conditions arose fre-

quently in the course of her day, for she played and fought with many children, and one must have an effective counter-irritant on hand when one is irritated. If Rosa Lichtenstein rushed up the narrow stairs to her mother's room, crying as if her heart would break, it is safe to assume that Violit had called her some dreadful foreign name which Rosa understood better than Violit did. Violit had the faculty of applying certain epithets to certain people and always to the anguish of mind of the recipient.

Had she attended school she might possibly have learned some little consideration for the feelings of others, but her only classroom was the street and her one study to look out for herself. By some look or crook the truant officer had passed her by, and she rejoiced in her freedom and felt a certain contempt for the restraints imposed upon other children.

One morning she sat upon the curbstone eating a raw carrot which she had surreptitiously removed from a buxster's cart. It was very good, that carrot, and she had the added satisfaction of knowing that in eating it she had outwitted a grown up.

The sun was warm, the street full of life and movement. No one bothered her. Children eating and playing in the gutter were too common a sight to attract attention.

Violit's sharp eyes caught a glimpse of something unusual coming down the street. It was a shiny open wagon, with a beautifully dressed man driving a shiny pair of horses. In the wagon were two ladies, also beautifully dressed. The carriage drew up before a house a few doors from where she sat gazing with wide open eyes at this vision of glory from that unknown land "uptown."

Violit had no false modesty. She stared curiously at the carriage and its occupants. One of the ladies stepped down and, crossing the sidewalk, disappeared in the door of a tenement. The other, a younger woman, settled back in the cushions and looked curiously about her.

Violit, having finished her carrot, scrambled to her feet and proceeded to examine the vision in the carriage. The man was beautifully dressed and wore a hat with feathers on it. She had a bunch of blue flowers in the front of her dress.

Violit drew nearer. She concentrated her attention on the gentleman holding the reins, much to his embarrassment.

"Come here, child, and tell me your name," Violit looked up. It was the vision who was speaking, and the remark was evidently intended for her. Violit hesitated. She felt scared for some unknown reason.

"Will you not tell me your name?" said the soft, beautiful voice again, while the vision's eyes rested, half curiously, half pityingly, on the dirty lit figure below her.

"Violit!" That is a very pretty name. Would you not like to have some of your little namesakes?" and the vision

draw some of the blue flowers from her breast and held them out invitingly. Violit lunged her head out, she was afraid or ashamed or—something unusual. "Won't you smell them?" said the vision, smiling.

Violit drew back. She knew that trick and would not be fooled. It was easy to conceal a pin in a flower and to smell meat at a scratched nose. She was on her guard now and consequently more at ease. "Now," she said, "I don't want 'em."

"Oh, but I think you do. They are cause, you must love them, because you are named for them, you know," she placed the cluster on the step of the ladder.

Violit drew nearer. She was becoming interested. She understood vaguely that the flowers were called by her name. With a dart and a clutch she had them and then sprang quickly back out of reach. The vision looked surprised and a little amused. The gentleman holding the reins looked disgusted.

Violit, having discovered that there was no hidden sting in the fragrant blossoms, held them to her face and sniffed. As the perfume stole over her something seemed to come up in her throat. She felt queer. She would have cried, but nothing was hurting her, so she refrained.

The vision noticed some subtle change in the child's face and wondered. She realized that this forlorn little being was undergoing an experience of some kind. "I am very glad you like them, my dear," she said kindly. "I always think they are the most beautiful flower of all, and you should be very glad that you have the same name. They are so sweet, so beautiful, so good, that you must try to be as sweet and beautiful and good too. Then every one will love you and love to have you near them."

Violit's eyes were fixed upon the vision in wide open wonder. No one had ever talked to her like this before. No flowers had ever smelled like these before, and they were hers or she was theirs. This much she understood, and if she was good she would be sweet and beautiful like they were. That is what the vision had told her. And of course the vision knew. It was an entirely new idea, to be sweet and beautiful like these and the vision. She stared at the flowers in her hand, then at the lady in the carriage and took to her heels.

In a sheltered nook behind a coal bin in front of the corner grocery Violit hugged the idea and the flowers to her heart. Visions of what might be came to her. She saw green fields and trees, beautiful houses and broad roads. She saw herself good, sweet and beautiful, riding in a shiny carriage with shiny horses and a shiny gentleman in front dispensing violets to Rosa Lichtenstein, Mamie Sullivan, Annie Meyers, and even Tommy Smith. She revelled in the scent of the flowers in her hands. She kissed them, fondled them and called them by endearing names.

That was a memorable afternoon on one downtown block. Peace and happiness were diffused lavishly by Violit to all with whom she came in contact. Not a quarrel, not a harsh word, marred the serenity of the neighborhood. She displayed her treasures and told the story to Rosa. She also intimated that perhaps a rose might prove a saving means of grace for her. Rosa was deeply impressed by the idea and the evident reformation. Virtue was in the very air, and wickedness hid its head in despair.

The next morning Rosa came down the steps, her face newly washed, her black hair in two tight little braids.

"Yah, yah, Shenny Rosa!" sang a well known voice.

Rosa, huddled and startled, looked down at a red tongue stuck provocatively in her direction. She was dazed. Affairs were moving too rapidly for her comprehension.

Kaiser and Cat.

While the German Emperor was in Rome there occurred an incident amusingly illustrating the proverb that "a cat may look at a king." In the room containing the bust of the Emperor, the Kaiser's drawings and sketches, and a cat is kept to warn all rodents. The Kaiser was conducted into this room to sign the visitors' book, and found puss stretched at full length on the chair placed for the use of callers. As the cat merely looked a look of supreme indifference and declined to move, the Emperor yielded the seat. Pussing the animal on the head, he laughingly leant over the chair and signed the book standing.

COULD NOT SLEEP.

ON ACCOUNT OF HEADACHES AND PAINS IN THE SIDE.

The Sad Condition of a Bright Little Girl Until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to Her Rescue.

Many young girls, seemingly in the best of health, suddenly grow listless and sad. The color leaves their cheeks; they become thin, have little or no appetite, and suffer from headaches and other bodily pain. Such was the case of Jessie, youngest daughter of Mr. Chas. Cobleigh, Eaton Corner, Que. Speaking of his daughter's illness and subsequent cure, Mr. Cobleigh says: "Up to the age of eleven, Jessie had always enjoyed the best of health and took great pleasure in out-of-door play. Suddenly, however, she seemed to lose her energy; her appetite failed her; she grew thin and pale; slept badly at night, and complained of distressing headaches in the morning. We thought that rest would be beneficial to her, and so kept her from school, but instead of regaining her strength, she grew weaker and weaker. To make matters worse, she began to suffer from pains in the side, which were almost past endurance. At this stage we decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After a couple of weeks, the good effect of this medicine was decidedly apparent. Jessie became more cheerful, her sleep quicker, her eyes were brighter and she seemed more like her former self. We continued giving her the pills for several weeks longer, until we felt that she had fully recovered her health and strength. I honestly believe had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, my daughter would not have recovered her health and strength, and I shall always have a good word to say for this medicine."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles that arise from poverty of the blood or weak nerves. Among such troubles are: Headaches, anæmia, headache, neuralgia, erysipelas, rheumatism, heart ailments, dyspepsia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, and the ailments that render miserable the lives of so many women. Be sure you get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

SING ON, OH CHILDREN!

Little Muriel was radiant on her return from school one day last week.

"We learnt a new song this morning, mummy!" she announced.

Mummy expressed her exceeding joy at the news, and thinking that probably Muriel's dainty little finger-jamper had been kept out of the domestic jam-pot she were employed, she asked to hear it.

Muriel garnered a halfpenny in consideration of the effort she would have to make, and then stood upon the customary chair.

"This is it, mummy!" she said, and the little voice was upraised to song:

"I am a little greenhorn,
Among a half of cheese,
And—"

"Oh, I don't know any more, mummy! But isn't it a funny song?"

Mummy agreed that it was certainly a funny song—so funny, indeed, that she considered further investigation necessary. But she felt somewhat relieved to find that Muriel had mistaken the words of the melody, which was really a highly moral ditty.

"I am a little greenhorn,
Among a half of cheese,
And—"

"Oh, I don't know any more, mummy! But isn't it a funny song?"

Mummy agreed that it was certainly a funny song—so funny, indeed, that she considered further investigation necessary. But she felt somewhat relieved to find that Muriel had mistaken the words of the melody, which was really a highly moral ditty.

WHAT A MOTHER SAYS.

"It gives me great pleasure to say a good word for Baby's Own Tablets. At the age of two months my baby was greatly constipated. He could not digest his food and screamed incessantly. I was almost in despair, but since giving him the Tablets he has been well and is growing splendidly. Such is the testimony of Mrs. B. Craig, 329 Bathurst street, Toronto, and thousands of other mothers speak in a similar strain.

Summer is here and mothers should take special pains to guard their little ones against illness. At this season infant mortality is at its greatest; colic, diarrhoea and summer complaints can be guarded against and prevented by the use of Baby's Own Tablets. Keep a box in the house so they may save your little one's life. Sold by druggists or may be had by mail, at 25 cents a box by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada's" Green tea.



More than half the battle in cleaning greasy dishes is in the soap you use. If it's Sunlight Soap it's the best!

clean into cooling rig." His descriptive powers of personal appearance are good, though not always flattering. "For instance, a fellow with 'stunails' is a person afflicted with protuberant ears, while a man 'whose chest has slipped' is one with a corporation, or, as I once heard it described by an officer, as rather given to 'en-ping-pong.' 'Rorty' is a devil-may-care, while 'Jack Challow' practically is the same thing. I have heard that there was once a famous character, noted for his recklessness, who bore that name.

GRABBIES AND FATH.
"A Callao ship" is a ship where discipline is slack—in fact, where everybody does pretty much as he likes. This term is nearly extinct, as are also ships of that class. "A gobby ship" applies to the coast-guard ships round our coasts, while a "bug-trap" is the name given to gunboats, as these were greatly used on foreign and hot stations. I think there is no need to seek further for the derivation. A soldier is called a "Grabby" if he is not going to give the derivation of this for fear of insulting my sister service. Engineers used to be called "Fats"; they now rejoice in the title of engineer sub-lieutenants, engineer lieutenants, etc., up to the rank of engineer admiral, so we shall have to find a new name for them, as the nickname "Fat" would be unsuitable for so important an officer.

The chaplain, as every one knows, has from time immemorial been called "the sky pilot," an expressive and suitable title. He has been irreverently dubbed "Holy Joe," but the name he is given now-a-days, and which I think is best of all, is the "Padre."

The "Bundelman" is he who is blessed with a wife. The origin of the term is unknown, but as the wife is certainly not the "man" part of it, we can only conclude that she must be the "bundle."

SICK TWO YEARS BUT WAS CURED

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CREDITED WITH ANOTHER VICTORY OVER LUMBAGO.

John Ball, a Quebec Bricklayer, Tells How His Troubles Vanished When He Tried the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Quebec, July 13.—(Special).—One more remarkable cure has been marked up to the credit of Dodd's Kidney Pills in this city. John Ball, bricklayer, of 57 Little Champlain street, is the man cured. Interviewed regarding the matter he said:

"I have been troubled with Lumbago for two years and could not do my work. I was also suffering from urinary troubles and had to get up at night so much that my rest was spoiled.

"I bought one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills and after I had used them began to see and feel a change. I have used three boxes and I am now cured."

Similar cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills are reported so frequently that it seems safe to say that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any form of Kidney Complaint or any disease caused by disordered Kidneys.

"What course should a lawyer pursue when called on to defend a man whom he knows to be guilty?" asked the examiner of the New Lexington applicant. The examined scratched his head a moment and answered: "Charge him double, of course."

BINDER TALK.

Some of the important features of the Massey-Harris Binder are: **FOLDING DIVIDERS.**—The bolts or nuts to unscrew. You merely release a spring on the outside Divider and unhook the inside one to fold them. A youngster can do it easily and properly. The Dividers are very rigid in their working positions, and remain at whatever angle they are folded over the conveyor canvas.

FLOATING ELEVATORS.—They literally float. The grain cannot stick or choke in the Massey-Harris elevator, no matter how much it is bunched.

SIMPLE KNOTTER.—Capable of adjustment to take up wear.

WHEEL.—Suited for handling crops under all conditions of weather or land. It will pick up tangled or laid grain and lay it neatly on the table. It also handles long or short grain with splendid success.

ROLLER BEARINGS throughout to lighten the draft and make the work easy for the horses. The beasts know when they are hitched to a Massey-Harris—it runs so easily.

It annoys a woman after she has had a child christened by some romantic Indian name to learn that the name translated means old boots.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

KISS KILLED 200 PERSONS.

One of the most fatal kisses ever known was that given by a young Spaniard sailor to his fiancée, nine years ago, for it brought about the destruction of a town. The Macedonia, a Spanish vessel, put into the little seaport of Florida, flying the yellow flag, and was accordingly ordered to remain in quarantine, for more than one member of the crew exhibited symptoms of bubonic plague. But the sailor in question disobeyed orders, and put off in a boat for the shore one evening, where, having sought out his fiancée, whom he had not seen for some years, he embraced her. A few days later the effects of the kiss became painfully evident, though the culprit returned to the ship by stealth the same night. The girl succumbed to the plague which spread through the town, no one rapidly than more than 200 persons died out of a total population of 1,500.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We have undergone the most severe tests. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their name. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Golding (who has given his consent) "I hope, young man, that you know the value of the prize. You will get it in my daughter?" Young Man—"Well—er—no, sir; I don't know the exact value; but as near as I can find out it's in the neighborhood of \$25,000."

ENGLISH SPAIN LINIMENT

Removes all hard, soft or calloused corns and blisters from hands, feet, spavins, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. It is the most wonderful Spanish Cure ever known.

"I have here," said the industrious book-agent, "a volume which is especially helpful to business men. I'm certain it would benefit you if—" "Can't you mention any business man it has benefited?" broke in the sceptical one in the office chair. "Sure. There's me, for instance. I get a big commission."

Baldock, June 11, 1897.

A. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Dear Sirs,—MINARD'S LINIMENT is my remedy for NEURALGIA.

It relieves at once.

A. S. McDONALD

Mamma—"Well, Charles, I'll give you this time; and it's very pretty of you to write a letter saying you are sorry." Charles—"Yes, ma, but don't tear it up, please." Mamma—"Why, Charles?" Charles—"Because it will do for the next time."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Visitor—"You don't mean to tell me that you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for fifteen years?" Citizen—"I have, for a certainty." Visitor—"I'm surprised. I can't see what you can find here to keep you busy." Citizen—"Neither can I. That's why I like it."

For Over Sixty Years.

A. S. McDONALD writes: "I have used Minard's Liniment for over sixty years, and it has cured me of many ailments. It is a most valuable remedy for all kinds of neuralgia, rheumatism, and other pains. I have used it on my family, and it has always proved successful. I have used it on my horses, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my dogs, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cats, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my birds, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fish, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my reptiles, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my insects, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my plants, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my trees, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fields, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my gardens, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my lawns, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my parks, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my forests, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my mountains, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my valleys, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my rivers, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my lakes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my seas, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my oceans, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my planets, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my stars, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my galaxies, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my universe, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my world, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my life, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my death, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my soul, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my spirit, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my mind, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my heart, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my lungs, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my stomach, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my intestines, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my bladder, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my kidneys, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my liver, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my spleen, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my pancreas, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my gallbladder, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my prostate, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my testicles, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my cervix, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my uterus, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my ovaries, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my fallopian tubes, and it has cured many of their ailments. I have used it on my vagina, and it has cured many of their ailments. I

HAMMOCK SALE.

Extra size Hammocks, with valance, pillow and double stretchers, fancy colors. VERY LOW PRICES.

Pure Paris Green, Bluestone and Hellebore.

—SPECIAL PRICES ON—

PURE WHITE LEAD,
PURE LINSEED OIL,
VARNISHES, BRUSHES, etc.

CHAS. E. PARKER,

PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

BINDER TWINE.

We handle McCORMICK TWINE, THE BEST ON EARTH, because it runs easier, pulls stronger and gives better satisfaction than any other on the market. Give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we can suit you in quality as well as price.

We are also prepared to meet your demands for HARVEST TOOLS, as our stock is complete.

We are also headquarters for Massey-Harris Repairs.

H. & J. WARREN,
HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE, MILL STREET.

(THE FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES

AN URGENT APPEAL FOR HELP.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—I take the liberty of soliciting your aid in raising funds for the maintenance of the Free Hospital for Consumptives. On account of our need, we find it necessary to make an urgent appeal to the public.

Permit me to state that the sum of \$150,000 has already been invested in the two Gravenhurst institutions and property just outside of Toronto on which to erect a home for advanced or incurable cases of consumption. The maintenance of the existing institutions necessitates an expenditure of over \$50,000 per annum, and to-day there is a debt of \$73,000, in the form of an overdraft, for which the Bank demands settlement, and so we need the help of all.

Seven years ago, consumption was commonly believed to be incurable. The Toronto Globe, commenting editorially on our proposition to erect a consumptive sanatorium, said: "The consumptive is under sentence of death." It was soon shown, however, by the cures effected in the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, that a great field for useful work had been opened. But the demand for increased accommodation, and the cry for help from those who could not afford to pay, became so urgent, that the trustees decided to open a second home, which was located within a mile of the parent institution. Since we first began our work nearly eight hundred patients have been cared for; and the medical records show that of this number a large percentage have been completely cured, and others sent home so greatly improved that they were able to return to their regular work.

There is no other hospital for consumptives in Canada. The demands are, therefore, urgent. Our board of trustees, who had already given freely of their time and money, having faith that the people of Canada would come to their relief, and pressed by the urgency of the needs of the hospital, incurred this debt which must now be provided for. We have no endowment, nor money with which to care for the large number of patients who are now in the hospital and not able to pay a single cent towards their maintenance and treatment.

In Canada alone 8,000 die of this disease annually, and it has been shown by experience and results of our work that the greater number of these could be saved, if promptly treated. One hope—the only hope—is in the philanthropy of our people and their knowledge of our needs, and we appeal to you to help us to make these needs so known that all may be impelled to help. Do not let those who cannot give large amounts feel they cannot help; all gifts are helpful.

I am, yours faithfully,

Toronto.

W. J. GAGE.

P.S.—I forward a form of Subscription Blank which may be of convenience to your readers. Contributions, no matter how small, will be gratefully acknowledged by the writer, or Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Kt., Chief Justice, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

Dear Sir,

I have pleasure in enclosing the sum of

(\$.....) as a contribution

to the maintenance of the NEW FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Name.....

Address.....

The Ontario Lord's Day act has been declared ultra vires by the Imperial Privy Council.

Mr. Chamberlain states that Glasgow got a Canadian contract for locomotives solely on account of the preference.

The removal of the canal tolls has had the effect of causing about two-thirds of Montreal's exported grain to come along the St. Lawrence route via Kingston, from which town 800,000 bushels were shipped to Montreal on Monday.

Reports from the Niagara district state that the peach crop will be abundant. Peas are reported to be a little on the light side, though some good authorities think an average crop will be realized. More grapes than ever are being planted, and this year the vines are already heavy with the half-formed fruit, promising a tremendous yield. Apples, too, will be plentiful, though not so numerous as last year, when there were more than the farmers knew what to do with.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 75 cents per line. Matter not in larger than ordinary type, 10c. per line. To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
Mail & Ex. 6:27 a.m. Accom. 10:35 a.m.
Accom. 6:43 p.m. Mail & Ex. 8:43 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1903.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Wellman's Sunday School will hold their annual lawn social on Friday evening, August 21st.

Negligee Shirts, dandies for 50c. Ward's Services will be held as usual in the Presbyterian Church during the absence of Rev. Mr. Burns.

Straw Hats, Cool Hats, any hat you want to wear, at any price, 5c. to \$2.50, at Ward's.

The Orangemen of Stirling and vicinity went to Marmora via C. O. R., to celebrate on Monday. They speak rather disparagingly of the accommodation furnished by the railway for the trip.

Fred. Ward has the best 50c. suit Summer Underwear in town.

Mr. Gillies Eadie, B. A., of Knox College, conducted the services in St. Andrew's Church last Sunday. He addressed meetings through the week in the interest of the Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

There is a plentiful crop of weeds along some of our streets, and in vacant lots, as well as on some lots that are not vacant, that should be cut down before going to seed. The authorities would do well to look after the matter.

Stirling Lodge No. 239, I. O. O. F.

A full attendance of members is requested on Wednesday evening next, July 22, as special business of importance will be brought before the Lodge.

The prize lists for the North Hastings Exhibition are nearly ready and will be issued in a day or two. Several changes and additions have been made, and the prize lists being issued much earlier competitors will have a better chance to prepare exhibits.

The Household Furniture (complete) of the late J. W. Bygott will be sold by Public Auction, at his late residence, in about 3 weeks' time. First-class piano among the effects. Date of sale will be given later.

The Sovereign Life Assurance Company of Canada has issued a very handsome calendar. This company is one of the newest, but is rapidly forging ahead, and promises soon to be one of the leading Canadian companies. Mr. T. G. Clute is agent for this village and vicinity.

Kindergarten Class.

Miss Robinson has opened her holiday school for the little ones, in the Primary Room of the Public School. Hours from 10 to 12 a.m. every day, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. Terms, 25c. per week. Also, at the same hours, for older girls, a class in sewing and fancy work, terms the same.

The provisions of the Fisheries Act, prohibiting the sale of speckled trout, bass and maskinonge, has been extended for three years, viz: to the 1st July 1906. This will be news to a number of local fishermen who were under the impression that the restriction expired at the end of the past month.

Among the many attractive prizes given by the North Hastings Agricultural Society this year, is a special prize of Twenty-five Dollars donated by the Sovereign Bank of Canada to the Cheese Department. The competition is open to all the factories on the Stirling Cheese Board, and from all accounts every factory will be in for the prize.

The Montreal Daily Herald has sent to England one of its editorial staff—Mr. J. C. Walsh—to interview English public men in regard to Mr. Chamberlain's preferential trade proposals, and to estimate, as well as may be, the weight of the forces working for and against the proposition. As Mr. Walsh will naturally represent the Canadian point of view, his interviews should elicit responses peculiarly interesting to Canadians. His letters will begin in The Herald in the course of a few days.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Board on the 15th inst., 1139 boxes of cheese were boarded as follows:

1 Cook's.....	50
2 Central.....	134
3 Enterprise.....	90
4 Evergreen.....	100
5 Harold.....	80
6 Kingston.....	50
7 Staron.....	50
8 Maple Leaf.....	120
9 Monarch.....	50
10 Riverside.....	50
11 Shamrock.....	100
12 Spring Brook.....	90
13 Stirling.....	90
14 West Huntingdon.....	90
15 Glen.....	50

Buyers present—Bird, Cook, Kerr, Rollins and Whittom.
All sold as follows:—Cook got 880 boxes at 97.10c.; Kerr 90 boxes at 97.10c.; Rollins 100 boxes at 97.10c.; Whittom 640 boxes at 97c.

Board will meet next Wednesday at 4 o'clock.

It does not pay to run the electric light in Madoc village, and that burg is now in darkness.

Wednesday, August 12th will be Campbellford's civic holiday. The Methodist Sunday School of that town will run an excursion to Picton on that day.

Death of James W. Bygott

Killed While Crossing Railway Tracks at Bracebridge.

The news of the sad fatality which terminated the life of the late James Wilson Bygott, saddened and shocked the community. He and Mrs. Bygott were visiting their son, John M., station agent at Bracebridge. On Friday afternoon they went out for a short walk, and while crossing a track were caught by a train backing into a siding. Mrs. Bygott escaped, though very narrowly, but Mr. Bygott was struck by the train and almost instantly killed. His body was brought to Stirling on Monday afternoon, and the burial service held in St. John's Church. An inquest was held at Bracebridge, and the verdict held the railway responsible for the accident through carelessness.

The late Mr. Bygott was born in Lincolnshire, Eng., in 1835. His parents came to Canada when he was an early age, and settled first in West Huntingdon, afterwards in Rawdon, near the Sino settlement. He was married in 1873 to Mary, daughter of the late George Montgomery. After the failure of his health and the impairment of his physical powers, he took up his residence in Stirling, in 1888, and had lived here ever since, winning the affection and respect of all. His death makes the first break in his family, his eight brothers and sisters being all living. He leaves his widow and one son, his younger son, Frank, having died in 1901. He was a faithful and devoted member of the Anglican Church, and his funeral figure will be greatly missed by the congregation of St. John's at public worship. The whole community shares in the grief of those who mourn for him.

Death of John A. Joyce

After an illness of less than a week the death of Mr. John A. Joyce took place on Sunday last. He became seriously ill the early part of last week, and notwithstanding the best medical skill obtainable, he passed away about two o'clock on Sunday last. He had carried on a blacksmithing business for many years in this village, and was well known to all in this vicinity. The funeral took place on Tuesday, under the auspices of the A. O. U. W., of which order he was a member, and was attended by a large concourse of people. He leaves a widow and two children, a son and a daughter, to mourn their loss, also two sisters, Mrs. John Conley, of Stirling, and Mrs. Benjamin, of Yarker, and one brother, Frank Joyce, now in the Northwest.

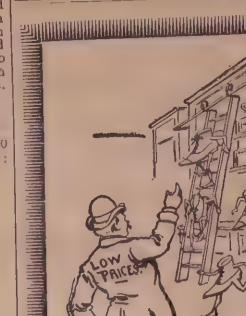
Death of Mrs. A. M. McDonell.

After an illness extending over many years, Mary L. McKinnon, wife of Mr. A. M. McDonell, passed away on Sunday morning, at her home in Belleville. She was born at Lochiel, Glenargy county, 45 years ago, where her childhood days were spent. She was married 20 years ago and for a number of years resided with her husband in Stirling. Ten years ago she removed to Belleville with her husband where she resided until her death. Besides her husband, two children, Morgan and Cassie, are left to mourn their loss. Her remains were brought to Stirling for interment on Tuesday.

Mrs. Robt. Lithgow Dead.

Mrs. Robert Lithgow passed away at her late residence at Chatterton, Sidney township, on Friday evening. She had been ill for some years, and the runaway accident in April last, which resulted in her husband's death, was a shock from which she never recovered. She was a sister of Mr. John Johnston, school inspector, and was a member of the Roman Catholic Church. The remains were interred in Stirling on Sunday. The funeral was largely attended, the deceased being well known and highly respected.—Ontario.

Madoc Review:—The outlook for a full harvest in this neighborhood is all that could be desired. The present advanced stage of grain together with this favorable weather ought to bring good crops. The farmer nowadays seems to be wearing the smiles "that won't come off."



Ladies' Fine Dongola Lace or Button Boots, reg. \$3.00 for - \$2.50
" Fine Dongola Oxford Shoes, reg. \$1.25 for - \$1.00
Misses' Fine Dongola Boots, Lace or Button, reg. \$1.85 for - \$1.00
A nice lot of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Oxford Shoes and Slippers, all sizes, and up-to-date styles, all marked lower than the regular prices.
See what we have in Men's Boots from 75c. up.
Repairing neatly done. All repairs sewed free.
You always get the best SHOE DRESSING at
GEO. REYNOLDS,
SHOE KING.
Highest price paid for Eggs.

Jas. Boldrick & Son.

Our Clothing business in the Corner Store is still vigorous, and securely successful. It is with the best class of citizens, they knowing our long reputation as reliable business men. The ready made Clothing stamp do not come to us, they belong to a class we do not crave for. People who do not value their appearance need not come to us. A man's standing has much to do with what he wears. We hope to remain in business for some years yet, and to still retain, as in the past, the best class of the high grade Tailor made Clothing.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

REXALL HOUSE DYES.

These Dyes will dye Wool, Cotton, Silk, Lace or mixed goods in one bath—the dye is the latest and most improved Dye in the world. Try a package. All colors at C. F. STICKLE, Agent.

PERSONALS.

Miss Ella Brown is visiting friends at Port Hope.

Miss Jessie Fraecl, of Belleville, is the guest of the Misses Judd.

Roscoe Rosebush left on Thursday for Toronto, to visit his aunt, Mrs. Doyle.

Miss Vita Bailey is spending two weeks' holiday in Belleville and Deseronto visiting friends.

Mr. Geo. A. Weese, of Bancroft, spent a few days in town this week, visiting his old friends.

Mr. Gillies Eadie, B.A., of Knox College, Toronto, spent the past week at St. Andrew's manse.

Mr. Henry Holcomb and daughter, Mrs. G. M. G. of Toronto, were at Mr. W. H. Minchin's last Sunday.

Mr. Geo. H. Ferguson, of Pittsburg, Penn., came home on Saturday last to spend the holidays with his parents and friends.

Miss L. McDaniels, who has spent the past season as milliner with C. F. Stickle, left for her home at Teaswater on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. (Dr.) Ives, of Watertown, N.Y., spending the past two months as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Burns, at St. Andrew's manse, left for her home to-day.

Mrs. Chandler and child left Tuesday morning for a short visit to Toronto and Paris. On her return she will go to Crow Lake for the balance of the summer.

Mrs. C. F. Boardman and daughter, of Roland, Man., arrived here on Tuesday evening last to spend some weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Milne, and other friends.

Rev. Herman McConnell, B.A., with his wife and Miss Bella Armstrong were visiting at Mr. W. H. Minchin's last Monday. Rev. Mr. McConnell was a former pupil of Mr. Minchin's.

The builders' laborers strike in Toronto has been declared off. It included six hundred men, and commenced on May Day. The places of many of them have been filled, the others go back to work at the old wages. The bricklayers strike in Toronto has also collapsed.

Fall Fairs.

The following is a list of the fall fairs to be held in this section:—

Frankford.....	Sept. 17-18
East Hastings.....	" 19
Norfolk.....	" 22, 23
Campbellford.....	" 24, 25
Shannonville.....	" 26
Marmora.....	" 28
Belleville.....	" 30
Coe Hill.....	Oct. 1
Ameliasburg.....	" 2, 3
Warkworth.....	" 6, 7
Castleton.....	" 8

Married.

RASSETT-HUBBLE.—At Stirling, on July 8th, by Rev. T. C. Robinson, Mr. Ira Rasset to Miss Emma Hubble, both of Campbellford.

MURRAY-MORGAN.—At Stirling, on July 13th, by Rev. J. H. H. Colman, James Murray to Mary Jane Morgan, both of Huntingdon.

Deaths.

JOYCE.—In Stirling, on July 12th, John A. Joyce, aged 48 years, 5 months and 8 days.

BYGOTT.—At Bracebridge, on July 16th, Jas. W. Bygott, aged 67 years.

McDONELL.—At Belleville, on Sunday, July 12th, Mary L. McKinnon, wife of A. M. McDonell, aged 45 years.

BROWN.—In Rawdon, on July 9th, Johnston L. Brown, aged 75 years, 7 months and 25 days.

LITHGOW.—In Sidney, on July 10th, Mary, widow of the late Robert Lithgow, aged 82 years.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Ophthalmic Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at the Stirling House parlors, three times weekly. Watch for dates. All consultations free. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor. Next visit will be in October.

If Your Quick

You'll Get a Bargain.

Twice a year we mark

down Shoes to make

room for New Goods

SUMMER SHOES GO NOW.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Lace or Button Boots, reg. \$3.00 for - \$2.50

" Fine Dongola Oxford Shoes, reg. \$1.25 for - \$1.00

Misses' Fine Dongola Boots, Lace or Button, reg. \$1.85 for - \$1.00

A nice lot of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fine Oxford Shoes and Slippers, all sizes, and up-to-date styles, all marked lower than the regular prices.

See what we have in Men's Boots from 75c. up.

Repairing neatly done. All repairs sewed free.

You always get the best SHOE DRESSING at

GEO. REYNOLDS,

SHOE KING.

Highest price paid for Eggs.

HARDWARE!

Plymouth Binder Twine.

Just got in my full stock of PLYMOUTH Twine.

Without a doubt there is nothing equal to it in Length, Durability, Evenness and Strength.

I guarantee my prices as low as any on the market.

My stock of HARVEST TOOLS are complete—Rakes, Forks, Cradles, Scythes, Stones, Grind Stones and fixtures. Grass Scythes guaranteed.

Pure Paris Green GUARANTEED.

Eventroughing, Plumbing, Fitting and all job work done promptly.

My stock is complete.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

The News-Argus

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

TO JAN. 1, 1904, 40c.

Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on shortest notice. Terms as low as the lowest, and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the News-Argus office or addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to.

WM. RODGERS.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS, AT

LOWEST RATES,

At News-Argus Office

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year.

If paid in advance. If not so paid, \$1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week

1 year. 6 mos. 3 mos.

Whole col. down to 14 lines. 7c. 8c. 9c.

Half col. down to 7 lines. 4c. 5c. 6c.

Quarter col. down to 3 lines. 2c. 3c. 4c.

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for which they will not be held responsible. Auctioneers, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individuals, member of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, \$10 per year; \$8 for six months; \$4 for three months; \$3 for two months; \$2 for one month. One inch, \$6 per year; \$4 for six months; \$3 for three months; \$2 for two months; \$1 for one month. One line, \$1 per year; 75c. for six months; 50c. for three months; 35c. for two months; 25c. for one month.

Advertisements may be charged at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 5c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without explicit instruction inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors' Help" and "How you are benefited by having extensive experience in the intellectual property law of 20 countries." Send no money, we will send you the book free of charge. HARRISON & HARRISON, Patent Attorneys, New York, New York, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D.C.

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain, free, whether his invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for the protection of intellectual property in America. We have a Washington office.

Patents taken through Mun & Co. receive special notice in the press.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

Beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, contains every article of interest to the inventor, scientist and student. Send for a copy.

BOOK ON PATENTS sent free.

MUN & CO.,

301 Broadway, New York.

LEO'S SUN SETS AT LAST

Surrounded by the Sacred College

He Handed the Reins to Cardinal Oreglia

Rome, July 20.—The Pope died at 4.04 this afternoon.

Sunday was spent by the aged Pontiff in a continuous state of coma. During the night he rested only at short intervals.

To-day the weather was dull and heavy and the sky was overcast. Early in the morning since the Pope's illness people have gathered before his window to gather an emon from Centra's face as he opened the shutters. This morning he did not appear at the usual time and a rumor flew around that the Pope was dead.

He had, however, merely suffered from a cardiac attack, from which he rallied. Dr. Lapponi succeeded in having him swallow several spoonfuls of coffee, milk and brandy mixed. The illness of the sick room was occasionally broken by a hacking cough, due to the gathering of phlegm in Pope Leo's throat. These coughing spells had the effect of rousing the Pontiff, causing him to open his eyes and revive slightly.

At 11.40 a.m. there was great alarm at the Vatican, as the Pope was suffering from a grave increase of cardiac affection. Dr. Lapponi really thought the end had arrived, and Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, the grand penitentiary, began the prayers for the dying and gave the Pontiff absolution in articulo mortis. His death was considered so imminent that all the cardinals were present and the members of the diplomatic corps were admitted to the sick room.

HANDED OVER REINS.
When, during the alarming crisis, about noon, he was lying on his bed perfectly motionless, while around him knelt the Cardinals and other members of the Papal Court, praying and not knowing whether the Pope was not already dead without

any preliminary restlessness, the Pontiff opened his eyes, which fell on Cardinal Oreglia, who was at his side, and he said solemnly, "To your Eminence, who will so soon seize the reins of supreme power, I confide the Church in these difficult times."

Then Monsignor Bisletti, the Master of the Chamber, asked for the Pope's benediction for the court, which the Pontiff granted, adding, "These my last greetings."

Then the Pontiff gave his hand to kiss to the cardinals present, who were Oreglia, Rampolla, Serafino Vannutelli, Volpe and Vives Y Tuto. Dr. Lapponi profited by the Pope's animation to administer restorative

drugs, whereupon the patient sunk back as suddenly as he had revived. The words the Pope addressed to Cardinal Oreglia were his last utterance, the last supreme effort of that intelligence which has astonished the world. They are much commented upon, and it is wonderful whether the intention of Leo XIII. was to indicate Cardinal Oreglia as his successor. They will certainly have considerable weight in the decision of the cardinals who will take part in the conclave.

At 4 p. m. the Pope had lost all consciousness.

For two hours telegraphic communication with Rome was suspended.

Owing to the strained relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican the Italian Government determined some time since to leave to the Vatican the duty of announcing the death of the Pope to the world. To this end it was arranged to stop all telegraphic communication from Rome at the moment of the death of the Pontiff and to turn the wires over to Cardinal Rampolla to enable him to make the official announcement.

THE MARKETS

Prices of Grain, Cattle, etc in Trade Centres.

MARKETS OF THE WORLD.

Toronto, July 21.—Wheat.—The market is quiet and steady. No. 2 Ontario red and white quoted at 75c middle, and at 74c east; No. 2 spring is quoted at 71c middle freight; No. 2 goosie at 66c on Midland. Manitoba wheat steady; No. 1 hard quoted at 88c, Goderich, and No. 1 Northern at 87c Goderich. No. 1 hard, 94c grinding in transit, lake and rail, and No. 1 Northern 93c.

Oats.—The market is quiet and steady. No. 2 white quoted at 32 to 32 1/2 middle freight, and at 31 1/2 high freight. No. 1 white, 33 1/2c east.

Barley.—Trade is quiet, with no business reported. No. 3 extra quoted at 41c middle freight, and No. 3 at 42 1/2 to 43c.

Rye.—The market is steady at 52c middle freight for No. 2.

Peas.—Trade dull, with No. 2 white quoted at 61c high freight, and at 63c.

Corn.—Market is steady; No. 3 American yellow quoted at 57 1/2c on track, Toronto; and No. 3 mixed at 57c, Toronto. Canadian corn purely nominal.

Flour.—Ninety per cent. patents sold to-day at \$2.80 middle freight, in buyers' sacks, for export. Straight grades of special brand for domestic trade quoted at \$3.25 to \$3.45 in bbls. Manitoba flour steady; No. 1 patents, \$4.20 to \$4.30, and strong bakers', \$3.90 to \$4, in bags, Toronto.

Milled—Bran steady at \$17 and shorts \$18.50 here. At outside points bran is quoted at \$15 to \$15.50, and shorts at \$17. Manitoba bran, in sacks, \$19, and shorts at \$22 here.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Beans.—Trade is very quiet, with prices nominal. Prime white are quoted at \$1.65 to \$1.75 a bush. Hay.—The market is firm, with demand fair. No. 1 timothy is worth \$11 to \$11.25 on track, Toronto. Straw.—The market is quiet at \$5.25 to \$5.50 per ton for car lots, on track.

Hops.—Trade dull, with prices nominal at 17 to 20c.
Potatoes.—Offerings of new are large, and prices easy at 70 to 75c per bushel.
Poultry.—Spring chickens are quoted at 60 to 75c per pair; turkeys, 12 to 13c per lb.

THE DAIRY MARKETS.
Butter.—The market is steady, with receipts good and fair demand for best qualities. We quote—Choice 1-lb. rolls, 15 to 16c; dairy tubs, uniform color, 15c; secondary grades, store packed, 12 to 13c; creamery prints, 18 to 19c; solids, 17 1/2 to 18 1/2c.
Eggs.—Market is dull. We quote: Fresh candled stock, 14 to 14 1/2c; seconds and checks, 10 to 11c.
Cheese.—Market quiet, and prices unchanged. We quote—Finest, 10 to 10 1/2c.

HOG PRODUCTS.
Dressed hogs are unchanged. Cured meats are steady with a good demand. We quote—Bacon, clear, 10 to 10 1/2c, in ton and case lots. Pork, mess, \$21; do, short cut, \$22.50.
Smoked meats—Hams, 18 to 18 1/2c; rolls, 11 to 11 1/2c; shoulders, 10 1/2c; backs, 14 to 15c; breakfast bacon, 14c.

Lard.—Market is dull. Tierces, 9 1/2c; tubs, 9 1/2c; pails, 10c; compound, 8 to 9c.

BUSINESS AT MONTREAL.
Montreal, July 21.—(Special.)—The local markets show little change. Butter is rather quiet, though a fair business is being done in cheese, at unchanged prices. The Liverpool quotation is lower again, at 48s 6d for colored American. Our—Manitoba Grain—Peas, 68c high freight, 72c here; rye, 52c east, 58c aloft here; buckwheat, 48 1/2 to 49c; No. 2 oats, 38 1/2 to 39c in store here; flaxseed, \$1.15 on track here; feed barley, 50c; No. 3 barley, 62 1/2c; corn, 60c for No. 3 yellow American. Our—Manitoba patents, \$4.20 to \$4.30; second 82c; 90 to 94; strong bakers', \$3.50; Ontario straight rollers, \$3.50 to \$3.60; in bags, \$1.70 to \$1.75; patents, \$3.90 to \$4. Food—Manitoba bran, \$19; shorts, \$21 to \$22, bags included. Ontario bran, in bulk, \$17 to \$18; shorts, in bulk, \$20 to \$21. Middlings, \$21. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$22.50; short cut backs, \$22; light short cut \$21.50; compound refined lard, 8 to 9c; pure Canadian lard, 10 to 10 1/2c; finest lard, 11 to 11 1/2c; hams, 13 1/2 to 14c; bacon, 14 to 15c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, 77 to 82.25; Butter—Township creamery, 18 1/2 to 18 3/4c; Quebec, 18c; Western creamery, 17 1/2c; Western dairy, 16c. Cheese—Ontario colored, 9 1/2c; white, 9 1/2c; 8 1/2c; 9 1/2c; Quebec, 9 1/2c. Eggs—Candled, 14c; straight, 13c; 14c; No. 2, 12 1/2c. Honey—White clover, in sections, 12c per section; in 10-lb. tins 8c.

UNITED STATES MARKETS.
Duluth, July 21.—Wheat.—To arrive—No. 1 hard, 87 1/2c; No. 1 Northern, 85c; No. 1 Northern, 84 1/2c; July, 85 1/2c; September, 77 1/2c; December, 75 1/2c.

Minneapolis, July 21.—Wheat—Cash, 88 1/2c; July, 88c; September, 75 1/2 to 75 3/4c; on track, No. 1 hard, 89 1/2c; No. 1 Northern, 88 1/2c; No. 2 Northern, 87 1/2c; No. 3 Northern, 84 to 84 1/2c.

Milwaukee, July 21.—Wheat—Steady; No. 1 Northern, 80 to 80 1/2c; new September, 77 to 77 1/2c. Rye—Dull; No. 1, 64 1/2c; barley—Dull; No. 2, 58 to 60c; sample, 45 to 55c. Corn—September, 60 1/2 to 60 3/4c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.
Toronto, July 21.—Trade in butchers' and exporters' cattle was

quiet at the Western market to-day, and prices were barely steady. The leading feature was the scarcity of good qualities of butchers' cattle, and the abundant offerings of lower grades of inferior cows that were not wanted by local buyers, and therefore almost unsalable. Buyers were object to the farmers up-country unloading poorly finished stuff on them while they have, or should have, plenty of pasture for at least two or three months yet. Canners and low grade cows were much on sale. There was also a dearth of good exporters' descriptions, and buyers had to go to Chicago to obtain what they wanted. There seems to be plenty of good stuff in the country, but it is not coming here, as holders there are hanging on to their stock in the hope of an advance in prices there before long.

There was little inquiry for either feeders or stockers, and the offerings were light, and values about steady.

Cattle were firm, but the offerings being fairly liberal no change in their values was recorded.

The run of cattle was not heavy. It comprised 1,083 cattle, 1,287 sheep, 1,721 hogs, and 69 calves.

The most of the exporters were disposed of at from \$4.70 to \$5 per cwt. To fifteen cents higher was paid in a few exceptional instances.

Butchers' classes sold lower, owing to the inferior quality of the offerings. We quote—\$4.50 to \$4.65 per cwt.; loads of good, \$4.30 to \$4.50; fair to good, \$4 to \$4.30; medium to fair, \$3.20 to \$4; common to fair, \$3.50 to \$3.85; rough to common grass-fed cattle, \$2.35 to \$3.25 per cwt.

Milch cows sold at \$30 to \$55 each.

There was little demand for either feeders or stockers. We quote as follows:—

Export Cattle—	Per 100 lbs.
Medium to heavy	\$4 70 \$5 12 1/2
Butchers'—	
Picked lots	4 50 4 65
Good loads	4 25 4 40
Medium	4 00 4 30
Fair	3 50 4 00
Cows	3 25 4 00
Feeders, light	3 25 3 75
Feeders, short-keeps	4 00 4 25
Stockers	2 50 3 75
Sheep—	
Export ewes	3 60 3 75
Do, bucks	2 75 3 00
Spring lambs	2 25 4 50
Calves, per cwt.	3 50 5 00
Hogs—	
Sows	3 50 4 00
Stags	2 00 0 00
Selects, 180 to 200	
lbs.	5 65 0 00
Thick fats	6 40 0 00
Light	5 40 0 00

STORMED THE JAIL.

And Lynched Two Condemned Murderers.

A despatch from Red Lodge, Montana, says: Jim Gorman, who killed his brother about a year ago and ran off with his brother's wife, and a man named Walters, who killed a widow named Hoover as she sat on a bench two years ago because she refused to marry him, were lynched at Basin, Wyo., on Sunday. C. E. Pierce, a deputy sheriff, was killed during the attack on the jail. Lawlessness now prevails in northern Wyoming as a result. Sheriff Fenton of Big Horn county has appealed to the Governor for military assistance. Last Wednesday it was reported that a mob was descending on Basin, lynching Gorman and Walters, and the Sheriff hid the men in a gulch. Gorman escaped but was recaptured yesterday. On Sunday a mob of about 50 men entered Basin, proceeded at once to the county jail and fired a volley into the prison. Deputy Sheriffs Pierce and Meade were guarding the prisoners. One bullet grazed Meade's shoulder and entered Pierce's heart. Members of the mob then tore up the telephone poles and battered the jail door down. They first came to Walters, who was crouched in his cell, begging piteously for mercy. Walters was shot and instantly killed. The mob next found Gorman, whose body was pierced by five bullets. Gorman lived some hours.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Two Men Killed and Many Seriously Injured.

A Roanoke, Va., despatch says: By the explosion of a large quantity of dynamite and blasting powder stored in a magazine near Peninsula on Saturday two men were killed, sixteen were more or less injured and about one hundred others severely shocked. A westbound passenger train on the main line of the Norfolk & Western was going at full speed past the magazine which stood 200 yards from the track, when the explosion occurred. The windows of the train were broken and not a single person on the train escaped injury or shock. The dead were found near the wrecked magazine. The cause of the explosion is not known.

TO FIND GRAIN ROUTE

Party Will Prospect in the Hudson's Bay Vicinity.

A St. John's, Nfld., despatch says:—The Canadian Government has chartered the Newfoundland sailing steamer Neptune to convey the scientific expedition to Hudson's Bay. The expedition will winter at Chesterfield Inlet. Its object is to determine the availability of the region for a Canadian grain route to the Arctic coast. For several years navigator of the Peary steamer, is in command of the ship, the crew of which consists of Newfoundlanders, familiar with ice work. The expedition party is composed of Canadian and American whalers who are operating in Hudson's Bay.

CHINESE MINERS KILLED

Explosion in a British Columbia Mine.

A Vancouver, B. C., despatch says: Twenty Chinamen, who disobeyed the law forbidding the employment of Mongolians underground, paid the penalty on Wednesday night, when they were killed and eight severely burned through an explosion in No. 3 incline, No. 6 shaft, of the Wellington Collieries at Cumberland, owned by former Premier Dunsmuir and his associates. It was feared that several white men were also victims. It was afterwards learned that there was only one employed in the mine, and he escaped with nothing worse than a shaking.

The explosion is attributed to fire-damp, but its origin is mysterious, as all the miners carried safety lamps, owing to the gassy state of the workings. All the lamps were found to be locked. The actual explosion was so slight that next to no damage was done to the mine, and no concussion was felt at a short distance from the scene. Nevertheless, it was deadly in its nature, for, as is usual in long-wall workings, it swept the place, killing and scorching as it went.

No sign of the disaster was apparent at the pit head, and nothing was known until the cago was run up and frightened Chinamen reached the top, when they excitedly told of a fire. Thirty-eight out of the fifty Chinamen employed underground reached the top in safety, and then a white rescue party went down to search for the others. The dead bodies of the dozen were reached, but not without some danger to the searchers, because of after-damp, which prostrated one pit boss. The colliery company claims that the law prohibiting the employment of the Chinese underground is unconstitutional.

RAISING THE STANDARD.

Normal School Course Will Last One Year.

A Toronto despatch says:—Sessions of the Ontario Normal schools will hereafter convene on the second Tuesday in September and end the third Friday in June. No one will be admitted as a teacher in training without at least a junior leaving standing and one year of successful experience as a teacher. A fee of \$10 must accompany applications for admission. The standing is to depend on the results of seasonal examinations conducted by the staff and on a final examination in practical teaching, conducted by the Education department. Candidates must obtain 40 per cent in each subject of the written and practical examinations, and 60 per cent of the aggregate. Those obtaining 75 per cent of the aggregate will be awarded honors. Those obtaining 50 to 59 per cent of the aggregate may obtain a limited certificate, valid for three years, and this may be made a life certificate by passing the final examination. Those making less than 50 per cent must attend another session.

PREDICTS RICH HARVEST.

Glowing Report From West Received by Molsons Bank.

A Montreal despatch says: The Molsons Bank has received reports from many parts of the country with reference to the crops. The West reports excellent prospects, some of the farmers going so far as to say that not only is the growth in advance of former years, but the farmers' condition financially is fifty per cent better than last year. In every case in Manitoba and the Northwest Territory the reply to the question, "How does the farmer's condition compare with last year?" is "Much better!" In some parts of Manitoba the statement was made that the prospects at this season were never better. In most cases the reports state that acreage under cultivation is greater, and the growth better, and to many reports the note is added that present indications predict a rich harvest.

KINDNESS WON HIM \$7000

Man Nursed Guest in Hotel and Now Gets Legacy.

A Toledo, Ohio, despatch says: Because he was kind to an old man who was ill in a Kendallville hotel, of which he was clerk, Wesley Hoover, of No. 424 Thirtieth-street has an inheritance of \$7000. Mr. Hoover, who has been employed by the Prudential and Western Southern Life Insurance Companies, has gone west to claim the estate. Some years ago, while Mr. Hoover was clerk in a hotel in Kendallville, Ind. Mr. Harper was a guest there. He was ill for several weeks, and during that time Mr. Hoover nursed him. A few weeks ago Mr. Harper died in the hotel, and Mr. Hoover received word that \$7000 had been left him in the will of the deceased. Mr. Hoover is single and 27 years of age.

TOAST KING IN PURE WATER

His Majesty says Wine is Not Essential.

A London despatch says:—King Edward has taken action which will greatly please loyal toastmasters. A naval officer wrote to his Majesty asking him if he would issue an order that when his health was toasted it need not be drunk in his secretary that the Lords of the Admiralty probably would not like his interfering by issuing orders, but he would be glad to have it circulated privately that he considered a toast as much more important than drinking it in water as by those using wine.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

Notes of Proceedings in the Canadian Parliament.

INSPECTION FEES.

Mr. Prefontaine moved a resolution that it was expedient to amend the Steamboat Inspection Act to make provision for the abolition of steambond inspection fees and dues, and for the better regulation of yachts propelled by gas, fluid naphtha, or electric motors. Mr. Prefontaine explained that the bill was intended to legalize the abolition of the fees promised by the Government some time ago. Power was to be taken to reimburse the dues by order-in-Council if such a course should be deemed necessary, after a period of two years.

In regard to yachts, it was proposed that where they were over three tons they should be required to carry a life buoy and one life preserver for each person on board, and if they carried passengers they should be subject to the general law.

It was also proposed to abolish inspection fees in the cases of vessels from foreign countries which impose no fees on Canadian vessels. This was a measure of reciprocity with the United States. The resolutions were adopted, and a bill founded on them introduced and read a first time.

MR. BLAIR'S RESIGNATION.

The galleries were crowded to their utmost capacity, even the aisles being occupied by a mass of ladies and gentlemen, who patiently stood for nearly two hours, listening intently to the important utterances of the Premier and his late colleague in reference to the withdrawal of Hon. A. G. Blair from the Cabinet. The Premier's announcement was dignified, and conspicuously set forth that his colleague's withdrawal was due, not to a difference of opinion regarding the necessity of any by transcontinental route, but simply to a disagreement as to mode of construction and operation. While expressing for himself and the other members of the Administration his regret at the severance from the Cabinet of an able colleague, Sir Wilfrid expressed disappointment that upon all questions of public policy, except this one, Mr. Blair is in accord with the Government.

Mr. Blair with some emphasis gave a refutation of the newspaper reports concerning alleged friction with his colleagues, whom he entirely exonerated from the allegations of discourtesy or caballing. He repelled with scorn the suggestion that he had been prompted by pique in his resignation, and spoke with deep feeling of the severance of the connection with his colleagues. He attributed his resignation to inability to endorse the Government's policy of building a second line of railway from Quebec to Montreal, paralleling and destroying the Intercolonial, or to embark upon the construction of a railway from Quebec to Winnipeg, without first obtaining more definite information. Mr. Blair wanted the Government to be satisfied with declaring its intention to construct a transcontinental line as soon as the need arose, and in the meantime making an appropriation for a thorough exploration of the territory to be traversed. That road, when completed, should, he said, either be operated by the Government, or through a committee of experts by a trust.

Mr. R. L. Borden paid a graceful tribute to Mr. Blair's diligence and ability, and assured him the opposition offered to him by that side of the House had not been personal. Mr. Tarte entered a protest against newspaper statements to the effect that Mr. Blair and himself had not enjoyed the confidence of their colleagues during the past two years, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier replied that during the time his late colleague had been in the Cabinet their relations had been most cordial.

INDIAN BOYS SENTENCED

Terms for Setting Fire to the Mohawk Institute.

A Bradford despatch says: The Indian youths charged with arson in connection with the destruction of the Mohawk Institute were sentenced on Monday by Judge Hardy. Roy Wilson, the principal offender, was given five years in the Industrial School at Mimico. Isaiah Anson, Frank Winney, and Jesse Debo each got three years, the first named at the penitentiary. The other two at the Industrial. Antoine and Wilson will have to face another charge on Saturday, namely, that of burning the barn of Mr. Alexander, a farmer living near the institute.

ATE MUSTARD AND DIED.

Sad Ending of a Stratford Boy From Poisoning.

A Stratford despatch says:—Gaspard Rosso, the son of a son of Frank Rosso, Italian fruit merchant of this city, died early on Friday morning from poisoning. Three of Mr. Rosso's children were playing round a stable and rubbish heap, upon which they found a can of English mustard, and part of it. The three became very sick, and Gaspard succumbed.

SMOKED HIMSELF TO DEATH

Kalamazoo Man Dies From Excessive Use of Tobacco.

A Kalamazoo, Mich., despatch says:—William G. Pattison, of this city is dead in his eighty-ninth year as the result of excessive use of tobacco. His tobacco habit, from whom he bought exclusively, gave out the statement, after his death had been made, that in 42 years Mr. Pattison smoked more than 48,000 cigars, which cost him \$4,800.

TO PREVENT TAINTED MILK

HINTS FOR THE PATRONS OF CHEESE FACTORIES.

Careful Investigations of the Dominion Department of Agriculture.

The patrons of a cheese factory have a direct financial interest in supplying only good milk, free from taints or bad flavors. Thousands of dollars are lost to the country annually because patrons send to the factories tainted milk, which, if used at all, not only precludes the manufacture of first class cheese, but diminishes the quantity of cheese per pound of milk. Some of the chief causes of tainted or gassy milk have been enumerated by the Dairy Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture, in order that patrons may be induced to guard against them. In many cases the source of trouble may be found in the undesirable germs that get into the milk during and after milking.

These germs are always associated with filth in some form or other. Careful investigations show that a very large proportion of the cases of taints or bad flavors in milk and its products are caused by the germs which are always present in the droppings of animals. Such germs are to be found in large numbers wherever such droppings are deposited. The mud of stagnant ponds, where cattle are allowed to drink, and the surfaces of barn-yards or milking-yards are always swarming with them. For this reason the udders and flanks of cows should always be brushed before milking to remove the dried mud, particles of manure, hairs, etc., which might otherwise fall into the milk pail.

STRAINING THE MILK.
While it is necessary to remove the visible dirt, does not get rid of these foul germs, which are the actual cause of the tainted, gassy milk. Improperly cleaned milk pails, strainers and milk cans are constant sources of contamination.

The whey tank is a common source of infection at those factories where the whey is returned to the patrons in the milk cans. This practice is detrimental to the cheese-making, but when it cannot be arranged to have the whey disposed of in some other way, the tanks should be kept thoroughly clean in order to lessen the danger of contamination. They should be emptied at least once a week.

It is a well-known fact that milk will absorb some odors to which it is exposed. Warm milk will absorb odors quite as freely as that which has been cooled; hence the necessity for removing it from the stable or milking-yard as soon as possible after it is drawn.

An abundant supply of pure water for the cows is one of the essentials for the production of good milk. When cows are compelled to drink water of swamps, muddy ponds, or sluggish streams, and dishes in which there is decaying animal matter, including their own droppings, health, and unless the cows are in good health they cannot give first-class milk. Moreover the mud, often full of foul germs, which collects on the legs, flanks and udders of the cows, and is fed to the milk at the time of milking, is a direct source of infection which is often overlooked.

IMPROPER FEEDING.
There is in Canada an abundance of good, wholesome food available for cattle feeding purposes. The natural pastures are in the whole, excellent, and it is only in limited districts or at certain seasons of the year that trouble is experienced with food flavors. Among the cultivated

LEG CRUSHED BY TRAIN.

Man Killed While Attempting to Board Freight.

A Kingston despatch says: P. N. Presley, Deseronto, was visiting at Collin's Bay, and on Sunday, accompanied by a cousin named Purdy, boarded a freight train and rode to Napanea. After spending an hour or two there, they boarded another freight train for Kingston, but were put off. Nothing daunted, they attempted to get aboard the next light train that came along. Presley miscalculated the speed at which the train was moving, missed his hold, and fell beneath the wheels, both legs being terribly mutilated above the knees. Dr. Leonard, Napanea, was summoned, and temporarily dressed the wounds. The injured youth was placed aboard the train, but died before Kingston was reached.

NO GRAIN TO CARRY

C. P. R. Argument Against the Grand Trunk Pacific.

A Winnipeg despatch says: The last of the crop of 1902 having been shipped out in June, the grain elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur are practically empty. There is less than a million bushels in the inland elevators, which will be used for local purposes. No grain cargoes are offering via the lakes, and the Canadian Pacific Railway is hauling empty cars east to take care of freight destined west. This condition, which is chiefly owing to the enormous additions that have been made to the rolling stock of the railway company, exists now for the first time since western Canada became a grain exporting country.

Diarrhoea

When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S.
FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN DENTISTRY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, Graduate of the College of Dentists, Ontario, and the College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
OFFICE—Over Parker's Drug Store.
Open every day and evening.

J. McC. POTTS, M.D., C.M.
GRADUATE MCGILL UNIVERSITY. Late House Surgeon Montreal General Hospital; formerly resident accoucheur Montreal Maternity Hospital and Assistant in diseases of Women in General Hospital. Licensed Illinois State Board of Health, and Member College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Front Street, Stirling.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, &c.
OFFICES—Stirling and Banoroff.
J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.
HARRY L. BOLDRICK.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Toronto Medical College. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Dr. Boulter's former residence, Stirling.

G. G. THRASHER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office over Brown & McCutcheon's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

W. J. McCAMON, BARRISTER, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT. Office: McAnany Block, Cor. Front and Bridge Streets.
MONEY TO LOAN.

JOHN S. BLACK, CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR taking Affidavits. Office, over the store lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE, No. 239, I. O. O. F. Meets in the Lodge room. EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING 8.15 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R.S.

DENTISTRY, C. L. HAWLEY, L.D.S.
TRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO School of Dentistry; with extensive professional, the second and last Friday in each month, until further notice.
The Dental Engine, Improved Air, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth.
Rooms at Scott House.

Women Who Drink Whiskey.

That physicians are responsible for a good deal of inebriety among women is charged by a writer in the "Hospital" (London). Of 670 women treated during the past fifteen years in an English home for inebriate women, only eleven were beer-drinkers, and thirty-six habitually drank wine. The rest became drunkards through taking spirits, and especially whiskey. The fact that so many of these women were whiskey-drinkers is ascribed by the writer to the frequent prescription of this liquor by doctors. He says: "While of late years doctors have largely avoided recommending alcohol to their patients at all, when they do prescribe any it is whiskey. If a man or woman of middle age feels twinges of gout or rheumatism, the medical attendant very often advises the giving up of the glass of sherry or claret which the patient has been in the habit of taking, and substituting a little whiskey and water. From the profession the public have learned to believe that whiskey is the 'safest' of all spirits, with results very advantageous to distillers. These figures, which tell the temptation to which six hundred inebriate women succumbed, make one doubt if the advice is equally good for the public. It is true that the doctor's recommendation is a little stimulant, and may even guarantee that their limitations are adhered to. The warmth of the spirit not merely induces a pleasant sense of well-being, but may even give a temporary relief from pain. This tempts the patient to return to it when the pain comes back. The doctor is not told of this extra indulgence, and the patient consoles herself with the notion that 'this whiskey is so safe.' Neither wine nor beer gives the temporary alleviation sought, but spirits do, and the notion that whiskey is not conducive to the development of any disease is a temptation to take it. This is a point which medical men might do well to consider. They may save their patients from falling if they can ensure them that whiskey-drinking will cause some disease. But it is of no use to warn them of the risk of acquiring the habit of inebriety. That only gives offence, and does little good, for no one realizes their susceptibility to that temptation until, unhappily, it is too late."

Patty's Predicament.

By JEAN WEBSTER.

"HELLO, Patty! Have you seen the bulletin-board this morning?" called Cathy Fair, as she caught up with Patty on the way home from a third-hour recitation. "No," said Patty. "I think it's a bad habit. You see too many unpleasant things there."

"Well, there's certainly an unpleasant one to-day. Miss Skelling wishes the Old English class to be provided with writing materials this afternoon."

Patty stopped with a groan. "I think it's absolutely abominable to give an examination without a word of warning."

"Not an examination," quoted Cathy; "just a little test to see how much you know."

"I don't know a thing," wailed Patty; "not a blessed thing."

"Nonsense, Patty; you know more than anyone else in the class."

"But I don't know a thing! I come in strong on the literary criticism and the general discussions, and she never realizes that I don't know a word of the grammar."

"You've got two hours. You can cut your classes and review it up."

"Two hours!" said Patty, sadly. "I need two days. I've never learned it. I tell you. The Anglo-Saxon grammar is a thing no mortal can carry in his head and learn it before examinations."

"I don't wish to appear unfeeling," laughed Cathy, "but I should say, my dear, that it serves you right."

"Oh, I dare say," said Patty. "You are as bad as Priscilla!" and she trailed gloomily homeward.

She found her friends reviewing biology and eating olives. "Have one!" asked Lucille Gutter, who, provided with a hatpin by way of fork, was presiding over the bottle for the moment.

"No, thanks," returned Patty, in the tone of one who has exhausted life and longs for death.

"What's the matter?" enquired Priscilla. "You don't mean to say that we men have given you another special topic?"

"Worse than that!" and Patty laid bare the tragedy.

A sympathetic silence followed; they realized that while she was, perhaps, not strictly deserving of sympathy, still her impending fate was of the kind that might overtake anyone.

"You know, Priscilla," said Patty, miserably, "that I simply can't pass."

"No," said Priscilla, soothingly, "I don't believe you can."

"I shall flunk flat—absolutely flat. Miss Skelling will never have any confidence in me again, and will make me recite every bit of grammar for the rest of the semester."

"I should think you'd cut," ventured George; that being, in her opinion, the most obvious method of escaping an examination.

"I can't. I just met Miss Skelling in the hall five minutes before the blow fell and she knows I'm alive and able to be about; besides, the class meets again to-morrow morning, and I'd have to cram all night or cut that too."

"Why don't you go to Miss Skelling and frankly explain the situation," suggested Lucille the virtuous, "and ask her to let you off for a day or two? She would like you all the better for it."

"Will you listen to the guileless babe!" said Patty. "What is there to explain may I ask? I can't very well tell her that I prefer not to learn the lessons as she gives them out, but think it easier to wait and cram them up at one fell swoop just before examinations. That would ingratiate myself in her favor!"

"It's your own fault," said Priscilla.

Patty groaned. "I was just waiting to hear you say that! You always do."

"It's always true. Where are you going?" as Patty started for the door.

"I am going," said Patty, "to ask Mrs. Richards to give me a new room-mate; one who will understand and appreciate me, and sympathize with my afflictions."

Patty walked gloomily down the corridor, lost in meditation. Her way led past the door of the doctor's office, which was standing invitingly open. Three or four girls were sitting around the room, laughing and talking and waiting their turn. Patty glanced in and a radiant smile suddenly lightened her face, but it was instantly replaced by a look of settled sadness. She walked in and dropped into an arm-chair with a sigh.

"What's the matter, Patty? You look as if you had melancholia."

Patty smiled apathetically. "Not quite so bad as that," she murmured, and leaned back and closed her eyes.

"Next," said the doctor from the doorway, but as she caught sight of Patty she walked over and shook her arm. "What's the matter? What is the matter with you, child?"

Patty opened her eyes with a start. "Nothing," she said; "I'm just a little tired."

"Come in here with me."

"It's not my turn," objected Patty.

"That makes no difference," returned the doctor.

Patty dropped limply into the consulting chair.

"Let me see your tongue. Um—um—can't count very much. Your pulse seems regular, but in a possible a little feverish. Have you been working hard?"

"I don't think I've been working any harder than usual," said Patty, truthfully.

"Sitting up late nights?"

Patty considered. "I was up rather late twice last week," she confessed.

"If you girls persist in studying until all hours of the night, I don't know what I can do."

Patty did not think it necessary to explain that it was a Welsh-rabbit party on each occasion, so she merely sighed and looked out of the window.

"Is your appetite good?"

"Yes," said Patty, in a tone which belied the words; "it seems to be very good."

"Um—um," said the doctor.

"I'm just a little tired," pursued Patty, "but I think I shall be all right as soon as I get a chance to rest. Perhaps I need a tonic," she suggested.

"You'd better stay out of classes for a day or two and get thoroughly rested."

"Oh, no," said Patty, in a plaintive tone. "Our room is so full of girls all the time that it's really more restful

to go to classes; and, besides, I can't stay just now."

"Why not?" demanded the doctor, suspiciously.

"Well," said Patty, a trifle reluctantly, "I have a good deal to do. I've got to cram for an examination, and so on."

The word "cram" was to the doctor as a red rag to a bull. "Nonsense!" she ejaculated. "I know what I shall do with you. You are going right over to the infirmary for a few days."

"Oh, doctor!" Patty pleaded, with tears in her eyes, "there's truly nothing the matter with me, and I've got to take that examination."

"What examination is it?"

"Old English—Miss Skelling."

"I will see Miss Skelling myself," said the doctor, "and explain that you cannot take the examination until you come out. And now," she added, making a note of Patty's case, "I will have you put in the convalescent ward, and we will try the rest cure for a few days, and feed you on chicken-broth and egg-nog, and see if we can get that appetite back."

"Thank you," said Patty, with the resigned air of one who has given up struggling against fate, and she followed the doctor to the infirmary.

"I like to see you take an interest in your work," added the doctor, kindly; "but you must always remember, my dear, that health is the first consideration."

Patty returned to the study and executed an impromptu dance in the middle of the floor.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Priscilla. "Are you crazy?"

"No," said Patty; "only ill." And she went into her bedroom and began slinging things into a dress-suit case.

Priscilla stood in the doorway and watched her in amazement. "Are you going to New York?" she asked.

"No," said Patty; "to the infirmary."

"Patty Wyatt, you're a wretched little hypocrite!"

"Not at all," said Patty, cheerfully. "I didn't ask to go, but the doctor simply insisted. I told her I had an examination, but she said it didn't make any difference; health must be the first consideration."

"What's in that bottle?" demanded Priscilla.

"That's for my appetite," said Patty with a grin; "the doctor hopes to improve it. I didn't like to discourage her but I don't much believe she can." She dropped an Old English grammar and a copy of "Beowulf" into her suitcase.

"They won't let you study," said Priscilla.

"I shall not ask them," said Patty. "Good-by. Tell the girls to drop in occasionally and see me in my incarceration. Visiting hour from five to six." She stuck her head in again. "If any one wants to send violets, I think they might cheer me up."

The next afternoon George and Priscilla presented themselves at the infirmary, and were met at the door by the austere figure of the head nurse. "I will see if Miss Wyatt is awake," she said dubiously, "but I am afraid you will excite her; she's to be kept very quiet."

"Oh, no; we'll do her good," remonstrated George; and the two girls slipped in to see the nurse.

The convalescent ward was a large airy room furnished in green and white with four or five beds, each surrounded with brass poles and curtains. Patty was lying in one of the corner beds near a window, propped up on pillows, with her hair tumbled about her face, and a table beside her covered with flowers and glasses of medicine. This elaborate paraphernalia of sickness created a momentary illusion of the manner of the visitors. Priscilla ran to the bedside and dropped on her knees beside her invalid room-mate.

"Patty, dear," she said, anxiously; "how do you feel?"

A serene smile spread over Patty's face. "I've been able to take a little nourishment to-day," she said.

"Patty, you're a scandalous humbug! Who gave you those violets? With love from Lady Clara Vere de Vere—that blessed freshman—and you've borrowed every drop of alcohol the poor child ever thought of owning. And whom are those roses from? Miss Skelling! Patty, you ought to be ashamed."

Patty had the grace to blush slightly. "It was a trifle embarrassed," she admitted; "but when I reflected upon how sorry she would have been to find out how little I knew, and how glad she will be to find out how much I know, my conscience was appeased."

"Have you been studying?" asked George.

"Studying!" Patty lifted the corner of her pillow and exhibited blue book. "Two days more of this, and I shall be the chief authority in America on Anglo-Saxon roots."

"How do you manage it?"

"Oh," said Patty, "when the rest-hour begins, I lie down and shut my eyes, and they tip-toe over and look at me, and whisper, 'she's asleep,' and softly draw the curtains around the bed; and I get out the book and put in two solid hours of irregular verbs, and am still sleeping when they come to look at me."

"I heard the nurse telling the doctor that she didn't believe I'd had any sleep for a month. And the worst of it is," she added, "that I am tired, whether I believe it or not, and I should just love to lay over here and sleep all day if I weren't so beastly conscientious about that old grammar."

"Poor Patty!" laughed George. "She will be imposing on herself next, as well as on the whole college."

"Friday morning Patty returned to the world."

"How's Old English?" enquired Priscilla.

"Very well, thank you. It was something of a cram, but I think I know that grammar by heart, from the preface to the end of the book."

"You're back in all your other work. Do you think it paid?"

"That remains to be seen," laughed Patty.

She knocked on Miss Skelling's door, and after the first polite greetings, stated her errand: "I should like, if it is convenient for you, to take the examination I missed."

"Do you feel able to take it to-day?"

"I feel much better able to take it to-day than I did on Tuesday."

Miss Skelling smiled kindly. "You have done very good work in Old English this semester, Miss Wyatt, and I should not ask you to take the examination at all if I thought it would be fair to the rest of the class."

"Fair to the rest of the class?" Patty looked at her. "Miss Skelling, I don't consider this aspect of the question. Did I slow red flush creep over her face. She hesitated a moment, and rose uncertainly. "When it comes to that, Miss Skelling," she confessed, "I'm afraid it wouldn't be quite fair to the rest of the class for me to take it."

Miss Skelling did not understand. "But, Miss Wyatt," she expostulated, in a puzzled tone; "it was not difficult. I am sure you could pass."

"I don't believe you could ask me a question that I couldn't answer. But the point is that it's all feared since Tuesday. The doctor was laboring under a little delusion—very natural under the circumstances—when she sent me to the infirmary, and I spent my time there studying."

"But, Miss Wyatt, this is very unusual. I shall not know how to mark you," Miss Skelling murmured in some distress.

"Oh, mark me zero," said Patty, cheerfully. "It doesn't matter in the least—I know such a lot that I'll get through on the final. Good-by; I'm sorry to have troubled you." And she closed the door and turned thoughtfully homeward.

"From 'When Patty Went to College' (Century Company).

The Game of Life.

Not the quarry, but the chase, Not the laurel, but the race, Not the lustre, but the play, Make me, Lord, enjoy away.

—Gelett Burgess in "McClure's."



A Commentator.—N. Y. "Life."

Descendants of Hiawatha.

The recent performance by Ojibways of a cantata based on Longfellow's "Hiawatha" revives the story of the affection that bound the poet to his Indian friends. Longfellow's special friend, from whom he heard the Indian stories, was Bukwajjinene. A few years ago the old chief planned to visit Boston and Cambridge but just as he was ready to start he was taken ill.

When he realized that he was about to die, he called his nephew, Kabaososa, and his grandson, Wabanoosa, and told them to go to the home of the poet and invite Longfellow's daughters to visit the scenes on Lake Huron, which their father knew so well. The chief gave his kinsmen a formal invitation written with a hot iron on a square of birch bark translated into English, it ran:

"Ladies—We loved your father. His memory will always live in our hearts and his kindness will never die. Will you be so kind, you and your husbands as to come and visit us in our own country, and live with us in our teepees for a little while in the island of Hiawatha in the land of the Ojibways, to see the remainder of the Indians with whom your father lived, and about whom he has written so beautifully, and to camp together as our parents did."

"Kabaososa."

"Wabanoosa."

"In the moon of crabs on the snow," The two Indians went to Cambridge and the Longfellow house and presented the invitation to Longfellow's daughters. They sat in the chair when the poet sat, and wrote with the pen he used to write "Hiawatha." The ladies accepted the invitation, and visited the Ojibways that summer.

A Witches' Broth.

The Carlyle-Froude witches' broth thickens again. In the June number of the "Contemporary Review" appears a paper by Mr. Ronald McNeill, written as a vindication of Froude. To common-sense persons neither Carlyle nor Froude need vindication. They were both very human persons who erred and achieved in varying degrees. Had Froude painted Carlyle as a tender husband or a genial friend—which is what the Carlyles claim to desire—there were hundreds of people alive when the biography was written who would have humoured and corrected him. If the Froudes claim that Froude's biographical and editorial work is absolutely perfect, there are just as many persons ready now to contradict them. But the marvel is why all this literary common and criticism. What is the need of all this fire, fury, and partisanship? What does it matter, after all, if Carlyle pinched his wife's arms till they were blue, and found the written record of his evil temper in her journals after her death? Carlyle was a man, but that does not make him a devil. And why is the world now threatened with the publication of a document left in MS. by Froude in which constitutional reasons are to be specified as the cause of Carlyle's ill-temper? Will a husband's literary common and criticism indeed, and round it dance the frantic forms of writers and editors of no consequence, playing the bag to perfection.

The average young woman doesn't wish to see her thirtieth birthday; yet, when she has seen it, she would like to see it again.

Ellis—But surely you are not going to marry against your parents' wishes?

Flo—Why not? Did they marry to please me?

The Mistress—Don't you think Miss Pink has a beautiful complexion?

The Maid—Well, ma'am, of course she has roses in her cheeks, but I don't like artificial flowers.—Judge.

EGLANTINE

By Maud Mayne

Copyright, 1902, by T. C. McClure

Emily Landis drifted into the gay ballroom like some small brown leaf blown into a bed of flaming poppies. She stood hidden by the swirling draperies of a bevy of bright girls and drew a short breath almost of alarm.

She had reached Green Lake in the late afternoon, longing for it unutterably as the one place where she might rest—rest and dream over again those golden dreams of her happy girlhood. And she had wanted to come down to the ballroom, yet now that she had followed her inclination how frightened and out of place she felt!

Ten long years since her own twinkling feet had flown over this polished floor, and those years had metamorphosed a merry girl whose steps seemed tapping their native heath into a worn, sad-eyed woman absolutely out of her element and anxious only to get back to the quiet of her own room. As she turned to slip away the sound of her own name brought her to an involuntary stop.

"That Miss Landis whose brother was so brilliantly married a month ago. Yes; here. Perfect wreck of her old self. Used to know her here in Green Lake years ago."

That was all. Then she escaped unnoticed through the nearest doorway. "Wreck of her old self!" Truly that described her, she thought.

She remembered, with a dull ache, how it had been in those years ago when she was sweet and twenty, when Warren Heatcote had called her "Eglantine" and talked delicious nonsense about the pink in her cheek that rivaled the tint of the sweetbrier she had so loved to wear in her hair. Ah, the sweetbrier pink had gone from her cheek along with its soft contour.

"For Jack's sake and for Helen's," she sighed, "and who cares now? Jack has forgotten me for the new wife, and



SHE SAW HIM THE NEXT DAY FROM A SAFE RETREAT.

Helen soon will forget for the fair, new mother. Ah, no, not Helen, my little girl, my precious baby, who has grown dearer and dearer to me with each succeeding year. To be parted from her now!"

And then a choke in her throat sent Miss Landis in blind haste to her trunk, where she hunted with a sort of fury for a wrap. "I must get out—out under the blue and the stars. What a mountain of selfishness I am! With Helen well and Jack's broken life complete I ought to be happy." But down in her heart under all her brave words reigned the bitter thought that her beloved brother, for whose sake she had given up her youth and her love, had left her utterly out of his plans for the re-establishment of his home.

Forlornly she wandered down one of the darkling paths to the lake that lay like molten silver in the moonlight, and there the voice from the ballroom sounded again in her ears. "And Jack is married again, you say?" Another voice questioned.

Emily Landis felt her heart leap within her. Was it could be—Warren Heatcote whom she heard—Warren, who had vanished from her life as completely as though India had been the world beyond—Warren, of whom she had thought during long night watches beside the bed of Baby Helen—Warren, the big, brave, who had been her one ideal from those gay days of her girlhood to the somber gray now?

Had Warren forgotten, she wondered. Her quick step faltered at the thought. And even if he remembered that rose maiden whom she loved could he care now for the woman bereft of those youthful charms?

"It's no use. A nervous wreck of her former self, with a mind as dull as her shadow face—what chance has she!" And she slipped away a tear wet pillow that night.

She saw him next day from a safe retreat behind a tangle of vines, and she wondered how ten years could have changed a man so little. He was playing tennis with a white-gowned girl whose laugh rang gay and whose steps were light. His own was buoyant.

Could the pretty, dimpled doll in that further court half appreciate the heaven it was to be young and merry, all grace and pleasure, and to sit like a white moth in the amiable under the alert eye of a man among men such as he? Miss Landis stood there entranced until a lost ball brought the laughing players in her direction. Then she beat a retreat, all breathless.

It was hours later as she sat on a shelving rock watching the cool sparrows on the lake that she heard his voice behind her. "I have looked for you everywhere," he said as quietly as though he had left her and yesterday.

She looked up and found no word to say to him, only she felt with amazement the unaccustomed color rushing in swift tide to her cheek.

They were earnest, tender eyes that met her own. "They tell me Jack is married," he said with his old directness as he pushed aside her book and sat down. "Are you—can you—does he manage?"

"To get along without me? Oh, yes, so easily! It was all my huge vanity, that made me think myself indispensable to Jack."

"But the little one, Jack's baby, she needed you?"

"She really did. There was no one else."

Miss Landis spoke with eagerness, as though she would extenuate a crime. "It is a comfort to me to think that it was not a useless sacrifice. She was so frail a mite! It was a constant struggle, month in, month out, for her life. I lived one idea for ten years, Warren—the idea of saving Helen and making her strong like other, happier children." How natural it seemed to pour out her heart without reserve to this sympathetic comrade of the old days!

"And you succeeded?" he asked, intent and grave.

"She is very well and very happy—or will be when she forgets to be homesick for me. Jack's wife is young and fascinatingly pretty. Helen will grow to adore her as Jack does." There was a break in her voice, and she knew that Warren knew the stab of jealousy that cut through her like a physical pain.

But he only said, and there was blissful reassurance in his tone of quiet conviction: "No one who has loved you could ever forget you for the most fascinatingly pretty girl that ever lived. But now that she has relieved you of those responsibilities isn't there room for another idea, dear? Are you ready, to go into another bondage, to give strength and happiness to a great fellow as dependent upon you in a sense as Baby Helen was?"

She looked at him, incredulous that he could ask it. He was so debonaire, so young, so handsome! And she—she was an old woman, Warren, not even a bright one. I've run in one rut for years."

He wanted desperately to kiss the wistful brown eyes, the plaintive curves of the sweet mouth, but he held his rampant desires in check and said only: "You're the same sweet, capable girl you were ten years ago, only a bit tired, that's all. You were always a success, Emily, in whatever you undertook. You've done for Baby Helen what all the doctors couldn't, and as to your tottering antiquity, and she heard his rich laugh ring out, "you are three years my junior, child. Don't make me feel like a musty volume on a crumbling shelf. I'm a very young fellow," whimsically, "and you?" He turned impulsively and plucked a handful of fragrant pink blossoms that a saucy breeze had flung near his cheek. "You are my lost Eglantine. Do you see what this is, a sweetheart?"

And as he drew her close and tucked the pink eglantine into her hair Miss Landis knew that at thirty one she could be supremely happy and absurdly young.

Gray Hairs.

Logically and naturally gray hairs may be expected to appear on the temples at thirty-five to forty years (old). Brown-Séquard made the statement that the first of these gray hairs turn white in a night. His observation was based upon the white threads that appeared in his own beard. Looking in the mirror one morning he discovered a single white hair that was not there the night before. He not only pulled it out, but before going to bed again he made a careful search for other white hairs. Satisfied that none was left, he went to sleep again, only to find that while he slept two other hairs had turned white in the same area where he had marked the first.

In this way Dr. Brown-Séquard became to an extent sponsor for the story of the man whose hair turns white in a night, caused from fright. This is the story which dermatologists in all time have shied at, but which at the same time has been on a much stronger footing than anything in the line of ghosts, sea serpents or mermaids.

Had Learned to Obey.

It is told of General Havelock that one day, when a boy, his father, having some business to do, left him on London bridge and bade him wait there till he came back.

The father was detained and forgot his son, not returning to the bridge all the day. In the evening he reached home, and after he had rested awhile his wife inquired:

"Where is Harry?"

The father thought a moment.

"Dear me!" said he. "I quite forgot Harry. He is on London bridge and has been there for eight hours waiting for me."

He hastened to relieve the boy and found him just where he had left him in the morning, pale and to fro like a sentinel on his post.

The strict fidelity to duty which the boy gloriously displayed on this occasion showed itself in after years, and was the means of winning many a famous victory in battle.

Bayley's broom factory at Kingston was burned. Loss \$80,000.

THOSE WHO LIVE LONGEST

THE INDOLENT RICH WORRY THEIR LIVES AWAY.

Conclusions Reached by Dr. J. T. Arlidge, the British Specialist.

That man's occupation has much to do with his span of long study by Dr. J. T. Arlidge, the famous British specialist. The pampered rich, who have little or nothing to engage their time, are the shortest lived of all classes he says. The farmer lives the longest. The British specialist does not apply to conditions that are supported by figures. He has spent years in collecting mortality statistics, and does not believe his figures are subject to disbelieve his figures as it is to arrive at a conclusion why the unemployed rich are short of life and the hard-worked farmer continues on with his drudgery to a ripe old age. The indolent rich, reasons Dr. Arlidge, really worry their life away. The hardest work of all is to do nothing for it entails a constant round of that nerve-racking labor "killing time." Soon the man of means who has nothing to do will exhaust all the amusements that cast a light on the lives of "the rich" and then comes a time when the world has nothing to offer. What wonder, then, reasons Dr. Arlidge, that the life that has been useless and is weary of itself goes out of its own accord? All the rich are not classed with those who head the Englishman's mortality list. The philanthropist finds many things to brighten his life. Life is worth the living because they have a purpose. The rich traveler, too, finds plenty of diversion. But the gilded youth, he who is a spendthrift with life's joys, soon finds he has only his money to distinguish himself from the most miserable of beings. Fast living has left its blight, and the life that has been wasted goes out before its time.

NO PAMPERED TASTES.

In striking contrast comes the farmer, who toils from sun to sun and whose plowshare is all the homelier sort. The farmer's body may grow tired, but eight hours of sleep will repair the damage of the day. Work in the open field, where the air is pure and nature is at her best, equips the tiller of the soil with an appetite which knows no pampered tastes. The farmer eats heartily of wholesome food. His digestive apparatus extracts the best that is in the food and makes red blood. The exercise of his daily routine stimulates the well-fed body, and there is little dissipation to tear down the perfect human system that unpurged conditions have built. The farmer has his joys—the evening with the wife and children, the country dance, the spelling bee, the occasional trip to town to see the circus, a good book or his weekly paper—and all of these help to brighten a life that might seem dreary. But, above all, the farmer is a man with a purpose. He has something to live for, and while striving he violates few of nature's rules.

Next in longevity and ratio of health come the clerical, legal and medical professions. That the brain is capable of a great amount of healthful labor is emphasized by Dr. Arlidge, who recites as examples the accomplishments of Gladstone, Bismarck and Victor Hugo. In spite of his multitudinous cares, responsibilities and worries, Gladstone found time to master Greek after he was 60 years old—a period in life when most men consider that their days of study and research are done.

WITH THE PROFESSIONS.

Among the professions clergymen have the longest span of life. By the nature of their calling they must abstain from dissipation of the worldly sort, and their hours need not be otherwise than regular except on rare occasions. Like the farmer, the clergyman leads a typical home life and follows nature's dictates. Lawyers are not so active a lot. Incessant mental activity, with victories to enthrall and defeat to depress, helps to impair the vitality of the man. A lawyer's life abounds in excitement, and has little of the peaceful quiet that adds to man's days on earth.

The physician is not a rugged creature as the lawyer. While devoting his life to the care of others he is apt to forget himself, and the responsibilities connected with each doctor's practice are more than one man should bear. The doctor, too, is exposed to all the diseases that menace his patients, and most of his waking time is spent in the sick room, where the air and temperature are not regulated to nourish the healthy man. Among the doctors is chronicled the largest number of suicides, except among the artists. Insanity, too, has been a factor in depriving the medical profession of some of its greatest minds.

Man thrives on politics, according to Dr. Arlidge's research. Plenty of variety, with intervals of rest and travel, serve to keep the politician from wearing himself away. Among literary men, scientists, professors and teachers the mortality is not high in comparison with the industrial classes. Thus, reasons the British student, activity of the mind, if bent in the right direction, has more to do with the health of the body than the activity that builds up the muscles. A judicious combination of both forms of exercise brings about the ideal condition, says Dr. Arlidge.

IN THE FACTORIES.

In the factories the ratio of mortality is exceedingly high. The treadmill work is blamed for this. Like the rich man who does nothing, the toiler in the factory finds his life snuffed away by a monotony that is

killing. It is the same thing day in and day out and soon existence loses its charm, and the man becomes a machine, which falls to pieces of its own weight, when its parts become worn from constant work. The factories are death of lubrication. The factories are ventilated poorly, and this tends to weaken the human machine. Among clerks of every description in the large cities the ratio of health is low and mortality great. Long hours and constant standing or stooping reduce the lung capacity, and breathing the indoor atmosphere tends to inject the vigor that the system demands. Nervous troubles occupy the first place among the disorders of clerks. Consumption is second and apoplexy is third. The continuous strain of being courteous at all times, often to unreasonable and exacting persons, is said by Dr. Arlidge to be the reason why the clerks are nervous wrecks before their time.

As in contrast with the clerks, who are forced to be polite under the most trying circumstances, their employers are not subject to nervous troubles to so great an extent. Heart disease heads the list of disorders, which attack the men who hire the clerks, nervous troubles being second and apoplexy third, and consumption fourth.

TRAVELLERS AND POLICEMEN.

The commercial traveler, who learns the art of being a "good fellow" as a part of his trade, is another man who does not live out his days. A drink here, a drink there, here a cigar, and somewhere else a poorly cooked meal, are factors in the drummer's speedy going. Irregular hours also have to do with the "good fellows' insecure grip on the life that he seems to enjoy so well.

Policemen, due to their outdoor life, and the fact that they must be sound when they enter the service, are a healthy lot and live to an advanced age. Rheumatism is the bane of the policeman's existence, but outside of this he has few disorders that afflict mankind. The heavy carrier is in the open air, but like the policeman, he is the prey of rheumatism. The minor, even though his work is underground, and far away from the sun that warm the lives of other men, lives to a good old age unless he is the victim of some accident. Even the miners, who work in the most stifling, and who lie for hours in cramped positions, do not die so young as the clerk, whose hardest physical effort is the lifting of a bolt of cloth. Working in copper, lead and zinc after the metals have gone through the refining process, is destructive to health and match making is one of the most dangerous occupations, due to the fumes of sulphur which penetrate the lungs. This work is carried on mostly by women and children, and the mortality, according to the statement of the British expert, is appalling.

BETTER THAN MEDICINE.

Products of the Garden That Are Cures for Numerous Ills.

Tomatoes rouse torpid liver and do the work, ordinarily, of a doctor's prescription. Lettuce has a soothing, quieting effect upon the nerves and is an insomnia remedy.

Celery is an acknowledged nerve tonic, and is more and more used in medical prescriptions.

Onions are a tonic for the nerves, but people will be forever prejudiced because of their odor. Dandelions purify the blood and generally are declared to tone up the system.

Potatoes should be eschewed by those who "have a horror of getting fat," as that is one penalty of eating them.

Watercress is a "good, all-round" brace-up for the system.

Spinach has medicinal properties and qualities equal to the most indigo of all the pills made.

Finally, it is now contended by scientists, possess almost the same virtues that are claimed for sarsaparilla.

Beets are fattening, even a moderately learned man will explain, because of the sugar they contain.

Ordinary lima beans, some one has said, are good to ally thirst, but the same can be said, with equal truth, of a pitcher of water.

Asparagus is efficacious in kidney ailments to an extent that is not yet, perhaps, thoroughly appreciated.

Cucumbers, aside from sunbath emitting properties known to readers of facetious paragraphs, contain an acid that is helpful in cases of dyspepsia.

Cabbage in Holland, is regarded as something of a blood purifier, but the authority is vague. In Germany its efficacy is purely sea-saw-kerry.

Parley will assist good digestion like cheese and nuts, but a quantity in excess of ordinary capacity has to be consumed. Therein lies the joke.

Pumpkins are an ingredient in a patent medicine that is guaranteed to cure a variety of ailments flesh is heir to, but the world is increasing in inhabitants who do not believe all they hear.

"Doctor," she said, archly, "some physicians say kissing isn't healthy. What do you think of it?" "Well, really," replied the handsome young doctor, "I don't think you or I should attempt to decide that for hand. Let's put our heads together and consider."

Parker: "What's wrong? You seem worried." Streeter: "I am. I wrote two notes—one to my broker asking him to take me for an idiot, and the other to Miss Golding asking her if she would be mine."

While I was out somebody telephoned 'Yes!' and I don't know which of 'em it was."

AN UNLUCKY BROOD.

A Boy Tells His Experience With Poultry.

The fatalities attending the raising of poultry are not always as amusing as those of the youngster whose exposure to a real brood in "The Diary of a Real Boy" by Mr. Henry A. Shute. He describes his "tuff luck" as follows:

April 30. I don't see what the matter is with my hens. I haven't got a egg this week. Father said there was a nest in the coop, I put a steel trap of Sam Dyer and tonight I set it in the coop. I put a piece of cheese on it. Tomorrow morning I guess mister fat want steal any more eggs.

May 1. What do you think. This morning I got up to get my rat and I found that my best hen, the bolton gray that John Adams gave me had tried to pick the cheese out of the trap and the trap had caught her by the neck and killed her. I felt most bad about it. I thought I could go out and catch the chicken.

May 3. What do you think. This morning I set in the hen coop 1 hour, the branna went on the nest and set a while and came off and cackled. I looked and she had laid an egg. I left the egg there and hid behind a barrel and got my boy down. I went out and set the egg. When I went on the nest and I supposed she was a going to lay, but she broke into that egg and began to gobble it up. I was so mad that I let ding at her with the bowgun and just then she stuck up her head and the arrow took her in the back of the neck. I wish you could have seen her, she hollered one little pip and then went into the nest backwards and flapped round awful. I picked her up and she was dead. I didn't mean to kill her, I only wanted to make her jump and learn her nest.

My rooster is pretty sick. I tried to give him some kiann pepper tonic: father said kiann pepper was good for sick hens, so I held his mouth open and give him a spoonful. When I let him go he kept his mouth open and sorter sneezed pip-craw pip-craw pip-craw, and then he went to the water dish and began to drink. I think he is better because he hadn't drank any water for 2 days before. He was still drinking when I went away. I guess he will be a lot better tomorrow.

May 28. This morning when I went out to feed my hens I found my rooster dead. He had drank up all the water and he was all pulled up. I felt pretty bad. Father says I gave him enuf kiann pepper for a horse. He ought to have told me, he was a pretty good rooster too. I am having pretty tuff luck.

CRUELITIES IN THE CONGO.

Belgian Official Explanation and Denial.

For some time alleged cruelties against the negroes and infringement of treaty obligations have been charged against the Congo Independent State, for which Belgium is held responsible. The British Parliament took the matter under consideration and, after spirited debate, a note was addressed to the Belgian Government respecting the situation in the Congo Independent State. The note dealt with the first part of the note deals with the barbarous treatment of the natives, and refers to the evidence of travelers, while the second concerns the monopolies exercised by commercial companies and the government itself. It is considered that the system of monopolies is a violation of the Berlin Conference.

Formal denials of these charges have been made in the Official Bulletin of the Congo Free State, which has been inspired by King Leopold himself. The official defense, which is supported by the Indipendence League and the Congo Free State, in its main concerns these points: first, the Congo State is independent of the Berlin Conference; second, it has respected the acts of Berlin and Brussels, and third, acts of cruelty have been unofficial and have been officially punished.

In the Brussels Chamber of Deputies, the Socialist leader M. Van der Velde interpellated the Government on the alleged atrocities and asserted that he had private information supporting many of the charges.

Belgian Government, the Foreign Minister denied the current report, and said that all acts of cruelty such as occurred, were being speedily and severely punished, and he expressed himself as proud of the work their compatriots were doing in the Congo.

Rev. Dr. W. Morrison, whose advocacy of the matter to members of Parliament resulted in the action of that body, claimed that under the direction of King Leopold, three articles of the Berlin treaty have been violated: "First, that Belgium has a monopoly of the foreign trade of the Congo. Second, that the section of the treaty giving all religious denominations equal privileges in the Congo has been violated. Third, that the worst kind of inhumanity is practiced, there being forced labor and brutal treatment of the natives and foreigners alike."

THE MAN WITH THE BILL.

After having called nine or ten times, the man with the bill was fortunate enough to find his victim in.

"This is Mr. Ardup, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes."

"Orville Ardup?"

"Yes. You seem to know my name all right."

"Oh, I remember your name well enough. It's your face that generally escapes me."

Mrs. Joniken: "Your husband hasn't turned out the man you expected."

Hunnimus: "No. Hunnimus' Mrs. Hunnimus."

"A husband, that's a husband, please look at the stunning diamond ring that came with him? Surely that's something."

DLAY HENRY SOMERSET

ENGLAND'S MOST GIFTED PHILANTHROPIST.

Her Failing Health Is a Cause of Anxiety to Her Many Friends.

That gifted and gracious woman, Lady Henry Somerset, has many friends in this country who will be sorry to know that she is in failing health. Lady Henry Somerset was properly called one of the foremost women in England, all of the later years of her life having been devoted to good works. Deliberately turning aside from all the fascinations and allurements of society, she has devoted her time and a large part of her wealth to uplifting humanity.

Lady Henry is the third daughter of the late Earl Somers, from whom she inherited much of the nobility of her character. He was a man who had little taste for the follies of society and he spent much of his time in travel and in scientific research. Such men as Ruskin and Garibaldi and Mazzini were his chosen friends. He went with Mr. Robert Curzon on his explorations of the old Greek monasteries. He was at one time lord-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, and he was a member of the house of lords for more than thirty years, and a lover of study and art from his boyhood.

LADY HENRY'S MOTHER.

was the beautiful and highly accomplished Miss Virginia Pattie, from whom Lady Henry inherited her grace of manner and much of the beauty that was hers in her earlier years.

It was in 1872 that Lady Isabel married Lord Henry Somerset, a son of the duke of Beaufort, and a member of one of England's most distinguished families. Lady Henry recalls with pardonable pride the fact that Tennyson sent her a basket of snowdrops gathered with his own hands on the morning of her wedding.

But the marriage did not result in happiness, the young couple not having tastes in common. A separation was arranged and Lady Henry was given control of her own child, a son.

Her unfortunate matrimonial experience had the effect of inclining Lady Henry more than ever toward a life of usefulness and she retired from society altogether, going to her great estates surrounding East Angles, about 100 miles from London. These estates are fifteen miles in length and contain 25,000 acres. The castle is

A GREAT BUILDING.

with an entrance hall 60 feet long, 30 feet wide and 68 feet high. In the hall are almost priceless relics of antiquity found by the earl of Somers while on his travels. In the great dining-room are splendid paintings and rare statuary. There are rare tapestries and a veritable museum of works of art. Her home is open to the public on certain days in the week, but one must pay a shilling as an admission fee, and all the money thus paid is used for charitable purposes.

Lady Henry's first public work was in the cause of temperance and her first public address was a temperance speech made in a little school house near one of the gates of her castle. She had seen the evils of drink among her army of tenants and she determined to do something to improve their condition. She went about giving Bible readings in the kitchens of the people and she held temperance meetings in the castle itself. She went to the mining districts of South Wales and held meetings among the miners, and in 1890 she succeeded Margery, the sister of John Bright, as president of the British W. O. T. U., a position she has held ever since.

LACK OF HUMOR.

A Laughable Incident at a Russian Theatre.

Humor is a saving grace of which certain Russian officials are in need, if the following story told by the London Daily Telegraph can be depended on.

The course of true art is never always run smooth in holy Russia, as, for example, in the theatre of Yelazavograd. In the fourth act of a certain play there is a Shakespearean Hamlet, and some of the dramatic personae have to mix with the public in the galleries, and to his chief actress, who duly faints. As soon as the gentlemen had taken their places among the gods and begun to hiss and whistle, the policeman on duty came down upon them like a wolf on the fold, and before they could utter a word of explanation he and his colleagues "nabbed" the two removed them by force and took them to the next police station, where they were charged with disorderly conduct at a public place. They protested that they had only done their duty, but the police laughed at their explanations and scorned them. The public left the theatre en masse to see what was happening to the actors, but the latter had already been consigned to the cells. The crowd in the street before the theatre grew rapidly in numbers, and their noisy protests threatened to culminate in serious disorders. Fortunately, the manager of the theatre appeared before the superintendent, and the whole light of a paraffin lamp declared, with manuscript in hand, the whole fourth act, in order to show that hissing was an essential part of the performance. Only then did the representatives of the law release the innocent actors.

NOT WEATHER ADVICE.

Eat less and drink plenty of water without ice and the heat stroke will not get you, according to the best authorities.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is a poet as well as a man of action. He writes dramas which have been acted in Cettinje and translated into German and Italian. He is a great admirer of Tennyson, and often recites "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in English.

The Duchess of Bedford is reputed to be one of the most expert lady anglers, as she is one of the best shots in England. Caring little for society, her Grace is never so happy as when she is residing at Woburn Abbey, surrounded by her wonderful collection of zoological specimens. The Duke and Duchess make a practice of preserving at least one relation of almost every animal and bird that dies on the estate. These relics are kept in a corridor of the Abbey set apart for them.

The turn of Fortune's wheel sent John Hartshorne from wealth to poverty, and then promised luxury again, but death intervened. In former days Hartshorne was a colliery proprietor near Wolverhampton, England, but at ninety-five years old found himself penniless in Newark workhouse. Then a ray of sunshine broke through. An American relation lent him \$20,000, and negotiations were going on when the clouds gathered again and the poor old man was taken ill. Death won the race, and the romance coldly ended.

When King Peter of Serbia lived in Paris he occupied a flat on the Rue de Valenciennes, for which he paid the very modest rent of \$150 per annum. He was in those days a great athlete and boxer, as two malcontents discovered when they waylaid him on his way home and demanded his money or his life. He got neither. But one of them got the Royal flat, and the other, the bridge of the Royal boat, and Peter Kara-georgievitch, leaving his assailants in the gutter, resumed his interrupted progress.

The late Max O'Rell was exceedingly popular as a lecturer, and the way in which his mother (who died many years ago) viewed the suggestion that her son should take to the platform is worth repetition. She wrote to him from the native village which she had never left for more than a day, to say that she did not think appearing before audiences to be a reputable business, and when he replied that he had decided to do it she had signed a contract to that effect, the dear old lady wrote back that she was "still" his loving mother, and that she would tell no one in the village about it!

King Edward follows in the footsteps of Queen Victoria in being an early riser. A cup of tea at eight o'clock and a simple breakfast at nine is the way he begins the day; but he is fond of his lunch, which he takes at 2.30, after which he has his favorite meal. His Majesty's principal drink is a special claret, but a little cognac in his coffee meets with approval. The King prefers Egyptian cigarettes to any others, and when traveling he takes with him a dainty little contrivance of the Princess Maud, which contains all a smoker requires.

Mr. Louis Fournier, a young Paris journalist, has had a remarkable piece of good fortune. Mr. Fournier, who is a painter as well as a journalist, some years ago exhibited a portrait of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. The Comtesse de Majendie wished to acquire the portrait, and Mr. Harold T. F. Barker, of Sydney, New South Wales, a multimillionaire, also desired to possess it. This led to an acquaintance between all three. Mr. Fournier became engaged to the daughter of the Comtesse de Majendie, and is to be married to her in November. Mr. Barker, who went to Rennes to reside, contracted typhoid fever and died a short time ago. Mr. Fournier has received a letter from Mr. Barker's solicitor in London, informing him that he is heir to a million and a half sterling, and that in addition Mr. Barker has left him an estate in Westmorland. Mr. Fournier is not yet twenty-two years of age.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the president of the American Steel Trust, is a musician of no mean ability. As a boy he was taught singing by the Sisters of Mercy at Loretto, and Schwab, according to one story, the lad's musical talent had something to do with his future career. Whilst he was still in a very junior position in the steel mill where he worked, his fellow-workers persuaded him to sing at a social gathering of the mill employees. Always a modest, young Schwab was reluctant, but finally appeared on the night in Highland costume and sang a typical Scotch song. He was in the midst of this when the door opened and the great ironmaster, Andrew Carnegie, came in. Mr. Carnegie listened to the song with evident delight, and was thus led to inquire about the singer, with the result that Mr. Schwab now finds himself in a unique position of responsibility and with a fortune equalled by few even in the United States.

TURKEY MURDERER.

While a child was playing on the floor of a house at Cortat, Roumanian, some turkeys strayed in. One of them flew to the bed, and its wings, flapping against the trigger of a gun hanging on the wall, exploded the charge, which entered the child's head and killed it.

ELECTRIC CRANE.

The great German naval harbor of Kiel now contains the largest electric crane in existence. It is so placed that two of the cranes can be used for the purpose of unloading or exchanging cargoes. The crane can lift 50 tons at a time. Electric cranes have rapidly replaced the hand apparatus in the German shipyards and docks, and on board the large German steamships.

1,000 cubic feet of gas gives the same amount of light as six electric units.

MUCH GAME DESTROYED

FISH, BIRDS AND BEASTS KILLED BY FOREST FIRES.

Various Theories Suggested to Account for the Mortality Among the Fish.

The forest fires in Canada have caused great destruction of game. Reports now at hand prove that partridges, woodcock and rabbits and the many small fur-bearing animals have suffered enormously, writes a correspondent at Hull. Wood pigeons were noticed to be remarkably on the increase this year, having perhaps discovered new watering grounds in the west, and these in the burned district have been practically annihilated.

A trout fisherman who judged it wise to shift his camp to an island a few acres in extent in the middle of a large unnamed lake northeast of the Yellow Beaver had an experience which in some respects transcends that of the Swiss Family Robinson. The domain of which he was at first the only inhabitant became peopled with woodpeckers, shrikes, plovers and partridges, as the fires extended along the shores of the lake. Then squirrels came, and a few rabbits appeared. He and his bull moose and three stags, all with budding horns, swam in together one morning. Several red deer, some of whom had evidently lost their fawns, came along later.

A fine black bear landed also, with one little cub, and he took to his mother's neck. So thickly settled, in fact, became the island that the sportsman judged it wise to keep to his hut for fear of startling some of his guests by stepping too near their resting places. He did, however, dispute with his gun the landing of a gaunt old wolf, in the interests of the general peace.

The living amid such surroundings had an effect upon his nerves, however, and as the fishing did not turn out very well, he was obliged to leave the community and by a careful choice of lakes and rivers made his way

DOWN TO THE SETTLEMENTS.

All reports agree that in the burned district trout streams have suffered severely. At all the dams and at the many points where fallen trees lie across the brooks, dead fishes of all sizes float in multitudes. On one little stream, which was never dried for trout because it was known to be tenanted by pouts and dace, the bleaching bodies of large spotted beauties lie, covering it thickly at far as the eye can see.

The larger lakes all bear somewhat similar proof upon their surface of the havoc that the forest fires have caused in the streams flowing into them. Various theories have been suggested to account for the mortality among the fish. The idea of poisoning is very commonly received.

Limestone, which abounds in a highly crystalline form in the Laurentides, is supposed to have been calcined into quicklime, which, as many old poachers know well, will quickly bring up all the fish in the affected water to the surface. There is a good deal of iron pyrites in the rocks, which give off sulphuric acid under fusion. And there is no doubt of the poisonous effect of sulphuric acid upon fish.

Still another theory is that the destruction of so much vegetable matter along the banks of streams by fire has caused the formation of a lye, which would certainly be deadly for fish life. No doubt these chemical changes may have had some effect on the fish. But it is not difficult to account in a much simpler manner for the loss of life, when it is understood that the trout are the greatest sufferers.

A very slight rise in the temperature of the water makes the trout listless and inert. When confined in shallow pools, he becomes bleached, and wastes away. In the case of bush fires, where the soil itself takes fire and burns away, the banks of streams as well as the air above become heated. A sudden rise of two or three degrees in the temperature of brooks is not at all impossible in such cases, and such is every reason to believe that such a change would be highly detrimental to the extremely susceptible trout.

No doubt, also, the loss of insect life, which must be simply enormous at such times, will be greatly felt by fish in the affected district.

TEN GOOD RULES.

Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never spend more money before you have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened to us.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER III.

"It is too good of you, Eva," said Vivian Ardel, as he warmly pressed the little hand that lay warm in his. "The poor girl has a chance of happiness at last."

"It was a sweet face that looked up brightly into his. The eyes were soft brown, and the soft brown hair waved and rippled where it edged the white forehead. Her smile was full of gentle cheerfulness. Beauty and intellect were in her face, but goodness most of all—a man's true helpmate. The slight, fragile figure and the bright face might have been a young girl's, but the calm, mysterious tenderness of motherhood shone in the soft eyes.

Her cheek flushed at Ardel's earnestness. "You make me half sorry, Vivian, that the thing you ask is so pleasant. I should give thanks, not get them. From what you tell me of her, I'm sure that the girl you saved—Lucy—is the name, isn't it?—is the very girl I was longing for: a girl to be good to my little ones and make them love her. I'm self and make them love her. I'm self as well, for I'm very hard to John is away, and I'm very hard to please in my friends. Just when the wish was strongest, you, who have given me so much, have given me this too."

"Come and see her, Eva. Mind you promise nothing till you see and speak to her."

"She is wonderfully beautiful," whispered the soft-eyed little mother as she stole into the room and gazed on the face of the young girl, who still slept.

"And wonderfully young to have known such sorrow," Ardel answered.

"And good and true, it looks count for anything," said Eva.

"Now I shall wake her and leave you alone together. After that you shall tell me if you can take her to your heart and home without fear."

He touched the sleeping girl's forehead with his finger-tips, and in a low voice spoke in her ear the one word "awake." Then he passed noiselessly from the room, and the blue eyes opening slowly looked straight into the pitying brown. Vague at first was that look of half-conscious questioning in those sad eyes. Eva saw remembrance of what had been dawn slowly in their liquid depths. The pale cheeks flushed, the lips quivered as the poor girl glanced with a quick, frightened look round the room, and then she lay. Then her eyes came back to the sweet face that bent over her so pityingly.

"What has happened?" she whispered, so softly that Eva bent closer to hear. "How am I here?"

"Can you remember nothing?"

The gentle voice seemed to give her courage.

"I remember I was very miserable. I must have been used with misery. I thought I could bear no more. The quiet river tempted me. I remember the cold touch of the water as it closed over me. It was awful. I was frightened: I longed to be alive again. I tried to cry out, but I could not; the water smothered my voice. I tried to struggle, but my thoughts all crowded together wildly and were lost. I remember no more."

"No more! You have no memory how you were saved? how you came here?"

The girl yielded to the charm of Eva Trevor's voice and answered her like a child:

"I seem to have wakened here before just for a moment, to see a man's face bending over me—a wonderfully handsome man, with dark eyes full of pity, like your own. The next moment the face faded into darkness, and I slept again. It was only a dream."

"It was no dream, dear," Eva answered, and she patted the girl's hand caressingly as she spoke. "It was he who brought you here. It was he who saved you from the river, and it is he who is trying to make the life he saved a happy one."

"It was he sent you to me, then?"

"Yes, he sent me to you, my dear."

"Will you call me Lucy?"

"My dear Lucy, he had the right to send you. He saved my life as he saved yours from a more insidious death. He gave me happiness as, with God's help, he will give it to you. Can you listen to me for a while? Are you strong enough?"

"I feel quite strong again, only a little frightened. May I hold you hand?"

The hands met and clasped, and so white and warm on the soft, white quilt, and Eva went on, her brown eyes brighter with unshed tears.

"It is good for me to tell and for you to hear. We were three years married—John and I. John was a barrister, briefless almost and without friends. I was a governess when he married me. We were very poor and had a hard struggle to live. Then I fell sick. Two doctors saw me and said I must die, that I could not live a month. Poor John was heart-broken. His last hope was in Dr. Ardel—our friend, you saw; the most famous doctor in the world. So John somehow, scared starving himself, I'm afraid, scaped together his fee. I was frightened nearly to death as I went into the great man's room. But my fear left me when I saw his face and heard him speak. He cured me within a week, but he would take no fee. I have never had a day's real sickness since, and my oldest son was born six years ago. But that was not all. He coaxed my whole story from me. After a little he met John too, and liked him, and helped him. Dr. Ardel's good word goes a long way. He is the richest man in London, they say, and the cleverest. The briefs began to flow in on John; he is a Queen's counsel now, and will be soon a judge. We are rich, and have a beautiful place of our own at Lavender, down by the Thames; and you are going there to-day, to stay with us always. That's the whole story, Lucy."

"I stay with you! But you don't know me, or where I came from! I am so stunned I hardly know myself." Then suddenly clear remembrance came, and with it a pang of sharpest pain.

"Oh! mother! mother!" she wailed out, and a wild passion of weeping choked her voice.

"Don't," whispered Eva softly; "you will break her heart even in heaven. I am a mother, and know. You will meet her again, Lucy, where there is no pain or grief."

"I must go to her now at once. She lies there dead and lonely. Oh! how could I leave her!"

But Eva laid a restraining hand on hers and spoke to her calmly, though the tears silently coursed down her own cheeks. "Lie still and listen to me, Lucy. Your mother lies in her quiet country grave, by your father's side, close by the church where they prayed together. Hereafter we will come, you and I, to lay flowers on their graves, when your sorrow is less keen, and I have learned to love her memory for your sake."

"But who did this? Who could know to do it?"

"He knew, Lucy. He knows your whole story. Don't ask me how he knows. This morning he saw your mother laid in her quiet grave. To-day he has asked me to help to make your life happy. I am here to try."

"It is too good of him; too good of you."

"Not of me, Lucy. I would do anything for Vivian Ardel. But I'm doing nothing for him now. He has got me the very girl I was longing for. I know we will be friends if you will come to me. Our little house is a pretty place close to the river, and then there are the children. Willie is six, and Harry nearly three, and my little niece, Jeannette, a two-year-old, dimpled little darling. You like children, I hope."

"I love them."

"Then I'll settle, dear: you will come to me. You are Vivian's latest gift, and I will love you for his sake and for your own. Oh! you poor, poor darling! What misery you must have gone through!"

She stooped down impulsively and kissed the young girl on the lips, and with that kiss a life-long friendship was pledged between those two. "Now, Lucy, do you feel strong enough to dress? I'll help you. We are to lunch here with Dr. Ardel at three, and afterwards we go down together to our place. Are you strong enough?"

"Oh! I feel quite strong. I seem to have got new life from the long rest. But—"

"I know, dear. Everything is quite ready. There were your old things to go by, and I did a little shopping this morning. I came up with a new dress and a new hat, and I'm sure they will fit nicely—mourning, of course; I knew you would want mourning."

Lucy looked more lovely than ever in a dress of plain black cashmere, that fitted closely to her trim figure, and with that color except the soft frill of muslin that circled her white throat.

Lucy was very shy at first. As Vivian Ardel took the little hand, he felt it tremble in his own, and the words of thanks faltered on her lips. But her frank blue eyes were eloquent of gratitude. She was very shy in the train which carried them in a quick forty minutes' run to Lavender; shy and silent as they walked together to the house along a pleasant path-way by the river's edge.

But when they reached the house, while the men passed through the hall to a sitting-room on the right, Eva, beckoning to Lucy, stole up a flight of shallow carpeted stairs, opened a door softly on the first landing, and looked into a room with a beaming face on the living picture within. Lucy crept as softly behind her, and peeped over her shoulder, and then her shyness vanished in a moment.

"Oh!" she said eloquently.

Eva turned and looked at her, and saw her face bright with admiration and tenderness, which the mere sight of children wakes in her heart, and which she could not resist.

It was indeed as pleasant a sight as ever gladdened a mother's eyes. The nursery was a large room full of air and light, with a great bow window that looked wide over a delightful prospect of meadow, wood, and water. The walls were papered with pretty pictures of nursery rhymes—Jack and Jill in Kate Greenaway's costumes tumbled down hill between disconsolate Bo-Peep and exultant Jack Horner. But prying little eyes and busy fingers had found the weak spots in the paper, and torn it in strips from the walls, cutting off here the head of a giant, and there the wing of a fairy.

The three little delinquents were at the moment in the room, absorbed in their several occupations, unconscious of the eyes that looked upon them so lovingly. In one corner the six-year-old boy, brown-haired and brown-eyed, like his mother, was cuddled up in an impossible attitude, reading intently in a big-lettered book with appalling red ink illustrations of the "buggy-bug" exploits of Jack the Giant-Killer.

In the middle of the floor the two little toddlers were together. The baby girl, a lovely little creature, with bristly black eyes and curly black hair, and cheeks like the damask rose, was tenderly nursing the grotesque Dutch doll, looking with a pouting head and pouting mouth at the boy. The boy, a sturdy young Saxon of three, blue-eyed, and flaxen-haired, wanted the head of the Dutch doll for a drum-stick. A row was imminent, when the mother's voice made itself heard at the door.

"John! Willie! Harry," and book and doll and drum went down together on the floor, and there was a wild stampede to the mother's arms.

"My good little Jenny! my own big, big boy! That that will do; that will do. Look what I have brought you. This is your new Aunt Lucy, come to stay with us always. Mind you are good to her, and love her very much, or I will take her away again."

The little girl came at once to Lucy, and kissed her and nestled in her arms; but the boys hung back, shyly at first. But when Lucy picked up the disregarded drum from the floor and beat a rapid roll on it with her finger-tips, the flaxen-headed youngster crept close to her side. For a moment there was danger of the revival of the doll and drum crisis, but an amicable compromise was effected at last. Instead of a head, was sacrificed for a drum-stick. The limb was duly wrenched from its socket, the wooden-headed lady submitting to the operation with a broad, unfeigning grin. Her little mistress pulled the dress down to conceal the mutilation, and everybody was satisfied.

The elder boy, meanwhile, had crept back to his book. Lucy glanced over his shoulder at the big, round, and gruesome picture, and presently, by a word or two, won his heart as a kindred spirit, blurring for the blood of poor dull blundering giants. The boys, who were sitting on the floor, began reading softly, the giant-slaying Jack was in turn abandoned. She was eagerly installed in the easy chair, and the two boys pressing close to her side, she read, in a low, sweet voice, the wonderful story of "Snow-White and Rose-Red" and "The Vicious Dwarf" and the kind-hearted

ON THE FARM.

SOILS AND PLANT FOODS.

There are crops which grow quickly and can be gotten out of the way for some other kind before fall, and it is by growing such crops that the farm is kept up to its highest standard of fertility. To attempt to renew worn-out soils by the aid of manure alone is expensive; as but few farmers can produce a sufficiency of that material for all crops. The farmer may apply manure to one field at a time, but something will depend upon the quality of the manure. Hauling a load of saturated straw and spreading it on the land, because it has been used in the stalls and thrown into the barnyard, does not give the farmer an equivalent for his care and labor in making and hauling the manure. The average value of a ton of ordinary manure seldom exceeds \$2, and where the use of cotton-seed meal, bran and clover hay, is not general the manure may contain but little available plant food. As there is also more or less loss of the fertilizing elements due to exposure of the manure, it is doubtful if the cost of the handling, hauling and spreading of the manure, warrants its use for some crops; yet every farmer is ready to affirm that manure is superior for crops to all other forms of plant food, which is true to a certain extent, because it performs a mechanical service in the soil; but the fact remains that manures differ in quality, and that bulk does not always add value, as nothing can be derived from the manure other than from the materials that enter into its composition.

COMPOSITION IN THE HEAP.

While manure should be an important adjunct to successful farming, it should also be considered as only a partial source of plant food. The land should always be covered with a crop of some kind. If not producing something for the market it should be growing crops for its own use. The soil is better capable of holding its stored plant food by depositing it into the plants occupying it than to be exposed to the leaching and washing rains, which dissolve and carry away the soluble substances which should be retained. A growing crop prevents such loss, not only in summer, but in winter. Even when manure is spread on the land, the best mode of retaining the plant food is to put in a crop of some kind and allow it to appropriate the substances existing in the manure, as the plants take from the land when the crop grows thereon is to be given up to the land again. The bare field is more subject to loss than when the crop occupies it, and nature recognizes this fact by endeavoring to cover the stubble field with weeds or grass as soon as the crop is removed. The farmer can grow a crop as food for the land as easily as he can grow food for his cattle, and the results will be fully as satisfactory, as there will be no harvesting or feeding by hand, and no liability of the materials deteriorating until desired for use. The land can be used as a storehouse for plant food, to be held until the farmer is ready to appropriate it. The green manure is already in the soil, no spreading will be necessary and it has undergone the same process of decomposition as though fed to stock and accumulated in a heap at the barnyard.

THERE ARE SEVERAL CROPS

that can be made to do service, not only in covering the land, but in destroying weeds. Millet, which grows rapidly, covers the weeds, and while Hungarian grass, which may be mowed two or three times and then ploughed under, is the best cleanser of the soil of weeds that can be used. Buckwheat is a crop that will grow on the poorest sandy soil, and even if corn or oats are broadcasted and turned under, when high enough, they will be serviceable. While cow peas may be regarded as the best crop for adding nitrogen to the soil in summer, yet there is nothing to prevent the growing of two crops on the same land for enriching the soil, as it may not be necessary for such crops to mature at a growth. It is maintained that the

WORK OF A CONVICT.

Siberian Exile Brings Peace to Doukhobors.

Peter Vorogin, a former Siberian convict and present leader of the Canadian Doukhobors, has brought peace to the troubled communities at Yorktown, N. W. T., and at Rosthern, and has made good progress in his self-imposed task of converting the fanatical Doukhobors into Canadian farmers.

One of the most difficult features of the Doukhoboy settlement, with which the immigration authorities have had to deal was the refusal of the members to homestead the land. Their opinions have within the past few months undergone a decided change in this respect. Every male Doukhoboy over the age of 18 years has applied for a quarter section, and 1,743 homestead applications have been made since Vorogin's arrival in this country. It is significant that the name of Nicolai Zebrov, who was the prime leader of the last two pilgrimages, appears as the attorney for 500 of the settlers who made application.

Although seemingly a little thing, Vorogin made one change during his visit to Winnipeg which is destined to have a great effect on the Doukhoboy communities. While in the office of the commissioner of immigration he had expressed the wish to become a good Canadian, and the suggestion was made that he should begin by dressing in the clothing of the country. The Doukhoboy leader said nothing, but when he reappeared at the immigration office on the following day a wonderful transformation in his appearance had taken place. His hair was cut short, the long, sweeping beard had completely disappeared, and in place of the Russian blouse and trousers Vorogin was attired in a suit of "store clothes," with all the accessories of starched linen and neat cravat.

Vorogin was a little uncomfortable, but was proud of the fact that he had sacrificed his personal feelings to his loyalty to his adopted country. The costume of his followers will not be long in undergoing a similar change. Vorogin has set them another and more important example. He has begun the study of English, and knows enough of it now to pronounce familiar words and to write his name in English characters.

HAPPY SCOTIA.

For the past twenty years imprisonment for debt in Scotland has been abolished. Scotland is now practically a debtor's paradise. A person can be imprisoned only for non-payment of the King's taxes. Scottish tradesmen, through their debts recovery associations, strongly pressed for a return to the old law as many fraudulent abuses have sprung up under the present system.

CAMPION FOREST.

A primeval forest containing 120,000,000 camphor trees, measuring 12 to 18 feet in circumference, has recently been discovered in Formosa. It is estimated that the yield of camphor gum from these trees will amount to 18,000,000 pounds. The forest is not entirely composed of camphor trees, but contains other varieties, including an abundance of "red-grained" oak.

SOLDIERS MUST SWIM.

All German soldiers must learn to swim. Some of them are so expert that, with their clothing on and ammunition, they can swim streams several yards wide.

crops add nothing to the soil other crops can add nothing to the soil other than the amount derived therefrom. This claim is true, so far as the mineral elements are concerned, but there is a decided gain of nitrogen by the use of the leguminous plants. As the soil contains a large proportion of inert mineral matter, the plants gradually change it to an available condition, and, though not adding mineral matter to the soil, they bring it within reach of succeeding crops. In winter the soil loses its fertility rapidly, especially if there is frequent freezing and thawing with abundant rain, for which reason dry or crimson clover serve to prevent loss. It will therefore, pay the farmers to grow crops on every square foot of ground, as they will be serviceable on the land if not profitable for market.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Bad eggs float in the water. For indigestion give the fowls plenty of sharp gravel. A good dust bath will go far towards keeping fowls in good condition.

Clear raw corn meal wet with water is a good feed for young ducklings at any time. If an egg is clear after being under the hen five days it is infertile and will not hatch.

It is not a good plan to give young chickens water before they have had their morning feed. When hens are confined they should have meat two or three times a week, to take the place of insect food.

An abundance of whitewash in and about the house will be conducive to health. Fifth will make short work of young turkeys. Care should be taken always to feed them in a clean place.

Destroy the nest of a sitting hen as soon as the chickens are a day old. Give her a new nest and turn the old one.

Allow no decomposing vegetable matter, no filth or dust of any kind to accumulate around the poultry yard.

It is not best to hatch any kind of poultry unless it be guineas during July and August. The weather is too hot.

Fowls that must be fed in summer should be fed regularly. If fed twice a day, feed lightly in the morning and give a full feed at night.

On the farm if more than one breed is kept, it is necessary that they be kept separate, and one of the other must be kept confined part of the time.

After the hatching season is over, usually it will be best to sell off the cockerels and all hens that are more than two years old, unless especially valued as brooders.

WATER FOR SWINE.

Keep the pigs supplied at all times and especially in warm weather, with plenty of pure water. It is not enough to fill their trough at certain times with slops or even milk. They must have water also. Often when they are restless and squealing, with no apparent reason, a bucketful of water poured into the trough would send them satisfied and comfortable to their nest to sleep and grow.

While drinking water is a matter of prime necessity, a bathing place is a great comfort to them in warm weather. A foul, malarial "hog-wallow" is not the best place for them. They should have reasonably clean water. A shallow tank, gradually sloping to the bottom, lined with planks, or better yet, flat stones, into which water may be turned, is a great convenience where hogs are kept. It is not safe to let them have access to a running stream. Many herds have been swept off by hog cholera produced by germs brought down by running water from infected swine above.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE... 25c.

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

DEEDS, NOT WORDS. "Jenkins, does your wife ever threaten you?" "Yes, she does. She just goes and does it!"

Jim Dumps on Independence Day, Said: "Force freed us from England's sway."

Now independence let's declare From indignation's tyrant snare. Good friends, shake off this despot grim. 'Twas 'Force' that freed your 'Sunny Jim'."

"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

always on duty.

A Food for Fighters.

"It may interest you to learn that 'Force' is being served as breakfast several times each week to the members of the Second Regiment, N. G. F., now on duty at this place."

"HARRY W. BROWN."

Weak, Languid Children

Who Grow Up Frail of Body and Exhausted in Nervous Force Are Wonderfully Benefited by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is a puzzle to many parents to know just what to do for children when they get pale, weak and languid, lose their appetite and ambition, and seem to gradually fall in health and strength.

There is probably no preparation more effective for such cases as this than Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This great restorative is mild and gentle in action, and yet powerful and certain in its upbuilding effects. It is especially suitable for children and endorsed by a great many grateful parents.

Mrs. George F. Brishin, Lake St., Peterboro, Ont., states:— "One of my children, a boy of about fifteen years, did not have good health for a year or more. He seemed to have no energy, was weak and languid and suffered from nervousness. The doctors said that he was growing too fast, but we became alarmed about him, and began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. It was not long until we noticed a great change in his condition. His appetite improved, he had a better sleep and soon became stronger and healthier. He is still using the Nerve Food, and we are perfectly confident that he is improving right

along under this treatment." Mrs. D. Ardies, Brandon, Man., writes:—"My son, aged fourteen, and little girl of three years, were both stricken with St. Vitus' Dance. The doctor told us what the ailment was, but could not keep them from getting worse and worse, so when I received a book about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I decided to try it. The boy had lost eighteen pounds in two months, and could scarcely take hold of anything. The little girl lost the power of her tongue, and could scarcely speak."

"I now take pleasure in stating that they are both quite well, and you would never know there had been anything the matter. The boy has gained twenty-five pounds in weight. I am very thankful there is such a medicine on the market, and that I happened to get the little book just when I did. It has come in time as though it had been sent on purpose."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanston, Baines & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book as there, are on every box.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets. Black, Mixed and Green. Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

ANIMALS GO TO FUNERALS.

Follow Masters to Their Last Resting Place.

Provisions in wills, and the last requests of dying men, often account for strange funerals. A funeral in a small eastern city attracted attention recently, although it differed only slightly from the usual kind. On the velvet pall which covered the coffin was a large white hunkerschief on which were a couple of small bird cages, each with a canary inside.

It was a bright, sunny day, and the attention of all passers-by was attracted towards the gloomy procession. The funeral was that of a bird fancier, who, just before his death, had made his wife promise that his two pet canaries should accompany his coffin to the grave. Little bits of craps were tied round their cages. The woodwork had also been stained a dark color, which gave them a peculiar appearance. The death of a famous dog fancier near Albany, N. Y., was followed by a funeral in which half the attendants belonged to the canine species, each of the human mourners leading by a string some favorite animal of the fancier. The dogs behaved as though they perfectly understood the real nature of the ceremony in which they were assisting.

It is not uncommon for the favorite horse of a military officer to take part in the procession at his master's funeral. This sentiment also finds expression among other classes of society. A cab horse in Sioux City, Ia., followed his former driver to the grave, and in London recently forty of his horses followed the hearse which contained a toaming contractor. All the animals were draped with black cloth.

Undertakers seldom discourage these strange funeral displays, unless they are likely to interfere with the amount of the bill. The managers of cemeteries are generally less considerate, and it is probably in consequence of the unfavorable eye with which they regard any departure from ordinary funeral routine that funerals are now, as a rule, conducted in a more decorous manner than formerly.

ACTING THE PART.

"Now, Henry," says the bride, "I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride. I am going to act exactly as if I were an old married woman. So, dearest, do not think me cold and unloving, if I treat you very practically when there is anybody by."

"I don't believe I can pass for an old married man," said Henry. "I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it. I am sure to betray myself."

"No, you mustn't. It's easy enough. I'd insist that you behave just like all old married men do. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try, but I know I shall not succeed."

On the first evening of their arrival at their hotel the bride retired and the groom fell in with a whisk party, with whom he sat playing cards until four o'clock in the morning. His wife spent the weary hours in weeping. At last he turned up, and met his grief-stricken bride with the hilarious question, "Well, ain't I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again, and everybody in future knew that they had just been married.

BABY'S VITALITY.

The vitality of infants and young children is at its lowest point during the hot weather. More children die in summer than at any other season. This is because they are once suffer more from bowel troubles, are nervous, weak, sleepless and irritable. Prompt action often saves a valuable little life, and troubles of this kind can be promptly met and cured by giving the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, which should be kept in every home ready for emergencies. These Tablets speedily relieve, and promptly cure all stomach, bowel and other hot weather ailments, and give sound refreshing sleep. Mrs. F. Ferguson, 105 Mansfield street, Montreal, says: "My baby was attacked with dysentery and was hot and feverish. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and they promptly cured him. Before this he had been rather delicate, but since using the Tablets he has been better and stronger in every way."

These Tablets can be given with an absolute certainty that they will do good to all children from a new born upwards. They contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Sold by medicine dealers or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing direct to Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

This is somebody's idea of the ideal woman. We have an ideal man, but no place for such an ideal woman as she is idealized in the idea of the ideal woman.

An ideal woman is one without an ideal. Not only is she easy to live with, but she is worth living for. She has no history.



There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean.

She has no story.

She is too clever to talk of woman's rights; she takes them.

She wears frocks that match her hair; she does not dye her hair to match her frocks.

She helps her husband to build up a future for himself, and never seeks to rake up his past.

She believes that a theory is the paper fortress of the immature, and that a clergyman may still be a man.

She knows that when men talk about a woman being good-looking they mean that she is well dressed, though they do not know it.

She does not insist upon her husband eating up the cucumber sandwiches left over from one of her parties; she eats them herself and suffers in silence.

She is not such a fool as to fancy that anyone is ever convinced by argument.

She does not reason; she loves.

She does not believe that a man can love only once or only one. She herself prefers loving much to loving many.

She knows that every real woman is the ideal woman—the fact being that every ideal of the ideal woman is wholly dependent on the idealist, and every woman who is idealized is idealized.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HIS TROUBLES NEVER CAME BACK

ERNEST GRANT TOOK DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS—THEY REMOVED THE CAUSE.

He Had Backache and Urinary Troubles for Twelve Years Before He Used the Great Kidney Remedy.

Montreal, July 27.—(Special.)—Ernest Grant, 287 1/2 Urban street, this city, is among those who never let an opportunity pass to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills. He has his reasons for this, and here they are in his own words:

"I had been troubled with Backache and Kidney Disease for twelve years," says Mr. Grant. "My urine was very dark and high colored. I would lose my rest at night on account of having to rise so often to urinate. I could get nothing to help me."

"I tried several remedies, but all failed until I used Dodd's Kidney Pills. When I had taken four boxes, I was able to go to bed and take my rest, my Backache left me and I was cured. It has never come back."

When Dodd's Kidney Pills cure, the disease never comes back. They remove the cause.

THE "COCKNEY" AT HOME

IDEA OF THE LONDONER HELD BY PROVINCIAL ENGLISHMEN.

Believes the City Dweller is a Sophisticated and Privileged Person.

In spite of railways and cheap excursion tickets the provinces are still "provincial," and London, to many hundreds of thousands of worthy British citizens, is but a city of hearth.

It is curious what entirely erroneous ideas of the little ways and manners of the Londoner are acquired by those who live beyond the outskirts of the long-limbed monster. Even the most straightforward and unassuming person who lives within ten miles of Charing Cross is clothed with a certain mysterious glamour when he has put a hundred miles between him and the great city. He is endowed with the virtues of one who has lived near the seats of the mighty, and who has seen things strange and wonderful, says the London Mail.

The average provincial, for instance, who has a prodigious respect for royalty, is impressed with the idea that all Londoners constantly have the privilege of seeing the king and queen, ignorant of the fact that there are thousands, almost millions, of people living in London who have never caught even a distant glimpse of their majesties' persons.

The same idea is very general in the provinces with regard to prominent public persons, such as cabinet ministers, leading divines, notables of the bench and bar, and so on. When I was on a sojourn in the north of England I used constantly to be interrogated as to the personal characteristics of such people, and surprise was evinced if I had to confess, as was often the case, that I had never set eyes upon the person in question.

"But I thought you were a Londoner?" someone would say, doubtfully.

"Yes, so I am."

"Well, then, surely you have seen So-and-so?"

Then the Londoner, however respectable in his habits and virtues in character, is supposed to know more than he ought to do about the world, the flesh, and the devil, if, through ill-health or a sedentary life, he is pale and worn-looking, it is put down to hard living. If he is

robust and ruddy-looking, he is secretly admired for his "wonderful constitution."

"I suppose you find the London season very fatiguing?" says the provincial host to his guest, unexpecting that the life at Brighton or Clapham, or some other equally respectable suburb, where his greatest excitement is to lose his morning train, and his chief amusement a rubber of whist with his neighbor over the way.

THE WICKED CITY.

The wickedness of London and the inherent vice of Londoners are firmly rooted notions in the provincial mind, which take a good deal to eradicate. They draw general conclusions from the police court news and the society divorce cases, which are altogether too sweeping. We have our little failings and our little inconveniences; but after all a man may go home from the city to his suburb in spite of the vivacious hooligans, and a lady may do her shopping in Bond street, or even in High street, Kensington, without fear of being kidnapped in broad daylight. But the provincials on their first visit to London take a little time to shake off their nervousness of such things.

Nevertheless, the Londoner is much envious for living in the centre of civilization.

"What a privilege to live in touch with the British museum!" says the country clergyman, with a slight of envy. "I suppose you drop in there constantly?"

"How glorious to live within a penny 'bus-ride of the national gallery!" says the artistic young lady.

"What a profound influence it must exercise upon one's mind to pass so often beneath the shadow of St. Paul's and to meditate in the dim religious light of Westminster abbey!" says the earnest young thinker of north country.

And the provincial youth, reveling in the romance of Scott and Harrison Ainsworth wishes to goodness he could spend his half holidays at the Tower of London, like the lucky Londoner.

NEGLECTED PRIVILEGES.

What a little they know of that lucky Londoner! I do not suppose one in a thousand has ever entered the portals of the British museum, and the idea of dropping in constantly, would seem an excellent good joke to the average cockney, who would just as soon "drop in" to Wormwood Scrubs prison.

As for the national gallery, I have been there many a time, and found the only visitors to be a few enthusiastic foreigners. Londoners, as a rule, only use the gallery as a convenient shelter from the rain when passing through Trafalgar square, and then they stay beneath the portico, without troubling to go inside.

To provincial people who take an interest in political affairs—and most provincials are keen politicians—the glory of London and the happiness of Londoners consist in having the house of parliament in their midst.

All those names, familiar in their mouths as household words—the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and so on—are surrounded with the glamour of great renown. It is one of the chief ambitions of provincial people to see these great persons in the very flesh, to hear them speak in the house where the laws of England are made and unmade, and which is the shrine of great historical memories.

Yet a strange and almost pathetic feeling of disappointment comes over the provincial when he first gets an order from his member and goes through the turnstile into the strangers' gallery.

"Is this the house? How small!"

How unimpressive! It takes him a little time to recover from the preliminary shock. His imagination, aided by newspaper prints had conceived something much more vast and spacious, with crowds of members sitting in serried ranks, the government supporters divided by a great gulf from the opposition bench and the front opposition bench had loomed large and imposing. And after all there is nothing to be seen but rows of plain-looking seats on which a few old fogeys are sitting in all sorts of ridiculous attitudes, for all the world as if it were a town council meeting. And, worst of all, the member from the borough of Milltown is nowhere to be seen!

GLAD TO GET BACK.

The same disappointment awaits the provincial with regard to London generally. From his earliest childhood he has heard great things of the magnificence of London and of the wealth and grandeur of Londoners. Yet when he comes up to town like a man revisiting the scenes of his childhood, everything seems shrunken and insignificant. Even St. Paul's is not so vast and impressive as his imagination had pictured it, and as he rides on the omnibus down Fleet street and the strange he is surprised by the ordinariness of the buildings compared to those which had existed in his mind's eye.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Physician—"Your heart seems to be affected. You must either stop smoking or give up your girl." Patient—"That's easily remedied. Doctor, hand me my pipe, please."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

Improves all hard, soft or allowed lumps and blemishes from horse's blood spavins, splints, ring bones, greasy, stiff, sprains, swellings, etc., etc., etc., at once, and cures them. Guaranteed to cure all English Spavin.

Wife—"I'm tired to death—been having the baby's photograph taken by the instantaneous process." Husband—"How long did it take?" Wife—"About four hours."

Carting Blue Ribbon Tea to Colombo

When Blue Ribbon Tea is hermetically sealed in lead it is carted from the upland districts of the interior of Ceylon—where only the best tea grows—to Colombo, there to be shipped to Canada. A queer cavalcade it makes—but it carries the richest, creamiest, most delicious tasting tea in the universe.

Black Mixed Ceylon Green Forty Cents Should be Fifty

Ask for the Red Label



"What Luck!"

Libby Luncheons made ready in a few moments.

Veal Loaf Deviled Ham Potted Turkey Oxtongue, &c. Quickly made ready to serve. Are U. S. Government Inspected.

Keep in the house for emergencies—for suppers—for sandwiches—for any time when you need something good and want it quick. Handmade illustrated booklet, "Good Things to Eat," sent free. Send five 2c stamps for larger Atlas of the world.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Ill.

TAXING AMUSEMENTS.

Russia has probably the most curious tax in the world. It is called the "amusement tax," and was instituted a year or two ago to found an institution for the poor, under the title of the "Empress Marie Foundation." The tax is laid upon every amusement ticket sold, and the managers raise the price accordingly. Already more than 1,000,000 roubles have been raised in this way.

O. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Dear Sir:—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT for the very best for over a year and consider it the very best for horse flesh I can get and strongly recommend it. GEO. HOUGH, Livery Stables, Quebec.

"I can't bear that Mrs. Torker."

She knows too much. "It is not what she knows, but what she wants to know and is trying to learn that annoys me."

CHEAPEST NEW YORK EXCURSION.

Ever planned goos via Lackawanna August 11. All trains. To advertise its scenery, the Lackawanna Railroad will, on Aug. 11, put on sale tickets at Buffalo at \$9.00 the round trip, good for 15 days returning. This is the longest limit ever given. Choice of five trains leaving Buffalo at 4.45 and 8 a.m., 5.30, 8.45 and 11.30 p.m. If you want a ten hour trip it will cost \$9.50 on the Lackawanna Limited, the finest train in service. For our Canadian friends special diagrams will be sent to Geo. Bazzard, 35 Yonge street, Toronto, where bookings can be made. What ever you do, make reservations now. For particulars of this and other excursions write Fred P. Fox, D. P. A., Buffalo, N. Y.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

OUR BRANDS. King Edward 1000s "Headlight" 800s "Eagle" 100s & 200s "Victoria" "Little Comet"

Don't Experiment with other and inferior Brands, USE EDDY'S

EDDY'S PARLOR MATCHES HULL, CANADA

Goodness First—Price Afterwards Should be the motto in purchasing household articles—more especially in woodenware.

CANE'S PAILS AND TUBS

are the goods it pays the housewife to purchase. "Just as good" means taking chances. Insist on your dealer supplying you with those bearing the name "Cane, Newmarket"—popularly priced.

Mabel—"Yes, dear, I will be a helpmeet to you, and try to lighten the daily troubles and worries of your life as best I can." Arthur—"But I have none, darling." Mabel—"Oh, you old goose! I mean when we are married, of course!"

For Over Sixty Years MILLER'S Brooming Syringe has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teaching (teaches the child, softens the gums, always pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MILLER'S Brooming Syringe."

She—"People do not often marry their first loves, as no doubt you have noticed." He—"No, I suppose they don't often. At least, not more than once."

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

George (nervously)—"I'd like ever so much to marry you, Kitty, but I don't know how to propose." Kitty (promptly and practically)—"That's all right, George. You've finished with me; now go to papa."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff. Mother—"You naughty boy, you've been playing with those Shift children again!" Wellington—"No, I ain't, ma! I jus' been fighting 'em."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc. "It is sad," murmured the musing theorizer, "to think that, as a great statesman once said, 'every man has his price.'" "Yes," admitted the intensely practically worker, "and it is a sad fact that half the time he can't get it."

SMITH & CAMERON Collectors of Patents Canada & U. S. To be written for free advice

CARPET DYEING and Cleaning. This is a specialty with the BRITISH AMERICAN DYEING CO. Send particulars by post and we will send you a leaflet. Address Box 118, Montreal.

INFANTS' DELIGHT Toilet Soap Best for Big Folks & Little Folks

JOHN TAYLOR & CO. Perfumers and Soap Makers TORONTO.

ISSUE NO. 31-03

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1903.

Crop Prospects.

This has been one of the most remarkable seasons in the history of farming in Ontario. The spring opened with every prospect of a fruitful year. Never did spring crops go in under better conditions, but the subsequent long continued dry spell at one time threatened to blast every hope formed at seed time. Since then there has been abundance of rain—almost too much at times—and the effect on the growing crops has been without a parallel. Even in the sections which suffered most from drought the grain crops now promise at least a fair yield, and in other sections the promise is now beyond that of last year. Even the hay crop will be—taking the Province as a whole—a fair average. True, a good deal has been damaged by rain, but, despite the heavy weather, there is a lot of well saved hay in the country. With good average crops, hogs selling well, and a record in dairying, farmers are assured another fat year.—The Weekly Sun.

In New York, we are told, a club is founded on so expensive a scale with a membership so narrow and with fittings so costly as to exclude all but millionaires. It may be questioned whether since the voluptuaries of the Roman Empire, there has been anything equal in its way to the smart set of New York. Pleasure in its most selfish and grosser forms combined with the most vulgar display seems to be the whole object of a circle, the enormous wealth of whose members has not always been made in the best of ways. The domestic morality of the set is on a par with its tastes, and it frequently sets the community the salutary example of free divorce. What anarchist agitator can preach against the existing order of society so effectively as this spectacle? The inequalities of the human lot must have touched the heart of anyone who has any feeling for his kind. It may be accepted as a necessity, and those who suffer by it may be called upon to endure it, so long as it appears that the more fortunate are mindful of their duty to their fellows, and that there is a general effort in the direction of social justice. But if the object which meets the up-turned eyes of labor wearied with toil is the millionaire club of New York, laws against anarchism will be made and sermons will be preached in vain.—A Bystander in Weekly Sun.

The cigarette is doing frightful harm to many of our boys. It is sapping their strength, stupefying their minds, weakening their moral fibre, and spoiling their manhood. Ask the school teachers what the effects of cigarette are doing among the pupils. Ask the doctors what the effects of cigarette smoking are upon growing boys. The fathers and mothers of Canada are deeply interested in this campaign. The mothers have no votes, but they have great influence over those who have. Let them use that influence to save the boys from the cigarette.—Guardian.

The laws of the State of Michigan require all railway companies whose earnings from passenger traffic are \$3,000 per mile or more to sell passenger tickets for two cents per mile. Where the passenger earnings are over \$2,000 a mile and less than \$3,000 the rate is two and one-half cents per mile. Where the rate is less than \$2,000 a mile the rate is three cents per mile. Under this law the Grand Trunk, the Wabash, and the Michigan Central Railroad all carry passengers through Michigan at the two-cent rate. Each of these railroads charges a three-cent rate in Ontario. In addition to this, all Michigan railroads, except those in the Upper Peninsula, are required to sell for \$20 one thousand mile tickets, to be used by the purchaser or his wife or children. The Grand Trunk Railway sells such tickets at all its Michigan stations, but from none of its stations in Ontario.

A new society has been formed in England for the suppression of profanity, known as the "National Association for the Suppression of Bad Language." As indicated by its name the object of the organization is most praiseworthy in every way, but as indicating a condition of manners and morals in even good society, its necessity is deplorable. Profanity and bad language are the expressions of people of low origin and coarse and vulgar minds, and no matter what such persons may now appear or pretend to be those signs are unfailing as to the gutter from which they came and still belong. Both of these vile habits prevail to some extent in Canada.

The Provincial Government has decided to offer for sale the pine timber on 300 square miles of country in northern Ontario.

There are 19 asylums for the insane in Canada. Ontario has eight of these. There are 127 public charitable institutions, not including insane asylums, in Ontario, accommodating about 40,000 inmates, with an expenditure of nearly one million of dollars.

Two thousand one hundred and eighty new settlers for the Canadian Northwest arrived at Quebec on Monday by the last ocean steamers from Liverpool, the Lake Manitoba, the Tunisian, and the Dominion. Up to the present over 40,000 immigrants have been landed during the present season at the port of Quebec.

On its 1,800 miles of road in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, the Canadian Pacific Railway pays in taxes \$241,809, an average of \$135 per mile. On its 7,000 miles of road in Canada it pays in taxes \$142,222, an average of \$19.45 per mile. In the United States it has received no bonuses. In Canada it has received in donations in money and lands over one hundred million dollars.

The Times' Rome correspondent says there are at least 20 Papal candidates.

The funeral of the late Judge Armour took place at Cobourg on Monday last.

The steel billet pool, it is claimed, will completely control the steel market.

The late King Milan of Serbia refused a glass of poison at a banquet in his honor.

New and important regulations have been made by the Ontario Government affecting loan companies, which will tend to the greater protection of shareholders.

Two girls walked into Bellevue Hospital, New York, on Saturday, and wanted a two-year-old girl dwarf, weighing two pounds, made bigger, but were disappointed.

A load of hay was being delivered at the Arctic Company's icehouse at Winnipeg, when a small boy with a match ignited the load. The result was a \$40,000 fire.

Mrs. Bond, wife of the Rev. G. J. Bond, editor of the Christian Guardian, died at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, on Saturday last. Her body was taken to St. Johns, Newfoundland, for burial.

The coldest weather experienced on Mount Washington, New Hampshire, in July for many years was recorded on Monday. At 7 a. m., under a 70-mile gale, the thermometer dropped to 35.

A touching episode of the homecoming was witnessed at the house of A. C. Waggoner, Kingston, Ont., when Albert Waggoner of Chicago, aged over 50, looked into the eyes of his charming sister, about 20, whom he had never seen in his life before.

Sunday morning Rev. Mr. Stewart of the Baptist church at Durham, the oldest minister in northern Ontario, who is now in his 94th year, and still retains much of his old-time vigor, preached in the Presbyterian church at Durham. He told the congregation that when he came to Upper Canada there were only five Presbyterian ministers in this Province.

Here is a copy of the command which has gone out from the United States Post Office Department:—"A husband has no right to receive the mail addressed to his wife against her wishes. As to the mail addressed to the children, the father has the prior right to receive it, unless there be some peculiar circumstances in the case which the department might take into consideration on a statement of the facts being presented."

The harvest fields of South Dakota looked so much better to the tent men of the Forepaugh and Sells Brothers' circus, which was touring that state, than about 200 of them forsook the show and took to the fields. As a result, when the circus reached Sioux City it became necessary to hire about 200 boys of all ages to assist in putting up the tent. Some delay was experienced in getting things in shape.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A woman isn't necessarily a dream because she happens to be contrary.

Many a wife in after years is sorry that she didn't stick to her \$6-a-week job.

About three minutes after starting an argument with a woman a man realizes that he is lost.

A small boy never misses what he throws at unless there is a large pane of glass just back of his target.

It is taking an unfair advantage of a Russian to ask him to pronounce his name when he has been drinking.

Nothing makes a woman so mad as to have a man she dislikes refuse to give her an opportunity to turn him down.

When a man gazes heavenward and sees two moons he is not in a proper frame of mind to make weather predictions.

Don't get the idea into your head that a woman is more economical than a man just because her waist is smaller.

As rule women are more liberal than men. The wife who has a mind of her own is continually giving her husband pieces of it.

When a person is down in the world an ounce of help is worth a pound of preaching.

The ocean is the only power of earth that can make a woman indifferent to her personal appearance.

A man doesn't love a woman to distraction if he doesn't write letters to her that will make him blush after he is dead.

Somehow the man who offers bargains manages to acquire wealth faster than those who are always looking for them.

People don't worry half as much about what the Lord thinks of them as they do about what their neighbors say of them.

Sarcasm.

A young author, evidently desirous of benefiting by the experience of an older brother craftsman, once asked Richard Henry Stoddard how he had acquired such a mastery of Anglo-Saxon.

"I don't know how I ever did it," replied the poet, who, after a moment's reflection, added, "I think, however, I must attribute it to the fact that I never had any education!"

Scouting a New Scheme.

Mr. Tucker—What is it, Tommy? Toothache? Well, we'll go to the dentist tomorrow. Even at your age a boy ought to begin to save his teeth.

Tommy—Geef! I've saved enough do I get something for 'em, paw?

The Proper Way In.

"You say Grace married into the smart set?"

"Gracious, no; she was divorced into it."

Clubbing List

The News-Argus will club with the following papers at the rates mentioned:

The Weekly Globe.....\$1.75

The Weekly Mail & Empire.....1.75

The Weekly Sun.....1.40

The Toronto Star (Daily).....2.20

The Toronto Globe (Daily).....4.50

Special low clubbing rates with the Montreal Daily or Weekly Witness.

Mr. Leo Morris, a New York business man, states that the Americans in London, as well as the best thinking people in the States, are justly indignant at the apparent presumption of Andrew Carnegie in attacking Canada and pretending to speak for the people of the United States.

FOR SALE

A good young Milch Cow. Apply to R. N. BIRD, Stirling, P.O. Lot 28, Con. 8, Sidney.

Notice To Creditors.

In the matter of the estate of MATILDA TODD, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, widow, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1897, Chap. 129, Sec. 38, to all creditors and other persons having claims against the estate of Matilda Todd, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, widow, deceased, who died on or about the 10th day of February, A.D. 1899, to send by mail, prepaid, or otherwise to deliver to Jane Hoyle, of Wellman's Corners, Executor of the estate of the said Matilda Todd, or to J. Earl Halliwell, barrister, Stirling, her solicitor, on or before the 24th day of August, A.D. 1903, a statement in writing of their claims or demands, and full particulars of their claims or demands and the nature of the security (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the date so mentioned the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, and he will not be bound to take notice of any claim or demand which shall have been given after the said date.

All persons indebted to the said estate are also hereby notified to hand in the amount of their indebtedness, on or before the said 24th day of August, 1903, to the said executor.

J. EARL HALLIWELL, Solicitor for Executor.

Dated the 29th day of July, 1903.

BACKACHE

And all Kidney Trouble instantly relieved and cured by O. R. Kidney Cure.

Belleville, April 15th, 1902.

The O. R. Medicine Co., Toronto.

Gentlemen,—Having given your O. R. Kidney Cure a thorough test for a serious kidney disorder from which I suffered for several years, I take much pleasure in bearing testimony to the intrinsic qualities of this medicine, as being the most reliable preparation in the market, and I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from kidney or bladder troubles.

W. H. CAMPBELL, Chief Fire Dept.

O. R. KIDNEY CURE is put up in liquid form, contains no poisons, is quickly assimilated and will cure all kidney and urinary troubles.

O. R. Kidney Cure.....50c. per bottle.
O. R. Liver Pills.....25c.
O. R. Dyspepsia Tablets, 25c. per box.

AT DRUGGIST OR WRITE

The O. R. MEDICINE CO., Limited, TORONTO, ONT.

THE

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

of Canada, Ltd.

Head Office, - Toronto.

Issue all approved forms of Policies at Lowest Rates.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

T. G. CLUTE, Agent.

Office on Mill St., Stirling.

When you Want

Cracked Barley,

"Oats,

Gluten Meal,

Victor Feed,

Bran, Shorts,

COME HERE.

We have ample stocks. You are always sure to get your

load.

J. C. HANLEY & CO.,

GROCERS, FEED & SEED

MERCHANTS,

BELLEVILLE - ONT.

REDUCED MUSLINS.

Here is an offering to our Mail Order Customers, which should make brisk selling and buying. Reason?

It's a Worthy Offering.

Purchased direct from Paris—they are patterns of our own selection. The beauty of them enticed us to buy a little more than the season's selling has demanded—that's the secret of this reduction. They are best value obtainable at regular prices. When you get these dress patterns—only two dresses in a piece—at the price of the common everyday styles, the offering is surely worthy.

It's a Money Saving Offering.

If your wants are not supplied the prices alone will make plain the saving possible. If they are supplied, you'll save by buying for next season. Coming from Paris, where fashions are created, these are in reality advance patterns. They will be as good next season as this.

It's a Timely Offering.

The wearing season is at its height. Now is just the time you need a Muslin Dress. The busy season for dressmakers is over, if you desire you can have it made at once.

It's an Offering to You.

This bargain is for you—for everybody who acts at once. Samples will enable you to fully appreciate the offering. A post card brings them.

All our fine French Organdie Muslins, in the season's latest designs, Blues, Pinks, Heliotropes, Black and White, almost every desirable shade represented, fast colors, regular 85c., 40c., 45c., 48c. for 25c.; regular 25c. for 15c.

The RITCHIE COMPANY Limited.

BELLEVILLE.

THE NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

To 1st of Jan. 1904, for 40c.

Preliminary arrangements have been made for the meeting of the Alaska Boundary Commission in London on September 16.

Painting, Paperhanging, Graining, Hard Wood Finishing, Decorating

in all Branches.

If you want the outside of your house painted or the inside painted, interior decorated, no matter what, we are prepared to execute for you all kind of first-class work and do it promptly.

We have a large staff of the best mechanics to be found in Canada, men with much experience.

We have too all necessary materials at remarkably low prices.

Best Oil at 70c. per gal.
Best Grade A Lead, \$6.00 per hundred weight.

Wall Papers remarkably low in price and we give Bordering free to match our papers, 2 yards with each double roll of paper.

We will go to any point 25 miles from Belleville and hang our papers at 10c. per roll. We will go any place within 50 miles of home to do Painting and Decorating.

We guarantee all our work perfect.

You can save money by dropping us a card for samples of paper or for us to figure on your work.

Address

C. B. SCANTLEBURY,

Belleville's Decorator.

Wall Paper, wholesale and retail.

News-Argus to Jan. 1, '04, 40c.

FIRE INSURANCE.

The GUARDIAN,
"NORWICH UNION,
"SUN,
"GORE,

FARMS FOR SALE.

HORSE " "

W. S. MARTIN,
Insurance Agent, "STIRLING"

Note Heads, Envelopes,

Billheads, Circulars,

Cards, Posters,

—AND—

ALL KINDS OF PRINTING

—AT—

NEWS-ARGUS Office

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS

DESIGNS

COPYRIGHTS & C.

Any one sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through MUNN & CO. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & CO., 36 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 65 St. St., Washington, D. C.

NEWS-ARGUS

To the end of

1903, for

40 Cts.

Subscribe now.

SAVE MONEY By JOINING the MUTUAL LITERARY MUSIC CLUB OF AMERICA

25 Cents pays for three months' membership. Each member receives the official club organ every month including 8 pieces of high-class vocal and instrumental new music each month, 15 pieces in all; also a Certificate of Membership which gives the privilege of Club Room in New York City, and of buying literature, music or musical instruments of any description at wholesale prices, saving you from 25% to 60% on your purchases. Don't fail to join at once. You will get much more than your money's worth. MUTUAL LITERARY-MUSIC CLUB, Dept., 150 Nassau St., N.Y.

Not How Cheap But How Good

The most successful farmers in Canada read the FARMER'S ADVOCATE: they think about their work, they act upon its teachings, and they are its greatest admirers. Its editors and contributors are specialists.

FARMER'S ADVOCATE and HOME MAGAZINE

contains the cream of agricultural thought, and practical men continue to read it because it pays them and because they want the best. We want thousands of new subscribers who will appreciate something good. The sooner you subscribe, the more you will get.

A BIG \$1.00 OFFER.

For \$1.00 we will send to new subscribers every issue of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE from now till the end of 1903, including the beautiful Christmas Number for both years. Time is money. Read! Think! Act! Send for a free sample copy if you want to see a practical, up-to-date farmer's paper. It will please you.

ADDRESS:

The William Weld Co., Ltd.

LONDON, ONTARIO.

A FREE PATTERN

(your own selection) to every subscriber. Only 50 cents a year.

McCALL'S 50c MAGAZINE YEAR

A LADIES' MAGAZINE.

A gem, beautiful colored plates; latest fashions; dressmaking economies; fancy work; household hints; fiction, etc. Subscriptions to day, or send 50c. for latest copy. Lady agents wanted. Send for terms.

Stylish, Reliable, Simple, Up-to-date, Economical and Absolutely Perfect-Fitting Paper Patterns.

McCALL 10c BAZAR PATTERNS 15c

All Seasons Allowed and Perforations show the Making and Sewing Lists.

Only 10c and 15c each—none higher. Ask for them. Sold in nearly every city and town, or by mail from

THE McCALL CO., 113-115-117 West 31st St., NEW YORK.

The NEWS-ARGUS

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS,

TO JAN. 1, 1904, 40c.

Diarrhoea

When you want a quick cure without any loss of time, and one that is followed by no bad results, use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. It is equally valuable for children. It is famous for its cures over a large part of the civilized world.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

CHAS. F. WALT, D.D.S., L.D.S.
FIRST CLASS HONOR GRADUATE IN Dentistry of the University of Toronto. Graduate of the Dental College in the Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Office—Over Parker's Drug Store.
Open every day and evening.

J. McC. POTTS, M.D., C.M.
GRADUATE MEDICAL UNIVERSITY. Late House Surgeon, Montreal General Hospital; formerly resident accoucheur, Montreal Maternity Hospital and Assistant in the Department of Women in General Hospital. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
Office and Residence—Front Street, Stirling.

HALLIWELL & BOLDRICK,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Public Commissioners, Conveyancers, &c.
Offices—Stirling and Bancroft.
J. EARL HALLIWELL, B.A.
HARRY L. BOLDRICK.

FRANK ZWICK, M.B.
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF Toronto Medical College. Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Ontario.
Office and Residence—Dr. Boulter's former residence, Stirling.

G. G. TRASHNER,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c. Office over Brown & McCutcheon's Store, Stirling, Ontario.

W. J. McCAMON,
BARRISTER, ETC., BELLEVILLE, ONT. Office: McManamy Block, Cor. Front and Bridge Streets.

JOHN S. BLACK,
CONVEYANCER, COMMISSIONER FOR taking Affidavits. Office, over the store lately occupied by G. L. Scott, Stirling.

STIRLING LODGE
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, At 8 o'clock. L. MEIKLEJOHN, R. S.

DENTISTRY.
O. L. HAWLEY, L. D. S.
THRENTON, GRADUATE OF THE TORONTO School of Dentistry, with special training in the second and last Friday in each month, until further notice. The Dental Engine, Vitalizer, Air, Gas, and all the modern improvements known to Dentistry, will be used for the painless extraction and preservation of the natural teeth. Rooms at Scott House.

FREE CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL.
A Pithful Appeal from a Poor Consumptive—Money Urgently Needed to Carry on the Work.
The following testimonial is shown as one of many distressing appeals made by applicants seeking admission to the Free Consumption Hospital:
"I am anxious to make application on behalf of my daughter, Paulina, who has contracted the dread white plague while lovingly performing her duty in caring for her dear mother, who eight months ago succumbed to the dread disease. Mine is a sad case. For three long years my wife suffered from consumption, of which she finally died, leaving me alone to raise a family of children, one only five years old. My daughter, Paulina, who nursed her during her long illness, was my only hope, as she took charge of my home, and now the hand of disease has fallen upon her. Her physicians have pronounced it a case of consumption, and advise an immediate removal to the Sanatorium. I am only a poor man, dependent on my daily wage, and the long and heavy expenses of my wife's illness have so depleted my resources that I cannot possibly pay the expenses in an expensive sanatorium, though I would be glad to do so were it in my power. Can you not receive her into your Free Hospital, and so snatch a young life from the wasting sufferings of so terrible a disease? The Trustees consider her case a curable one at this stage, but delays would be dangerous. Hoping and trusting to hear from you shortly, and to receive the proper application blank forms, I am, yours in trouble and distress, Everything possible is being done by the Association to meet the many and urgent calls from consumptives. Seventy-six patients are now being cared for in the Free Hospital, and not a single patient has been refused admittance because of his or her poverty. The great matter of concern with the management is the lack of funds. The Trustees are facing the Trustees to-day is whether they shall not be compelled to close some of the wards because of this."
Readers of this paper who desire to help, can do so by sending contributions, no matter how small the amount, to Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Kt., Vice-President National Sanatorium Association, 4 Lamport Ave., Toronto, or W. J. Gage, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Toronto.

Hymen, O Hymenæe.

London "Punch."

"Would you pay ten pounds a year to remain a bachelor?" asked Phyllis, looking up from the paper.

"How do you mean?" I returned.

"Well, they're going to put a tax on bachelors," she observed.

I roused myself and regarded her with astonishment.

"In a place called Kansas," she continued. "I suppose that's in America, isn't it?"

"Read it out," I suggested, and she began.

"A bill has been introduced into the Kansas State Legislature providing for a tax on bachelors of fifty dollars a year, and on spinsters of twenty-five dollars a year. It's a funny bill," she commented.

"Very," I admitted.

"A good thing it would be rather a good thing in some ways," she continued. "Suppose there is a bachelor who hasn't got fifty dollars and a spinster who hasn't got twenty-five. If they marry they will save seventy-five."

"She was so pleased with her logical conclusion that I only said, 'I'm glad I don't live in Kansas.'"

"Oh, we shall get the law here soon," said Phyllis, nodding her head prophetically. "So you needn't be afraid. You are always saying yourself that England is becoming Americanized. And, besides, people want to be made to marry. Nobody marries nowadays till they are about eighty."

"It might be a remunerative tax," I agreed. "I daresay one of the discredited Government would take it up. I wouldn't pay it myself, though."

"Then you'd have to marry," said Phyllis.

"I wouldn't do that, either," I returned. "I would go to prison like Dr. Clifford."

"Oh," said Phyllis.

"What would you do?" I inquired.

"She hesitated.

"I shouldn't like to go to prison, and I shouldn't like to pay the fine, and I shouldn't like to have to marry just anyone. I don't know what I should do. How long would they give us to make up our minds?"

"You'd have to decide at once," I said.

"The tax would come into force on the day the bill was passed."

"Would most people pay?" she asked.

"I hope most people would prefer to resist passively," I answered.

"The prisons wouldn't be rather full," she suggested. "Why, if all the unmarried people went to prison there would be room for them. They'd have to build new prisons. What does one do in prison?"

"One picks oakum and makes mail bags," I answered.

"They would soon pick all the oakum and there would be too many mail bags," said Phyllis. "Wouldn't the state find it very expensive?"

I assented.

"Then it would be glad to get rid of them," she went on. "It would try to marry them in the prisons and then let them go."

"How could it do that?" I asked in some curiosity. "You can't marry people by force."

"But people will soon marry each other if they have opportunities of meeting," she declared.

"You don't get many opportunities of meeting in a prison," I objected. "The system doesn't provide for it."

"They'd alter the system, then," said Phyllis. "They'd have to give tea-parties and dances, and private theatricals and things."

"That would alter the system," I agreed. "But I doubt if it could be done."

"Then they'd have to keep all the unmarried people in prison for ever," she said. "I don't think even the state could be so silly as that. No, if the bill is passed it will happen as I say, and prison will become—"

"A kind of matrimonial agency," I suggested, as she paused for a word.

"Yes," she said. "And I shall go there, too; it will be great fun."

Morganatic Marriages in America.

The announcement is made that the United States Government will deal with a young army officer who has married a Filipino girl and abandoned them. Commenting on this information, the Kansas City "Journal" alludes to the similar treatment of Indian girls by white men in the early settlement of the West, and adds that it was not confined to Uncle Sam's territory by any means, but applied to the Canadian North-West and British Columbia also, where there are to-day hundreds of half-breed descendants of white men who made their mark in the commerce and politics of the country. Says the paper referred to:

"There is nothing particularly new in the revelations with respect to 'morganatic' marriages by United States army officers. Before the Civil War the most common thing for officers stationed in Oregon or Washington Territory to consort with Indian girls. At Tacoma or Seattle the visitor often has pointed out to him half-breeds who bear the names of some of the most distinguished Civil War generals, and who are known to be the sons or daughters of these officers. It is explained that when these officers were young lieutenants they were stationed in the wilds of the North-West, far from the society of women of their own kind; that they needed housekeepers; that it was the custom of the region for white men to consort with Indian maidens; that, according to Indian standards, there was nothing wrong about it, and that from every standpoint it was advantageous to the white man. The 'Pall Mall' ten miles from Tacoma, there are two fine-looking men who bear the name of a general who for a long time was at the head of the quartermaster's department of the United States army. These men are the sons of the general. He married his mother, a Puyallup Indian, when he was a lieutenant, and stationed at the Puyallup Indian Agency, long before the Civil War. In later years he married an American woman in the far East, and reared a family. But he did not abandon his family on the Pacific Coast. His sons were taken east and put through one of the leading colleges. They were educated, and on one occasion, at least, he was accompanied by his American wife, who seemed to know the circumstances, and to have accepted them philosophically. His Indian wife lived for some years after he had married his American spouse, though he never visited her. But old-time habits, Tacoma will tell the visitor who made her old age comfortable will caring as a father should for the sons of their marriage."

Character in Names.

In allusion to the theory of an English newspaper writer who holds that a man's character is consciously or unconsciously influenced by his Christian name and whose article to that effect was reprinted in "Sunday Night" last week, London "Punch" prints some bantering comment:

Nothing, it declares, is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe. They have all the finality of the axioms of Christian science. For instance, have you ever known an Oliver who was not a being conductor, an Al who was not a natural parent, or a Sidney who did not oppose the Baconian heresy? Names ending in -sw always denote selfishness. Names ending in -ku are to be avoided: their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in Yp. No woman over seven feet high was ever called Birdie. Women named George write novels. A lady named James Elfish Ahnerus, if always called by its full name, will not grow up. A cat if called Beethoven is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas. Joseph is ambitious and shrewd. Hugh is opinionated and talks too much. Winston shares these peculiarities. Lloyd is argumentative. Jesse is bovine and runs to side-shows. Arthur is a teetotaler. Arthur might be less willowy. Gerald is academic. George is eloquent and epigrammatic. John is sturdy and persistent. Gibson is impetuous and impatient. Tim is vitriolic.

Literary men, who study these things, will bear out what I say. Ask them if they ever knew an Andrew who was not a Marie who was vain? They will tell you that Maurice is romantic, Jerome facetious, MacGregor undersized. Produce a Rudyard, and you will see omniscience. Conan is inextricably in crime. Algernon comes in handy before breakfast. Theodore is critical. William by itself is capable of doubt: allied to Ernest it thunders; allied to Schwabach it jokes; allied to Robertson it resists the payment of rates.

Nicknames are equally consistent in their conclusions. A boy called "Trotter" has large feet. No boy with a snub nose was ever called "Hooker." Have you ever seen a brunette known as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Carrots" have red hair always.

The Aspiring Mule.

A Mule, turned out to graze by the roadside, looked enviously over the Palings of a paddock in which a Thoroughbred was kicking up his heels.

"Ah! It's all the paddock," said the Mule. "I would take me also for a Thoroughbred."

Presently, to his no small Delight, he found a small Gap in the Palings. At this moment, a horse named Way through, and he pushed his head through, and peered into the Thoroughbred's paddock. To his annoyance, however, the Thoroughbred threw his head in the air, and went on kicking up his heels just as before. "I have no more to say," said the Mule in Existence.

"Come! You need not put on all that Flank," exclaimed the mortified Mule. "Now that I am inside this Paddock I am as good as you."

"Do not talk snaffles!" retorted the Thoroughbred, scornfully. "This Paddock, indeed, is a very good Paddock, as Paddocks go. But it neither makes me what I am, nor you what you are not. I propose to remain inside these Palings until Knacker's Day, you would still be a mere Mule; while if I were to graze by the Public Roadside for the same Period, I should be none the less a Thoroughbred."

Moral—An Outsider is still an Outsider, even in a Royal Enclosure.—London "Truth."

London's Bridge Craze.

The bridge craze in London is again agitating society and club circles, and quite a revolt is rising among certain sections against the game. Archdeacon Sinclair waxes very fierce in his indictment of this game. "The present period," he says, "reminds one of the days of the Rancune, when women of high position remained indoors throughout the day with the blinds drawn playing bridge. I have recently heard of cases in which young girls started playing bridge on Sundays immediately after breakfast and continued playing all day. No man who is a man should allow his womanhood to gamble and become in debt to other men. The consequences of such a state of affairs will not even bear discussion. The only way to check this growing evil is for women of really high position and high principle to form a league against playing bridge by women." A member of the Portland and Turf Clubs, who, although devoted to bridge, regards the reckless gambling of fashionable women and would-be smart men—said: "Something must be done to check gambling, at any rate among women. Many men, myself among them, absolutely refuse to play bridge with women, even if they are known to stand up when they have lost three rubbers and hysterically accuse some unfortunate male player of cheating before a roomful of people." Several of the West End clubs have found it necessary to limit bridge gambling. The newly formed "Atlantic Club," for example, has decided that not more than \$2,500 a week will be booked to a single member. Points will be limited to 50 cents each, with a maximum of \$50 on a game. These sums considerably exceed those allowed by other clubs, but the Atlantic's nickname of the "Millionaire Club" explains why high play is allowed there. The weekly limit at the St. James's Club has been fixed at \$1,500, and at the Bachelors' Club at \$1,000, while the points of the game are limited to 25 cents at each club. No money changes hands during the games at these clubs. Each player employs a croupier, cashing for him. If a loser does not pay his account by an appointed date he ceases to be a member. A development of the game is that interested persons sit behind a known skillful player and back his skill. A secretary of one of the clubs says that when a member is known to be an exceptionally good player, he would not be rare suicide if we were to have homes into which only two or three children were born. Quality and character signify more than a horde." Mrs. Livermore took the stand that Americans need to give more attention to the culture of fathers and mothers than to that of the child. "There are men and women who are unfit to be the parents of children," she said; "in many cases it is better to take children away from their natural parents, so that they may have a chance to do better." A writer in "Vogue," who also considers the President's "race-suicide" opinions harmful to the community, says: "So carried away by the President's exceedingly flippant views have been reception committees and individual parents, that the many children have been made a conspicuous feature of the programmes arranged for the Presidential tour. It was left, however, for a New York journal to go to the extreme of showing the President's theories in the fullest possible manifestation, and to this end it insulted its readers by parading the portraits of Mormons, some of whom having espoused as many as six wives are now the fathers and mothers of thirty-nine immediate descendants. The views of one of these men are given extensive space, and in order to still further honor him, his portrait is published along with those of other Mormons. Naturally, the President's views are heartily seconded by the Mormons, they as well as he having apparently not the slightest conception of any higher view of the function of the human being, especially of women than to be a connecting link between generations. If adults are so foolish as to burden themselves with children beyond their ability properly to bear and care for them after birth, why should they need be wasted upon them. Their unwise course will, in most instances, bring its own bitter punishment, which it is to be hoped will be properly disciplinary. But it is for the children that one pleads."

Three Victims of Fashion.

In the attic there met a hoop-skirt, a bustle and a corset.

"Good morning, friends," said the corset, who was a new arrival.

"The others saluted graciously.

"It has been a long time since I saw you," said the corset to the bustle.

"I told me to go 'way back and sit down quite a while ago."

"And I," murmured the hoop-skirt, "once had my day of usefulness, and I must say I enjoyed life while I was in society."

"I understand," commented the corset, "that you whooped things up considerably."

"Indeed I did," answered the hoop-skirt with a flutter of its petticoats. "If I did say myself, they all had to make room for me."

"But at last," observed the bustle, a trifle maliciously, "you had to go in order to make room for them."

"You're right," cried the hoop-skirt; "but you had to go—"

"Excuse me," interrupted the corset sadly, "but it does us no good to indulge in this recrimination. I remember when first I attained popularity. It was said then that I had come to stay."

The three were mingling their tears, when Dame Fashion groped her way through the attic to them.

"Here they are," she cried. "Just what I want for next season."—Judge.

The Kid—Papa, what did Lot do when he was turned into salt? Pa—he was looking for a fresh one, I'm no dunce.

TWO IN EXILE

By Sara Lindsay Coleman

Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McChure

The fall rains had set in, and the mountain town, nestled in a basin that on all sides was fringed by great hills that pushed against the sky, was at its ugliest when Keith came.

He had been ordered to this particular spot by his physician and had been fortunate enough to secure the classes in English at the big, ugly red brick schoolhouse proudly spoken of as the college by the townspeople.

In the first days of his coming, tired out by the unaccustomed restraint of the schoolroom and the monotonous drip of the rain on the roof, he more than once flung his things together, determined to risk everything and return to his chosen work and to his world. But his doctor's threat, that vague and awful threat of what might befall, held him.

And suddenly the Indian summer had slipped down on the gorgeous woods and filled them with poetry and glamour and languorous joy. It was late afternoon, and a woman's voice, gentle and refined, was calling: "Prudence, come in. I need you."

Keith laughed—a not too pleasant laugh. "So do I," he declared.

A voice, deliciously willful, floated through the open window.

"I won't," it said. "The sun's slipping behind a far mountain, the woods are painted, the valleys are spilling over with gold mist."

Keith's laugh rang out as it should, and he went to the window to view the young person. It was a young person, of course. But she was gone—caught up, maybe, on the curled up edge of the crimson cloud that was sailing straight into the sunset splendor.

In the gossip that rippled round the boarding house table that night he heard that a widow and her niece who were to spend the winter in the cottage next door had arrived. Keith was

door, although he caught glimpses of her. If he went out, she came in and vanished through the doorway; if he came in, she fluttered up the village street. Keith was fairly ashamed of the interest he took in her movements. It seemed so infinitely unfaithful to his picture. He grew apologetic and put the pictured eyes in the bottom of his trunk.

But a morning came—a sparkling, flawless morning—when, turning a corner suddenly, he almost ran upon the owner of the delicious voice.

She was walking rapidly, and her face glowed with a glow, and she swept past—a glowing, sumptuous beauty.

Keith put out his hand and staided himself against a friendly rail fence. He didn't try to understand.

As the days passed he nursed his prejudices. And another late afternoon came when the gentle voice called: "Prudence, come in. I need you."

Keith got the picture out and spoke sternly as if to an invisible culprit: "You've been a conceited fool. You don't understand it—in all probability, you never will—but she's pure gold."

One morning the girl stopped in front of him and held out her hand, saying: "I'm not a bit conventional!"

Keith's bounding heart settled into his shoes, as though he didn't know the fact and hadn't spent months ex-cusing it.

"I'm sure you know my name. I've just had a letter from Bob Graham, my cousin, asking me to make friends with you," she laughed adorably. "You were in Maine with him, he says. I was there for a little while. We were roughing it, too, and were not far away. I came by your camp one day and left Bob a picture which he hasn't appreciated enough to acknowledge. The cook showed me his tent."

"Your eyes are just like some violets in my mother's garden," Keith hadn't said it aloud. He hadn't said much of anything. His blood surged in his veins and sang a psalm of triumph. He understood, and she was pure gold.

The girl, a picture of youth and glory, Graham had said he took no stock in girls, but that it would be a charity to brighten him up—talked on.

"You must hate being here. It's hard to drop out and just give up for awhile, isn't it? I had planned such a full, beautiful winter. Funny that both of us should have got pneumonia and be exiled. We must cheer each other. A year isn't long. Bob says you are lonely. You must come in and let me cook you something on the chafin dish. I do it well, really."

"If you don't hush," said the man who walked beside her, still communicating with himself, "I'll call you Prudence, and then I'm afraid there'll be an awful row."

"Why, you do want to come?" they had reached her gate—"I see it in your eyes, you poor, hungry, forlorn man!"

There was a wonderful light that comes sometimes at evening to the hills. It creeps from base to crest, changing from pink to purple, from purple to red, until all is fire and glow and glory. Walking in the sunset radiance late one afternoon Keith stopped at his own gate, lifted the latch, opened it wide and said:

"Prudence, come in. I need you."

Prudence smiled, the tender, adorable smile Keith loved.

Sermons Made to Order.

"An English clergyman makes a business of syndicating sermons," said a drummer who had just returned from London.

"How do you mean?" some one asked.

"Why," explained the drummer, "the clergyman writes a sermon, and then he prints about forty or fifty copies of it, and he offers to one preacher in each of forty or fifty towns the exclusive use in his own town of the production. The price of the sermon to each man is only 5 shillings, but if fifteen or twenty men take it it brings in to the syndicator, you see, about 100 shillings, or \$25. And since the sermons are so short that one can be done in a morning that is quite good pay. The syndicator advertises his sermons in a religious paper. The notice reads: 'A clergyman of experience and moderate views who distinguished himself during his university course in divinity and English composition will furnish original sermons in strict accordance with the Church of England in good print at 5 shillings each. Only one copy will be given in any diocese. A specimen may be sent if wished for. Sermons made to order on any required subject on reasonable terms.'—Philadelphia Record."

An Honest Struck.

Humor makes its appearance in queer places, but one would hardly expect to find it at the door of a house of correction. An unfortunate fellow was taken before a Justice of the peace in Milwaukee, charged with stealing a quantity of wood. There was not much of a defense to offer, but an attorney who knew him volunteered his services. A few words to the court in his talk, and, warming up to his subject as he proceeded, finally succeeded in making a good plea for leniency. The Justice, of course, found the prisoner guilty, but let him off with a sentence of thirty days in the house of correction. When the commitment had been made out it was discovered that there was no constable present, so the lawyer said to the prisoner:

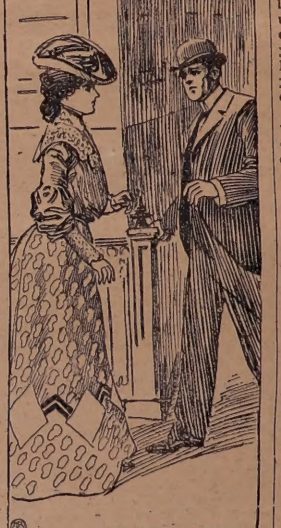
"John, you know where the house of correction is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here's 5 cents and this paper. You take a car and go out there. I'll give them this paper, and they'll let you in. Will you do it?"

"Sure!"

And the funny part of this story from the Milwaukee Sentinel is that John kept his word.



STRONGER THAN DEATH OR A RANSOMED LIFE

CHAPTER IV.

As the evening wore on, Eva's anxious eyes were quick to note that Ardel was in a strange mood. She had never seen him quite like this before. She knew him the happiest of men, whose life was all benevolence and enjoyment, one to whom all pleasant things were pleasant and all pleasant things beautiful. Once or twice before she had seen the radiance of his life dimmed, as it were, by some black foreboding, but it passed in a moment, leaving all things bright as before its coming. But now the gloom seemed to deepen as the hours went by, and when he roused himself his gaiety was strained.

His rest faced the window, for Eva knew his fancies, of which a love of Nature's loveliness was the chief. The twilight gleamed down softly on the quiet scene. For a moment the rim of the red sun touched the horizon, turning the river to old gold and setting the woods in a blaze. Then slowly the day died away into dusk.

"Another glorious day spent and gone," Ardel muttered impatiently. "So much less to be left."

He brightened presently when the two youngest children, rosy and curly, in white dresses and big blue sashes, flattered into the room. Fickle Jeanette deserted her new friend Lucy to perch upon his knee, and prattled to him like an equal, while he forced her to her amongst the cake and fruit on the dining-table.

"I love 'oo," she said sweetly, regarding a huge ripe strawberry with her head on one side; and for a moment it was doubtful if it was the berry or the man was so favored. "I love 'oo 'cause you gimme new dories. For I go up a big lady. I will maw 'oo if 'oo'll wait for me."

"I wish I could, my pet," said Ardel. "I only wish I could wait; but I can't, you know."

When the children vanished, a bottle of rare wine was carried in carefully by the host, in his wicker-work cradle, and very carefully he filled three glasses with the liquid sunshine.

"Your health, Ardel," he cried cheerily, "and many, many happy returns of the day."

Eva's soft voice repeated the prayer, and Lucy breathed it silently in her grateful heart.

But even as he spoke Trevor remembered suddenly what Ardel had said at the Cecil ball birthdays. He saw him wince, and his lips tightened, and his cheeks pale as with a sudden pang.

It passed in a moment, and Vivian gaily blinked glasses all round and thanked them with a word and a smile. But he put down his own wine almost unopened, and his friend's keen eye saw that he was moved beyond his wont.

"Are you in pain, Ardel?" he said, and the two women looked the same question anxiously.

"My dear fellow," said Ardel, "I never know what pain is—not, at least, that I can remember. A mere selfish trouble gripped me for a moment, a trouble that cannot be helped or mended, that every living creature has to bear as well as I, if that were any comfort, which it is not. I'll smoke this cigar in the garden, if you will let me,—he looked at Eva, who smiled and nodded,—and come back in what you would call a more Christianlike frame of mind."

At Ardel's bid the room John Trevor turned kindly to the young girl at his side, whose eyes were full of sympathy.

"Don't look so sad, Miss—"

"Call her Lucy, John. You may as well begin it at once. She is one of ourselves now, you know."

"Well, Lucy, if I had seen you, Trevor shyly (men are shy, you women), 'you must not be so pained about Dr. Ardel. He is the happiest man upon earth, and shares his happiness freely all round. The world has been very kind to him, and he is worthy of the best the world has to give. For ten years I have known him; I have never seen him like this but once before. That

once was at the graveside of a dear friend of both, who died while Ardel was abroad, and whose life he could have saved if he had but known in time."

There was a catch in Trevor's voice as he recalled the scene, and this little touch of sympathy quite won Lucy's heart to him. Her shy eyes left her, and presently they were talking freely together like old friends.

Then Eva slipped unnoticed from the table, threw a light, fluffy shawl of white wool over her head, and passed through the conservatory out into the old-fashioned garden, where the flowers slept softly in the pure moonlight, making the still air sweet with their breath.

Vivian Ardel, pacing the garden restlessly, was aware of a white figure in his path, and two soft brown eyes looking with tender sympathy into his own.

He took the hand she held to him and patted it softly as an elder brother might. "Well, Eva," he said, smiling, "restless, like myself? If I believed in ghosts or angels, I might have taken you for one just now."

"Why are you restless? Why are you sad to-night, Vivian? Tell me what your trouble is, that I may try to comfort you."

"The coward's trouble, Eva—fear."

"Fear! you afraid, Vivian! Don't put me off with that. Tell me, what it is that you will, its true name is fear—abject fear, shrinking, horror, loathing, of the inevitable death."

There was such misery in his deep voice that the soft brown eyes brimmed with pitying tears. "Oh! if I could only help or comfort you."

"You cannot, Eva. No power in the world or out of it can help or hinder; there is no keener back of death."

"Except God, Vivian."

"God!" he began impatiently, but checked himself. "I wish I could believe like you, Eva; rightly or wrongly, it would hardly matter. I should at least escape despair. If I could hope as you do, I should be happy."

"Faith comes first, Vivian; hope and love follow."

"But one cannot have faith by the longing for it. I can force myself to speak, or act, or work, but to believe I cannot. My thoughts won't change by wishing. I think what I must. Reward or punishment cannot tempt or force faith or unfaith. I have searched the world of science, Eva, I have strained my eyes out into the void after death, and I find the hope of a future life—nowhere."

"Do not deny God even in your thoughts, Vivian!" she cried, with a thrill of religious terror.

"I deny nothing," he answered sadly. "I only doubt. It is the vice of my nature or the virtue. I can take nothing on trust. I accept no other guide than my reason, and when that fails I doubt. Who am I, enveloped in mystery, that I should dare to make denial or assertion of the unknown or accept the denial or assertion of others who can know no more than myself? no exultant apostle of infidelity. My doubt springs from an humble consciousness of ignorance."

"He has revealed Himself to us, Ardel. Can you not take His word undoubtingly?"

"Revelation! When all is said and done it stands on human evidence and assertion—men's statement and men's argument. I must judge the authority, weigh the argument. I must think for myself, as well as they. I have tested their evidence, and it fails to convince me."

"I know and feel it is true."

"I would not shake your confidence for the world, Eva. Right or wrong, it makes you happy, and that is everything. I envy your faith, but I cannot share it. In all this world death is the one thing I find certain."

When all is said and done it stands on human evidence and assertion—men's statement and men's argument. I must judge the authority, weigh the argument. I must think for myself, as well as they. I have tested their evidence, and it fails to convince me."

"I know and feel it is true."

"I would not shake your confidence for the world, Eva. Right or wrong, it makes you happy, and that is everything. I envy your faith, but I cannot share it. In all this world death is the one thing I find certain."

When all is said and done it stands on human evidence and assertion—men's statement and men's argument. I must judge the authority, weigh the argument. I must think for myself, as well as they. I have tested their evidence, and it fails to convince me."

"I know and feel it is true."

"I would not shake your confidence for the world, Eva. Right or wrong, it makes you happy, and that is everything. I envy your faith, but I cannot share it. In all this world death is the one thing I find certain."

When all is said and done it stands on human evidence and assertion—men's statement and men's argument. I must judge the authority, weigh the argument. I must think for myself, as well as they. I have tested their evidence, and it fails to convince me."

"I know and feel it is true."

"I would not shake your confidence for the world, Eva. Right or wrong, it makes you happy, and that is everything. I envy your faith, but I cannot share it. In all this world death is the one thing I find certain."

When all is said and done it stands on human evidence and assertion—men's statement and men's argument. I must judge the authority, weigh the argument. I must think for myself, as well as they. I have tested their evidence, and it fails to convince me."

"And after death a better and a brighter life, for ever."

He shook his head. "I can hope for no other life than this," he said. "I can only hope that the religious folk hope for in Heaven—golden harps, and crowns, and thrones, and spotless robes, and jasper pavement, and eternal music, and ineffable glory, do not appeal to me in the least. The world I know is infinitely more delightful in its harmony, its beauty, its infinite variety, in the myriad enjoyments it offers to sense, and intellect, and imagination. Give me immortality and I should take it here. It is because the world is so delightful that death—the end of all things—is so intolerable."

"Surely, Vivian, your own soul assures you that you can never die."

"The greatest man that ever lived and died—save one—has said 'the wish is father to the thought.' It is our own pain shrinking from annihilation that breeds this flattering hope of immortality. When we die, we die; and there is an end. Our birth is an accident. We issue from the void, and return to it. What are we?—he spoke to himself rather than to her—"that we should hope to have our lives prolonged through the ages, when all things else yield place and disappear? Our lives are, after all, only in degree more wonderful than the lives of the animals around us. No one claims Eternity for them. Between the lowest and highest of men—between Shakespeare or Newton or Gladstone—and the Hottentots there is a wider gap than between the Hottentots and my Newfoundland dog. Why should the life of the Hottentot—a mere bundle of blind, dull, brutal instincts—be prolonged to all Eternity, and the life of the dog—patient, gentle, and affectionate—vanish utterly? No, our lives are lit and quenched like sparks and God—if there be a God—takes as much delight in them."

Eva listened, her whole soul in revolt against his dismal doctrine, but could find no word to answer.

They came in their walk to where the gardener had left his spade stuck to the shoulder in the brown clay of an empty flower-bed.

Ardel laid hold of the handle and turned the clod.

"This is what you and I shall be, Eva," he said. "Yes, you and I who stand here to-night speaking, thinking, full of the joy of life, conscious of the beauty and wonder of the universe—just a spade of dull, unconscious earth like this."

But Eva's faith was no wise troubled, holding her soul secure, and he knew it, and in spite of reason, drew a vague comfort from her resolute belief.

He plucked a damask rose that pushed out over the pathway, jet black in the white moonlight, and breathing a faint delight into the calm.

Without a word Eva took it from his hand and fastened it in the bosom of her white dress.

"A murder!" said Ardel, between jest and earnest. "That rose, too, a second since, had a life hardly less strange than ours—a life that drew its beauty, color, form, its green leaves, and blushing petals, and subtle perfume, from the dull, brown clay. Its life has vanished, and in a few hours, form, color, petals, and perfume will be lost for ever. There is no immortality for the rose."

"You would not compare our souls with the life of a flower, Vivian?"

"Why not? We are all infinitely little. We foolishly flatter ourselves with the sense of our own indispensability to the world. To every man, woman, and child the time atom of self is the great centre of this vast, unlimitable universe, whose wonders we cannot strain our minds to grasp the thought of. Look at that great globe of white light, Eva; look at that sun that spangles the black sky so thickly. We know—how many of the worlds, many of them a million times larger than our own; that beyond them in the vast void are worlds, and still more worlds away into incalculable space. I cannot realize it. I have looked through the most powerful telescope in the world, and have seen myriads of new worlds start into view—mere pinholes of light in the immeasurable void. My thoughts have gone out into space seeking a limit, and finding none, and returned abashed almost to annihilation. I have found my own littleness in this vast scheme of creation as hard to realize as ever. It is grotesque presumption to imagine that, while all other things, great and small, die and disappear, we tiny atoms should live for ever."

"I am not frightened by that thought, Vivian. One human soul is to me infinitely higher, more wonderful, more deserving the Creator's care, than a whole inanimate universe, than all these great globes of mere lifeless matter."

"Who can tell, Eva, that they are lifeless? Why should our little earth, which is no more than a speck of dust in the universe, be specially distinguished? How dare we dogmatize of worlds which we see as sparks in the darkness—to which even our thoughts cannot reach? Our tiny lives have their beginning and their end. There was no life before birth, and there is none after death. The sole wisdom is in a enjoyment, to ignore death, since we cannot hope to evade it."

"I have never seen you like this before, Vivian."

"I have seldom been like this before, Vivian. In youth death is a mere word to us, a word in which we can find no meaning. But the thought of it has come closer to me of late. The sight of that poor girl whose life was lost and won has made death familiar. I envy your children, Eva, to-night, envied them the long stretch of happy life they have before them in this wonderful world. I felt a wild longing for my lost youth as I looked at them and listened to them. Let me confess all my folly. This birthday has been a trouble and a fear to me for a long time back. Some one has said that at thirty

years is the birthday of old age. I feel it is so. The best half of my life has gone. I have crossed the summit of the hill and am going down. Suddenly, just now, for one awful moment, I realized what death meant. The thought that the day was coming, and must come, when I, that think, and speak, and feel, and live, shall be no more, gripped my shuddering heart—strings with intolerable force. Only for a moment, or I should have gone mad. Even now I but faintly realize the meaning of my own words. The cold fit of fear has passed away. I feel I shall live for ever, and I shall not test the folly of the thought. The warm, unreasoning glow of life and happiness is full upon me again, and death is no more than a meaningless name. There is no death!"

"There is no death," echoed Eva with assured faith to her own heart. They walked together towards the house, and passed close to the open window of the sitting-room. The window itself lay in black shadow, across which the warm glow of the lamp-light streamed out till it melted in the cold, white moonshine beyond. Within the room Trevor and Lucy were talking like old friends.

Looking through the darkness into the light, they could see the smile upon her lips; they could hear the cheerful tones of her gentle voice.

"She too has forgotten death," said Vivian Ardel, "though she has just escaped by a miracle from its grasp, and her mother lies in a new-made grave. How strange is this oblivion, and how merciful! Without it, what misery would life be!"

(To be continued.)

HOT WEATHER WISDOM.

Common Sense in Diet and Dress Is the Main Thing.

None suffer more torture on a sultry day than those who make it their special effort to avoid perspiring.

There is no necessity to preach the gospel of athletes to his generation. Our colleges are turning out more athletes than scholars, and the largest professional incomes are being earned by champion athletes.

But if there were fewer "champions" and a more general summer observance of those rules of good living which are based on common sense in diet and dress and a regular but temperate resort to outdoor exercise, the average happiness would be far greater and we should hear much less groaning about the hot weather.

There is such a thing as taking Longfellow's exhortation to be a lion in the strife, too literally. The bicyclist, too often wants to be a "scorch" and a "record breaker" or nothing at all. The spirit of professionalism—the "champion" fever—is encroaching fast and far upon all our popular recreations.

Fat-producing foods are heat-producing foods. They are not needed in summer in such quantities as in winter. Strong animal diet, never very good for persons of sedentary life, is particularly bad for them now.

Alcoholic beverages are, of course, aggravators of heat, and should be used with great caution at this season.

Much less drinking of any kind is needed to allay thirst than is generally supposed. It is the mouth and throat that are dry, not the stomach. Rinsing the mouth and gargling the throat with cold water (not iced), without swallowing any, will relieve thirst more effectually than putting a lot of iced liquids into the stomach.

In dress, too, temperance is the summer word. The thin clothing fad may be carried too far. The entire abandonment of woolen for cotton and linen garments is against the true philosophy of the perspiring period.

Light woolen underclothing is promotive of health—not only of health, but of coolness in the hottest of weather. It encourages perspiration to the useful point only and then checks it.

Good temper is also a great factor in hot weather happiness. Heat tends to irritability and irritability tends to more heat. Therefore, when the thermometer is rising, cultivate serenity of disposition, avoid fretting and fuming and "take things easy."

While rape will grow on almost any kind of arable land, it does best on soils rich in plant food. It should be sown on fields prepared as they would be for roots or corn.

New land may be profitably used to grow this crop for a year or two immediately after being cleared. Large crops are practically certain on such land. The crop grown under favorable conditions is ready for pasture in about five weeks. By cutting for soiling not lower than 4 or 5 inches from the ground, a

ON THE FARM.

MILK FLOW IN HOT WEATHER.

If the milk flow is once lessened it cannot be regained during the current lactation period, writes Mr. E. C. Bennett. When "dog days" come shrinkage is most likely to occur, and it means not only the loss of milk in paying quantity then, but continuously to the end of the cow's milking period. So a study of causes and preventives is necessary to dairy success. It is common to lay the trouble to flies. Flies do annoy, and annoyance lessens milk secretion. First, then, we must seek to lessen this annoyance. We can use some application which is calculated to keep flies off. I have done this effectively but the cost and trouble of applying is considerable. I now depend upon systematic care of the cows instead.

The bottom cause of shrinkage is lack of feed. If flies so annoy that the cows do not feed, then the milk flow decreases at once. But flies get in their most effective work during the middle of the day. If the cows are turned out early to a good pasture, they will fill themselves with grass, then adjourn to a nice shady place to chew the cud and make the grass into milk. This shady place where the air circulates freely, should always be provided and to it they can repair for comfort.

Another very helpful practice is to turn them out to pasture at night after milking is done, and get the milking done early, so they will fill themselves in the twilight and refill the udder with milk for the morning milking. To be able to milk early I hang a gunny sack curtain over the top half of the door, so the cows will switch off the flies in entering. Then the door is closed with the flies inside. You can then milk in comfort. It should be added that all windows are provided with wire screens, which allow the air to enter but not the flies.

But sometimes the pastures are parched and brown. Then supplemental feed must be provided. I have tried peas and oats but not with the success I anticipated. My land may not be good for peas. The first extra feed I give is fresh meadow grass. Cows like it. It may be cut and made it lighter to handle and yet they will eat it with a relish for it is fresh and fragrant. I have also had good results with green oats, and as soon as harvest commences I feel no fears of lack of proper feed with no extra trouble, for the sheaves fresh from the field furnish both roughage and grain. After that corn, sweet or common, fills the bill better and cheaper than any other thing.

Sometimes it pays to cut the feed for the morning, the night before; in fact, with me it always does for getting out early, when the dew is on, is taking a dew bath which is most disagreeable, and the wilting, if cut the night before, makes it more supple and—certainly more pleasant to handle. For convenience I find no way equal to leaving the corn binder right in the field, hitching on to it at evening chore time, cutting two feeds, throwing the corn on a low platform wagon and hauling to the barn. Circumstances of course sometimes alter cases and make it convenient to feed part of the green corn on the pasture grass.

EXPERIENCE WITH RAPE.

An instructive bulletin dealing with rape plants, has been issued recently by the central experiment farm, Ottawa, Rape, according to this bulletin, is simple of culture, makes a strong, rapid growth in Canada and adapts itself readily to different soils and to various climatic conditions.

While rape will grow on almost any kind of arable land, it does best on soils rich in plant food. It should be sown on fields prepared as they would be for roots or corn.

New land may be profitably used to grow this crop for a year or two immediately after being cleared. Large crops are practically certain on such land. The crop grown under favorable conditions is ready for pasture in about five weeks. By cutting for soiling not lower than 4 or 5 inches from the ground, a

second crop and even a third may be obtained from the same area, without further seeding. The method of seeding in rows is generally much to be preferred to sowing broadcast. For fattening and growing pigs, rape cannot be surpassed. An acre sown on good land will carry from 25 to 40 pigs from June 15 to October. Cattle thrive on it when it is fed in connection with natural grass pasture. In feeding rape to cattle and sheep, care should be taken to prevent bloating. They should never be allowed to enter a field when they are hungry and more especially if the rape is wet from dew, rain or frost.

KEEPING HENS.

We have always kept a few chickens for our own use, never giving them much attention, except feeding twice a day and getting the eggs, writes Hattie Hildon. Sometimes they would lay no eggs from October till March. We always had anywhere from 18 to 20 hens. We never kept geese, had no luck with turkeys, and made nothing on ducks.

In 1900, we bought an incubator, used it two years and concluded it did not pay. In 1901, we bought a bone crusher. It has paid for itself by the increase in the number of eggs laid.

We never kept account of the profit in chickens until 1900. That year we had 60 hens. They laid 377 dozen eggs and at the end of the year we had a balance of \$74 for chickens and eggs. In 1901 we had 80 hens. They laid 324 dozen eggs, and we had a balance of \$65. In 1902 we had 94 hens, and they laid 422 dozen eggs, leaving a balance of \$73.

We have two coops. One is a rail coop, 20x3 feet, with a 10-foot front and 6-foot back. The other is a lumber coop 12x8 feet, with a 10-foot front and 6-foot back. Our chickens have a range of 60 acres. We now have 60 hens, and from January 1 to April 1 they laid 40 dozen eggs, which gave a profit of \$32. We feed four quarts corn, two quarts wheat and two quarts oats per day in two feeds, morning and evening. They get green bone every other day at noon. The little chicks get dry feed, bread, corn bread and rolled oats.

HARDY WINTER WHEATS.

In a series of tests at Ontario experiment station the hardest varieties of winter wheat are the following: Tasmania Red, Red Velvet Chaff, Red Wanderer, Prize Taker, Standard, Siberian, Dawson Golden Chaff, Pride of Tennessee. The Dawson Golden Chaff gave the largest yield during a series of tests covering five years, with Early Genesee a close second. These varieties also possess a stiff straw—a desirable characteristic in a heavy yielding wheat.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain cure for hemorrhoids, piles, itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturer has arranged for a testimonial in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured, see a box at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

VERY ECCENTRIC INDEED.

"Of course you quite understand that I shall call upon Mrs. Whiffles for your character," remarked Mrs. Taggerty to the girl she had just engaged.

"Certainly, m'm," replied the girl; "although I would rather you didn't, for Mrs. Whiffles is so eccentric that she is not always to be relied upon."

"In what way is she eccentric?" "She insists that her husband is quite a model father and husband, and that her children have never caused her a moment's anxiety."

"Eh?—not much in that?" "Then she says that she is perfectly content with one new dress and one new hat each season."

"Eh?—she is eccentric, then?" "She doesn't cycle, says it isn't womanly, and she further thinks that women can't get their rights and has nothing to fight for."

"Good gracious! you don't say so!" "And, finally, she has never attended a bazaar sale, and says that the only things sold at them are the women who buy."

"Oh, the women's mad! I sha'n't trouble her for your character; you can come in when you like."



MIGHT THINK HARDER.
"Do you smoke?"
"Yes, sometimes. It helps me think, don't it?"
"Do smoke—I love the odor of tobacco."

NO PROHIBITION THERE.
Punta Arenas, in Chili, enjoys perhaps a greater number of various public-houses than any other place of similar size in the world. There are in the town 180 houses and 1,800 inhabitants, adult and juvenile. For this population there exist sixty-five public-houses, or about one to every twenty-seven inhabitants.

Jim Dumps and wife invariably Had "FORCE" for Sunday evening tea, When cook went out that afternoon. "Tis but a saucer and a spoon To wash—a task not grim— And all are pleased," laughed "Sunny Jim."

FORCE

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

pleases everybody in every way.

"We use 'Force' at home and like it exceedingly."
—H. R. BATHURST.

Women Have Kidney Disease

And Often Make the Mistake of Attributing the Resulting Backache to Other Causes

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Many women have kidney disease and do not know it. They confuse the symptoms of kidney disease with those of ailments of a feminine nature. We would warn you against this danger, as a few days' neglect of kidney disease may mean years of suffering.

Pains in the small of the back or weakness and lameness of the back are the most marked symptoms of kidney disease; others are loss of flesh, dry, harsh skin, deposits in the urine, swelling of the feet and legs, severe headaches, stiffness and soreness of the muscles, rheumatic pains, cold chills in back and loins, scalding, painful urination, weariness and drowsiness.

There is, we believe, no preparation extant which affords such prompt relief for backache and the other distressing symptoms of kidney disease as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. That this preparation is a thorough cure is evidenced by the

scores and hundreds of statements which are received at these offices from reputable people in all walks of life.

Mrs. W. Wilkins, Henry street, Belleville, Ont., states:—"I suffered a great deal with pains in the small of the back caused from kidney trouble. Whenever I stooped I could scarcely rise again, the pains were so great. The disease became so severe that it affected my general health, and I was becoming very much run down. Since using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I can say that my trouble has entirely disappeared. I can speak in the highest terms of this medicine from the way it acted in my case."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase are on every box.

THE DOG AND THE HEN.

THE MOST WIDELY DISTRIBUTED ANIMALS.

Regions Where Horses Can't Live—Great Range of Cattle.

The dog is the most widely distributed of the domestic animals. He lives in the lowly hut of the African savage and is the companion of the Greenland Eskimau, the most northern inhabitants of the world. He is in fact the inseparable companion of man and is found wherever the human race exists. His habitat is thus extended further north and further south than that of any other domestic animal.

The horse also has a very wide habitat. He lives north of the Arctic circle only in the northern parts of Norway and Sweden; the northern half of North America and the northern third of Asia never see him. The most northern part of his habitat in Asia is around the north shores of the Sea of Okhotsk and in the neighborhood of Yakutsk on the Lena River. South of this latitude he is found nearly everywhere except in very moist and hot regions, like the Amazon basin and equatorial Africa and the southern part of India. He thrives in the dry heat of the Sahara Desert. In many of the oases, but he would be sought for in vain in tropical Africa because of the latitude of the Cape Verde Islands and the Tropic of Capricorn.

When explorers pushed northward from the Congo their new dog-valets were greatly surprised on reaching a region near Lake Chad to find the horse in abundance. Their astonishment was unbounded when they saw the horsemen of the Soudan on the fleetest of riding animals that had.

EVER MET THEIR CAZE.

The mule is more generally distributed over South America than any other of the continents, being found there everywhere excepting along a part of the hot, damp coast between Pernambuco and Rio de Janeiro. In the Guianas, the Amazon basin and Terra del Fuego, the horse covers perhaps a fifth as much area as that of the horse. There are few mules around our Great Lakes excepting along their southern shores, but from the lakes the animal extends southward to the Straits of Magellan. His home is all temperate and hot countries; he is practically coextensive with that of the horse, but it does not extend nearly as far north as the horse's range, and he is not found in the deserts.

The range of the mule is about as large as that of the horse, but he lives in Asia, far to the northeast of the mule's habitat, and his habitat stretches across the continent as far as Irkutsk on Lake Baikal. The range of the tame reindeer has been widely extended in northern Asia by the tribes that number him among their valuable animals, and now he is in process of being widely introduced into Alaska. Civilization, therefore, has done much to extend the habitat of this animal to the south, but the domesticated reindeer has not been introduced into most of the great regions of the Arctic, where the wild animal roams as will.

THE RANGE OF CATTLE.

is practically coextensive with that of the horse. Cattle, however, are found more extensively in very hot, damp climates than the horse and are entirely absent from the desert regions where the horse is found in considerable numbers.

Cattle, for example, are wholly lacking in the desert of Sahara, but they graze in the southern part of India, where no horses are found. They are grown wherever there is grass, except in some hot regions of excessive humidity, while the horse is important only in regions where grain supplements grass as a part of his food.

The hen occupies nearly all the world, and its range may be as great as that of the dog if it is extended farther north and south; but it is found north of the Arctic Circle only in Norway and Sweden, and is as yet lacking in the southern part of South America, except where the Scotch have settled in the Argentine. Travellers throughout the most of Africa and India and in many little-known parts of the world can usually add chickens to their food resources without difficulty, but there are some large islands, like New Guinea, where the hen is not found, and more than half of Australia is destitute of this animal.

NEARLY ALL OUR CATS.

are found to the south of southern Iceland, and New Zealand is the most southern country in which they live. They are almost wholly lacking among the islands of the Pacific Ocean, excepting the Hawaiian group. There are plenty of them in the Philippines, but they are practically unknown in the island groups to the east of them.

At one time this brave old soldier did guard before General Grant's tent. One afternoon the general noticed the military bearing of the guard and asked him where he had served and received his training. Upon learning that he had served through the Crimea, General Grant walked back and forth with him for a long time listening to his story of that great campaign. Finally, Mr. Thompson told his commander, having seen McClellan as a student of war in the Crimea. The general became so interested that he paced up and down with Thompson over an hour, and Thompson soon after was appointed a sergeant.

Speaking of McClellan reminded the veteran of the first time he ever saw him. It was in the Crimea, where McClellan and Beauregard were studying engineering and the art of war. He says he had seen them many a time in the text of Sir Colin Campbell exchanging notes like two brothers, and then again in this country he saw them on opposing fields of battle trying to outgeneral each other.

Amazon basin, in most of which the hen is not found. The hen, therefore, is distributed all over our country, though very sparsely in the dry and unwatered regions of the West. It is wholly absent in the cold and most of the desert parts of the world.

SAW THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

VETERAN REMEMBERS THE FAMOUS SIX HUNDRED.

Served Through the Crimean Campaign With Sir Colin Campbell.

A parade of Great Army of the Republic veterans and Civic societies was held in the city of Chicago, recently, after which the usual exercises took place at the Sterling Cemetery.

In the exercises Mr. Thompson was the entire center of attraction, says the Rocky Mountain News. The gray hair, the erect soldier-like form, the vigorous and aged but dauntless eye was noted and wondered at by all. This old soldier was born at Linnithgow, Scotland, during the last hour of the last day in the year 1819. In 1852 he enlisted in the Seventy-ninth Cameron Highlanders while at Edinburgh Castle. He served through the Crimean campaign, being with Sir Colin Campbell's brigade. He recounts with vivid distinctness the bloody field of battle at Alma, the rush and roar of that heroic charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, the most ruthless sacrifice of life at Inkerman, and the tedious long drawn-out siege of Sebastopol.

Mr. Thompson enlisted in the Forty-first Ohio Volunteer Infantry, through the civil war to its close. Mr. Thompson came to the United States in 1858, settling in Cleveland, Ohio, and moved from there to this place in 1899.

After the breaking out of the Crimean war his company was hurried on board a vessel named the "Simoon" and sent to Turkey and later to the Crimea.

Mr. Thompson's first battle was participated in on the Alma river. He received a slight wound in this engagement. The next conflict between armed men, and where they fought like tigers to the death, was at Balaklava, where the brave six hundred rode through the

"VALLEY OF DEATH."

Mr. Thompson said, "that his brigade was drawn in battle line across a great plain between the Russians and the Light Brigade. When Sir Cardigan obeyed the order I thought him by Nolan and gave the command to advance, Sir Colin Campbell's brigade swung into four, clearing gaps through which the brave '600' rode on its way to death. I saw Lord Cardigan with the bugler near his side ride through the gap of four adjacent to mine.

"I saw the remnant of the '600' when they returned, but did not see the bugler. I supposed he was killed in that bloody charge. I saw by a recent copy of the Denver News that the bugler, Sutherland, of the Light Brigade, still lives and resides in Denver.

"I hope to live to meet him," said the old hero, "and talk with him of that trying hour."

At the battle of Inkerman Mr. Thompson said his company lay upon the ground in a line reaching across the field. The commanding officers told the soldiers to hold their fire until they could see the whites of the enemies' eyes. The command was obeyed, and then came a hand-to-hand conflict, where soldier tossed soldier like a game of shuttlecock. Literally, the ground was strewn with dead, equal more in number than the survivors. After the battle one of the English generals saw a Russian riding on a white horse at a great distance. He asked the soldiers to bring the enemy down. The soldiers fired continuously at him, but without the desired result. Finally, Mr. Thompson and one of his Highland comrades decided to try a shot. They both fired simultaneously and the rider fell. "The keen eye and the steady nerve of the Scot was the key to it all, and over will be," he said, "as long as the glory and courage of old Scotland give birth and brawn to the human kind." It was afterwards learned that the rider was a Russian prince. The captain of Mr. Thompson's regiment was given

A MEDAL FOR THE DEED.

At one time this brave old soldier did guard before General Grant's tent. One afternoon the general noticed the military bearing of the guard and asked him where he had served and received his training. Upon learning that he had served through the Crimea, General Grant walked back and forth with him for a long time listening to his story of that great campaign. Finally, Mr. Thompson told his commander, having seen McClellan as a student of war in the Crimea. The general became so interested that he paced up and down with Thompson over an hour, and Thompson soon after was appointed a sergeant.

Speaking of McClellan reminded the veteran of the first time he ever saw him. It was in the Crimea, where McClellan and Beauregard were studying engineering and the art of war. He says he had seen them many a time in the text of Sir Colin Campbell exchanging notes like two brothers, and then again in this country he saw them on opposing fields of battle trying to outgeneral

each other. "The most thrilling moment of my life," said the old soldier to-day, "was when lying behind the embankment during the siege of Sebastopol. I had previously received training in heavy artillery and was familiar in every particular with cannon, mortars, shot and shell. We were lying at rest, at ease behind our works, when suddenly a shell from the enemy's guns fell in our squad's midst. There was a general scamper for shelter, a pell-mell rush to get out of harm's way. I looked at the shell, and seeing that the hissing and sputtering fus was of sufficient size to warrant my attempt to get rid of it, was unwelcome visitor. I quickly grabbed the shell and threw it over the wall, where it immediately exploded without harm to any one."

Mr. Thompson said at parting that he hoped he would yet be able to meet with Bugler Sutherland, of Denver, and recount the manoeuvres and deeds of that never-to-be-forgotten field of the bloody Crimea.

NEW VIEW OF THE HEDGEHOG.

One of the chief drawbacks to rural England is the hedges, says an exchange. These are a general scourge for the landscape, the cool of meadows, the undulating vivid sweep of cornfields splashed with poppies, the thousand and one real charms of nature. The bane of towns and cities is that over and above the noise and bustle, the range of vision is clipped on either side by a continuous series of barriers—the hedges of the streets. To our minds the country hedges grow supply a similar bane. To walk on a dusty road between miles and miles of hedges, effectually shutting out views and all the beauties on the other side of them, affords no real pleasure, but small refreshment. Compare it with the joy of wandering over a heath or a wild common, and you will find, by the immense difference in pleasure, all that is debarring us by these same vaunted British hedges.

BAD FOR THE EYES.

Railway Official (traveling on his own line)—"They say there has been some fault found with the lamps in these trains, owing to the dim light they give. Do you see anything wrong with them?"

Fellow Passenger—"No, sir. On the contrary, they are exactly the kind of lamp I suppose I ought to like to see used in the carriage."

Railway Official (highly pleased)—"I presume you are a professional man?"

Passenger—"Yes, sir. I am an oculist, and this sort of light is good for my profession."

FIVE HUNDRED "V.C.'s."

There are over five hundred heroes of all ranks in our regular Army who have obtained the distinction of the Victoria Cross, that simple decoration "for valour" which is universally regarded as of incomparable value and significance. It is claimed for the 24th Regiment, known as the South Wales Borders, that it stands at the head of the entire British Army in the number of winners of the Cross which it has produced. It has sixteen names on the glory roll as against, to take the next highest figures, fourteen of the Rifle Brigade and thirteen of the King's Royal Rifles.

THE CHEERFUL IDIOT.

"Do you know," said the Cheerful Idiot, "that it is the easiest thing in the world to tell whether a man is going out on a journey or returning, by the way he carries his portmanteau?"

"I never thought of that," said the simple young man. "What is the difference?"

The Cheerful Idiot settled himself a little firmer in his chair and gloated for a moment before answering. "It is just this way," he went on: "When a man is going away he carries his portmanteau towards the railway-station, and when he is coming back he carries it in the other direction."

CALL AGAIN!

Landlord (to tenant)—"Good morning, sir; fine day, sir. Just called round to see if it would be convenient for you to settle your quarter's rent?"

"Do you know, landlord, that none of the doors in this house are shut?"

"New house, sir; new house, you know; takes time to settle."

KNOW WHAT IS GOOD.

English is the language of the Japanese and Foreign Office both in its intercourse with foreign diplomats and its telegraphic intercourse with its own representatives abroad. All telegrams from Tokyo to the foreign agents of Japan are written and ciphered in English, and the replies are in the same language.

A DIVING CAT.

A farmer at Ballina, New South Wales, tracked a black cat to a retriever. The animal was also fond of diving in the sea for fish, and recently it brought out a two-pound mullet. Its career was ended by being swallowed by a shark.

"What caused the fire in the match factory?" "There was some friction, I believe, among the heads of the departments."

Vienna has been called the birthplace of trusts. The first was formed there in 1873. Trusts now control practically the whole trade of the city.

IN THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

WHERE IT IS THOUGHT IN LONDON THE GREAT.

During Great Occasions Many of the Clerks Are Employed on Sundays.

To the ordinary man the Foreign Office is as much a mystery as the Temple of Isis, says the London Globe. It has always been closed, as it were, to the public, and until the first "Foreign office list" was published in 1852 no record was kept even from the office of the separate services rendered by each individual. The publication of the list was strongly objected to in certain quarters as likely to afford information to the general public with regard to the office which they thought it inadvisable it should not possess. Sir Edward Hertslot, whose "Recollections of the Old Foreign Office" have just been published by Mr. John Murray, comes of a race of Foreign Office officials, for his father, Mr. Lewis Hertslot, was appointed Sub-Librarian in 1801, and did not retire from the office of Librarian until 1857, and there have been four generations of Hertslots in the Foreign Office since 1795.

The question is often asked: "Where was the Foreign Office before it was first situated in Downing street?" The answer is that the Foreign Office was first so called on the discontinuance of the separate offices of the Secretaries of State for the Northern and Southern departments on March 27, 1872. Both these departments were at that time in Cleveland Row, St. James. There the Foreign Office remained until September, 1796, when it was removed to the Cockpit, at Whitehall. It remained there until December, 1793, when it was transferred to some private houses on Downing street. It was next transferred in 1861 to Nos. 7 and 8 Whitehall Gardens, while the new building in Downing street was being erected, and on July 1, '98, it went back to its present and permanent quarters in Downing street.

The old office, as may be easily imagined, afforded more scope for practical jokes on the part of the younger clerks than the severe new building does. One of the rooms in the attic, facing Downing street, was set apart for some of the young gentlemen of the office. This was called the "Nursery," and here they used to pass away any spare time which they might have on their hands.

Certain pretty dressmakers occupied rooms in one of the houses in Fludger street, just opposite the windows of the frivolous youths. A mutual recognition generally took place every morning between some of them. In one of these rooms there used to be one gentleman with a round head, and another with red hair, and should the former first open his window, the young ladies opposite, who generally worked with windows open, would call out: "Good morning, Turnips; how's the first?" And should the latter be the first to appear the salutation would be: "Good morning, Carrots; how's Turnips?"

But it has never been all play, not even so much play as some people suppose, at the Foreign Office. During the sitting of the Belgian and Greek conferences in London, which lasted from 1831 till 1839, many of the clerks in the office were always in

ATTENDANCE ON SUNDAYS.

as was also either the librarian or the sub-librarian.

The story is told that one Sunday morning, during church time, Lord Palmerston entered one of the rooms of the office, accompanied by Lady Palmerston, and not finding the head of the department at his post, he inquired of one of the juniors where he was, and on being told that he was at church, his Lordship expressed much surprise at his not being at his desk, and was beginning to wax impatient on the subject, when he was stopped by Lady Palmerston's remarking: "But you see, my dear, some people go to church on Sundays."

Lord Palmerston evidently felt that this was an awkward remark for her to make under the circumstances, but he said no more, and quietly left the room. Some of Lord Palmerston's minutes written on the margin of despatches were very amusing. For example, he wrote on a letter from a South American consul complaining of the slow pace of his consular life: "Living in such a place cannot hardly be worse than reading his handwriting, which I cannot do." On another occasion he had been pricked somewhat sharply by a pin when unfolding a paper, which caused him to write the following minute: "I desire that all the pins in this office be immediately made over to the female branch of the establishment."

Sir Edward Hertslot is thus entertaining as well as instructive, and though he has plenty of anecdotes to tell of the Foreign Office and its foreign ministers and the clerks, he always gossips with the discretion and good taste inherent in the officials of that great public department.

TELEGRAPH POLES.

The extension of the Uganda telegraph system has been pushed on rapidly during the last six months, and now the line is open to Butiaba on the shore of the Albert Nyanza. The lines open for traffic now in Uganda amount to 1,034 miles. The telegraph lines are called "temporary," but as they are constructed of bark cloth tree (a species of fig tree), and as these have extraordinary powers of germination, all the telegraph poles are now living trees, and should be almost equal in point of duration to iron poles, as the fig tree is a long lived. It is a novel sight to the traveler to see a line of telegraph poles in full blossom!

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Prominent People.

For the first time in the history of Spain a working man has been elected a member of the Cortes. His name is Jaime Angles. He is a cooper by trade, and he represents Barcelona.

It is told of the Marquis Ito, the Premier of Japan, that when a youth he wandered about the streets of London penniless, ragged, and hungry, a starving alien in a strange land.

Miss Alice Roosevelt, the daughter of the President, has broken down after an arduous year of social engagements. One calculation of fifteen months' work puts the number of dinners she attended at 408, besides 680 teas and 271 receptions. She paid 1,643 calls, went to 471 dances, and shook hands with 32,000 persons. Now, under the doctor's orders, she is confined to bed, and for the first time for a year will rest.

Lord Mount Stephen, one of the two Canadian peers, has just celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday. In Scotland, his lordship, who received his title in 1891, began life as a draper's assistant in Aberdeen. Then he sailed for Canada and made a fortune as a merchant. During the past few years he has distributed nearly a million sterling for various charitable objects. His lordship resides at Brockle Hall, near Bradford, which has the distinction of having been the home of two Prime Ministers—Melbourne and Palmerston.

Mr. John Sharp, once an English horn maker, Pudding, who has just died, was well known in the able man in many ways. He was absolutely self-taught in his trade, but so proficient had he become that the market value of his instruments ranged from £18 to £30 each. He carried on his business single-handed for over thirty years, never having an apprentice or any assistance whatever. Every row of an instrument was made by his own hand, even to the shaping of the keys, and he leaves behind him many remarkable tools of his own invention for use in the making of oboes.

Sir Lewis Morris, whose poems are so well known to all lovers of verse, is another instance of the close association of literature and law, of which the history of letters offers so many examples. Sir Lewis practised for a number of years at the Chancery Bar, chiefly as a conveyancing counsel. The drafting and perusing of documents of title is not usually esteemed a very exhilarating occupation, although one of advancement, to whom this was once hinted, remarked that he occasionally came across "a brilliant deed." Uninteresting though conveyancing may in general be, it did not prevent Sir Lewis Morris cultivating his poetic muse with much success.

"The Angel of Charity" is the name given to the Queen of Portugal in Paris, so conspicuous is she for her good works. She has received the old custom for concealing charity. It is that of sending gifts to the poor concealed in flowers. This custom had its origin in a Portuguese lady of long ago—a St. Isabella. Of the Orleans family, Queen Amelie is one of the most vigorous of European Queens. She is a splendid swimmer, and not so long ago rescued a drowning boy at the risk of her own life. A great favorite of King Edward, she it was who induced him to pardon the Duc d'Orleans, her younger brother, so that he could again visit Great Britain.

The valiant shipowner, Sir Donald Currie, although "a perfect Scotchman," careful, cool, and calm in everything," was first educated in Belfast. Even in his boyhood ships attracted him, and he confesses to having then had a fleet of toy boats almost as numerous as the fleet of liners. At the age of fourteen he entered a shipping office at Greenock, and to leave it four years later for the Cunard Company in Liverpool. At the age of thirty-seven he withdrew from his company and started for himself the Castle Line to the East Indies. The captain of the ship which led him to transfer his energies to this field, which has proved a veritable gold-mine to him as to so many others in recent years.

One of the busiest of peers is the Earl of Stamford. He is a devotee of law codes and preaches a great deal, but has lately had to refuse requests to officiate on Sunday because, he says, Sunday is literally the only day he is able to spend in his country house among his own children. His special subject is that of missions to the native races, among whom he himself labored in South Africa for several years before he inherited the family honors. One afternoon, when giving an address at a mission church in a poor part of South-West London, he was unwittingly the source of much disappointment to a large congregation. The children in the district, who had seen the peer in the morning, had been persuaded by their fathers and mothers to come to church on the plea that they would see "a real live earl" in the pulpit. As the people filed out after service they only took a look at the peer, and he only looks like a clergyman with nothing round his neck.

MOTOR POSTAL SERVICE.

Experiments to connect Johannesburg and Mafeking by motor cars have proved very successful. In the trial run a French car started from Potchefstroom at 7 a.m. and reached Mafeking at 2.30 p.m., a distance of 100 miles. In consequence, a regular service to Mafeking has been established for carrying the mails, and a service for Krugersdorp and Mafeking and Zeerust has also been arranged.

COSTLY WALL-PAPERS.

THEY ARE MORE VALUABLE THAN SILK BROCADE.

Wall-paper Is Now Made to Imitate in the Finest Detail Almost Everything.

It may come as a surprise to those householders who are accustomed to paying a few dollars a piece for those drawing-room papers to learn that in many of the wealthy houses the walls are covered with materials which cost considerably more than the finest silk.

"Here," said a wall-paper manufacturer the other day, "are examples of what we call 'tepestry papers.' They are copied exactly from the finest Smyrna and Turkish rugs, and as you can see for yourself, with startling fidelity. We have taken painstaking care in copying the patterns and designs of the past centuries. Here is the pattern of a very beautiful design of the time of Louis XVI, which we obtained in rather a curious way.

"One of our customers happened to be in the last summer, and being fond of indoor life, he had one day entered a well-known chateau which formerly belonged to a dead and long-forgotten marquis. The rooms were absolutely rotting away, but in the salon the wall-paper still hung, though in ribbons. The pattern was so harmonious in design, places, so harmonious in design, and the coloring, vivid still in many places, so many portions as he could and sent them to us with a request to reproduce as

IMPERFECTLY AS POSSIBLE.

"We succeeded beyond his best hopes, and the actual paper is now hanging on the walls of a West-end mansion. We only manufactured sufficient to cover the hall-room, and it cost him a matter of \$10 a yard, but he never grumbled, and, after all, it was not dear considering the difficulty we had.

"Wall-paper is now made to imitate in the most detail every kind of wood, the finest grained mahogany, green ash, delicately veined maple, and, in fact, all those woods which are used for panelling. When polished it is impossible to tell the difference, and I defy anyone to distinguish our paper from wood by merely looking at it. I have been deceived myself many a time.

"Then we have papers resembling mosaics and Siena marble as well as the famous embossed Cordova leathers. These latter are very expensive, being retailed at \$7.50 a yard. It is, however, practically indestructible and can be washed and scoured like ordinary wall-paper. As imitation of these leathers is also made which, of course, costs considerably less, being sold at about \$9 a roll of eight yards, but even this price is beyond the purses of any but the really wealthy. "We pay large sums for special designs, and many of our artists earn incomes which the most hard-worked R.A.'s would not despise. There seems to be at present a run on delicate tints and floral designs. A particularly effective paper is one showing lattices of climbing roses blooming in a fairy-like garden. It is the texture of the texture of the finest silk, and costs as much. Another design which is very popular just now we imported from Holland—

SHIPS IN FULL SAIL.

with glimpses of trees and the red of Dutch roofs in the distance. This, in the finest materials, we can retail at \$1.25 a yard.

"Many of our papers are designed specially for a customer, and when such is the case the price, of course, runs high. A couple of years ago a gentleman came in and chose a very beautiful design, and then informed us that he desired the paper to be copied on the walls of his drawing-room in oils. Of course, we fulfilled his order, but it cost him a small fortune. Six months later he came and told us he was tired to death of the design, and ordered us to paint on it, which we did, substituting a paper this time for the paint.

"We have several customers on our books who have the papers on their walls changed every two months. They get weary of looking at the same pattern day after day, and as they have plenty of money, they don't trouble themselves to argue with them out of their eccentric notions. In one house in Park Lane our bill for wall-papers ran to over \$3,500 for the year, and this is by no means an isolated case. Yes, it is a costly business, but one must employ only the best artists to get the best results, and that, of course, brings the profits down, but, on the whole, we are very well satisfied."—London Tit-Bits.

LONDON'S FIRE PROTECTION.

The total strength of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is 1,285. It possesses one fire boat, five steam fire engines, one fire tug, 72 land steam engines, and 17 six-horse steam fire engines. It has also 423 miles of hose, 20 long ladders, one motor car, four bicycles, 288 horse-drawn fire engines, and 801 fire appliances.

A GATEFUL COUNTRY.

Country roads in Norway are barred at frequent intervals by gates, which either mark the boundaries of farms or separate the cultivated fields from the waste lands. The gates, of which there are upwards of 10,000 in the whole country, constitute a considerable nuisance to travelers, who have to stop their vehicles and alight to open them.

NO DRUGGIST'S CHARGES.

The toothbrush plant grows in Jamaica. It is cut into a piece of the native and dried in the sun. It is used as a toothbrush, and a dentures made of it. It is produced by drying and pulverizing the dead stems.

HAMMOCK SALE.

Extra size Hammocks, with valance, pillow and double stretchers, fancy colors. VERY LOW PRICES.

Pure Paris Green, Bluestone and Hellebore.

SPECIAL PRICES ON—

PURE WHITE LEAD,
PURE LINSEED OIL,
VARNISHES, BRUSHES, etc.

CHAS. E. PARKER,

PARKER'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

BINDER TWINE.

We handle McCORMICK TWINE, THE BEST ON EARTH, because it runs easier, pulls stronger and gives better satisfaction than any other on the market. Give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we can suit you in quality as well as price.

We are also prepared to meet your demands for HARVEST TOOLS, as our stock is complete.

We are also headquarters for Massey-Harris Repairs.

H. & J. WARREN,

HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE, MILL STREET.

THE FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES

AN URGENT APPEAL FOR HELP.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—I take the liberty of soliciting your aid in raising funds for the maintenance of the Free Hospital for Consumptives. On account of our need, we find it necessary to make an urgent appeal to the public.

Permit me to state that the sum of \$150,000 has already been invested in the two Gravenhurst institutions and property just outside of Toronto on which to erect a home for advanced or incurable cases of consumption. The maintenance of the existing institutions necessitates an expenditure of over \$50,000 per annum, and to-day there is a debt of \$73,000, in the form of an overdraft, for which the Bank demands settlement, and so we need the help of all.

Seven years ago, consumption was commonly believed to be incurable. The Toronto Globe, commenting editorially on our proposition to erect a consumptive sanatorium, said: "The consumptive is under sentence of death." It was soon shown, however, by the cures effected in the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, that a great field for useful work had been opened. But the demand for increased accommodation, and the cry for help from those who could not afford to pay, became so urgent, that the trustees decided to open a second home, which was located within a mile of the parent institution. Since we first began our work nearly eight hundred patients have been cared for; and the medical records show that of this number a large percentage have been completely cured, and others sent home so greatly improved that they were able to return to their regular work.

There is no other hospital for consumptives in Canada. The demands are, therefore, urgent. Our board of trustees, who had already given freely of their time and money, having faith that the people of Canada would come to their relief, and pressed by the urgency of the needs of the hospital, incurred this debt which must now be provided for. We have no endowment, nor money with which to care for the large number of patients who are now in the hospital and not able to pay a single cent towards their maintenance and treatment.

In Canada alone 8,000 die of this disease annually, and it has been shown by experience and results of our work that the greater number of these could be saved, if promptly treated. One hope—the only hope—is in the philanthropy of our people and their knowledge of our needs, and we appeal to you to help us to make these needs so known that all may be impelled to help. Do not let those who cannot give large amounts feel they cannot help; all gifts are helpful.

I am, yours faithfully,

W. J. GAGE.

Toronto.

P.S.—I forward a form of Subscription Blank which may be of convenience to your readers. Contributions, no matter how small, will be gratefully acknowledged by the writer, or Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Kt., Chief Justice, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK.

Dear Sir,

I have pleasure in enclosing the sum of

(\$.....) as a contribution to the maintenance of the NEW FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Name

Address

In three months 827 persons were killed and 11,481 injured on United States railways.

Rev. Rural Dean Dibb, rector of Bath, Ont., has decided to devote himself to mission work in the Diocese of Ontario.

Robert Coleman at Kingston, fireman on the steamer America, was using a wrench, when it slipped and fell back against an electric dynamo and was killed.

One hundred and twenty new industries were established in Ontario last year.

It is said that three veins of coal have been found at a depth of about 270 feet near Wallaceburg, Ont.

Carrie Nation smashed things in the Hotel Tumbling Run, Pottsville, Pa., and then lectured in the Baseball Park, scoring President Roosevelt for taking his "balloon on wheels" to Kansas last May.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 75c. per line. Matter sent in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Trains call at Stirling station as follows:—
GOING WEST. GOING EAST.
Mail & Ex. 6:27 a.m. Accom. 10:35 a.m.
Accom. 6:43 p.m. Mail & Ex. 8:40 p.m.

The Stirling News-Argus.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1903.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Mr. W. R. Mather is building a large addition to his store.

See Fred. Ward's west window for Shirt Bargains—dollars for 50c.

Quarterly meeting services will be held in the Methodist Church on Sunday next, August 2nd.

Straw Hat Clearing Sale at Fred. Ward's.

The Harold Sabbath School will hold their annual Lawn Social on the Town Hall grounds on Wednesday evening, August 12th.

Bargains—Boys' Wash Suits and Blouses—Ward's.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church intend giving a picnic at Oak Hill Lake to-morrow (Friday) afternoon. All the young people of the church are cordially invited to attend. All League members will be carried to and from the lake free. Those not belonging to the League will be charged the small sum of 15c. Rigs will leave the church at 1 o'clock sharp.

Lawn Social

On the grounds of the Allen School House, Hubble Hill, under the auspices of the Young People of the Mount Pleasant Church, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 5th. The grounds will be decorated and illuminated. Booths and stands for the sale of Ice Cream, Lemonade, Tea and Coffee and other refreshments will be erected. Stirling Band will furnish music. Entrance, and all refreshments served in good quality and measure at 5c.

A copy of the work "The Royal Tour in Canada 1901," prepared by Mr. Jos. Pope, C. M. G., and issued by the King's printer at Ottawa, has been received at this office. It is a most valuable record, setting forth graphically the journey of the Prince and Princess of Wales through Canada. There are a large number of beautiful illustrations of the principal scenes from the time of their landing at Quebec, and their trip through to the Pacific coast and return. The appendices, occupying half the book, give the addresses to the Duke of Cornwall and York in Canada, together with the replies of his royal highness; a description in detail of the SS. Ophir; the speech of the Prince of Wales at the Guild hall, Dec. 5th, 1901, etc. Altogether it is a most desirable book for libraries, public and private.

Auction Sale.

On Saturday, August 8th, at 1 o'clock, p.m. sharp, at the Household Furniture and first class piano, belonging to the late J. W. Byratt, will be offered for sale by public auction, on the premises, North Street, Stirling. Everything to be sold without reserve. Wm. Rodgers, Auctioneer.

Mr. F. H. Stinson, who has recently been appointed principal of Stirling public school, is visiting friends in the vicinity of Roslin. Referring to the appointment the Napanee Beaver says: "Mr. F. H. Stinson, public school, principal of Camden East public school, has been engaged as principal of Stirling public school, a four-teacher school. Mr. Stinson has had fourteen years' experience teaching in this country, and is acknowledged as a most efficient teacher. He is a graduate of Ottawa Normal College, 1901, and took highest marks for teaching in a class of 102. He has been principal of his present school for the past four and a half years, and his departure will be regretted by both parents and pupils. We wish him success in his new school, which he will take control of the 1st of September." Mr. Stinson presented nine candidates at Newburgh for entrance examination, and they all passed.

Here's What You've Been Waiting For.

The 11th Annual Excursion of Court Quinte, 7:30, of Belleville, on Saturday, August 22nd and Sunday, August 23rd, to Charlotte and Summerville, N.Y. (Ports of Rochester), on the palatial steamers Alexandria, Caspian and North King. Str. Alexandria leaves Belleville August 22nd, 11 a.m. and Str. Caspian at 11:30 p.m.; Str. North King on Sunday, August 23rd at 11:30 p.m. Fare, returning on Aug. 23rd on the Str. Alexandria from Charlotte and the Str. Caspian leaving Summerville on Monday, Aug. 24th, \$1.75. Good to return up to Aug. 30th, \$2.75. For full particulars see posters or address W. Robinson, Box 763, Belleville, Ont.

James Carscadden, who lived near Ivanhoe, met his death Tuesday morning in a peculiar manner. He went out into the field to catch his horse, and it is supposed that after reaching the animal it suddenly wheeled and kicked him. He was found with one side of his skull crushed in a short time after he went out to capture the horse. He was still alive but unconscious, and only lived a few minutes. He was 59 years of age and was a bachelor.

It is stated that surveyors are now locating a new line of railway from Midland to a point near Cobourg, and touching a point near Peterborough, the object of which is to secure a direct route for the grain trade to the main line. The new branch will be straight as a bee line, avoiding curves and grades, so as to carry with safety the heavy engines which run on the main line. Should this road be built, and there is every likelihood that it will, the heavy traffic will cease over this division of the road between Peterboro and Belleville, as the road has too many curves and grades to run the heavy engines.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARGARET RODGERS.

On Saturday morning last there passed away on the old homestead, about two miles east of Stirling, one of the oldest residents of this vicinity, Mrs. Margaret Rodgers, widow of the late Robert Rodgers, in the 94th year of her age. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon last at St. John's Church, and was very largely attended. She leaves four sons,—John, Robert, William and Alexander,—and two daughters, Mrs. J. H. Reid, and Mrs. Hiram Smith. Another son, James, died some years ago. One of the sons, William, has for some years occupied the honorable position of Reeve of the township of Rawdon.

ALEXANDER MCCONAGHY.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning one of the old residents of Stirling was called to rest, in the person of Alexander McConaghy. He had been a resident of Stirling for more than twenty years, having previously been a farmer near here. He was well known to all our villagers, having been tax collector for a number of years, and was very highly respected as an honorable, upright man. He leaves two daughters to mourn his loss, Mrs. Lewis Green and Miss McConaghy, dressmaker of this village. The funeral takes place this afternoon.

Promotion Examination.

The following are the names of the successful pupils at the promotion examinations held in the Second Department of Stirling Public School. Names are in order of merit.

Jr. II. to Sr. II.—Hazel Caverley, Ernest Chard, Hubert Chambers, James Hough, Frank Zwick, Roy Bean.

Sr. Pr. II. to II.—Jean Milne, Robbie Thompson, Daisy Roy, Evelyn McCutcheon, Harold Martin, George Shea, Ethel Gould, Fred McCutcheon, Eva Chard, Clara Cummings, Olive Headon, Maude Hamm, Leo Maloney, Earl Tice, Roy Lansing, Ernest Osterhout, Earl Leury, Earl Eggleston, May Thompson.

Jr. Pr. II. to Sr. Pr. II.—Rhea Conley, Carrie White, May Chard, Annie Sprague, Arthur Parry, James Graine.

L. GRASS, Teacher.

Stirling Cheese Board.

At the Cheese Board on July 29th, 1180 boxes of cheese were boarded as follows:—

1 Cook's	50
2 Central	150
3 Enterprise	75
4 Evergreen	100
5 Harold	80
6 Kingston	90
7 Marmora	90
8 Maple Leaf	120
10 Riverside	40
11 Shamrock	100
12 Stirling	60
13 Spring Brook	60
14 Stirling	60
15 West Huntingdon	75
16 Glen	50

Buyers present—Bird, Cook, Rollins, Kerr and Whittom. All sold at 4c.

Sales—Bird got 455 boxes, Kerr 410 boxes and Rollins 255 boxes. Board will meet next Wednesday at 4 o'clock.

The proceeds of the celebration held at Marmora on the 13th amounted to nearly \$2000.

L. O. L. No. 509, Rawdon, won a \$10 Bible at Marmora's celebration on the 13th, the prize offered for the lodge presenting the best appearance.

John Rogers, of Madoo, was tried by County Judge Lazier, of Belleville, and found guilty of threatening to shoot Mrs. Vollick, who, he alleged, was trespassing on his berry patch. He will be sentenced on Saturday.

By the draining of Buckley's Lake, near Lakefield, about 1500 acres will be reclaimed which is at present valueless. The estimated cost of the work is \$425, of which \$2075 will be borne by the property holders, \$1000 by the Township, and the Ontario Government has given a grant of \$1200 towards the project.

Brighton will be the headquarters for the apple trade of the Dominion this year as in years past. Three of the largest old country commission houses will have their head offices there again with branches in other places. Farmers now ship their own apples almost without exception, and thus save the profits of the middlemen.

Jas. Boldrick & Son.

Our Clothing business in the Corner Store is still vigorous, and securely successful. It is with the best class of citizens, they knowing our long reputation as reliable business men. The ready made Clothing stamp do not come to us, they belong to a class we do not crave for. People who do not value their appearance need not come to us. A man's standing has much to do with what he wears. We hope to remain in business for some years yet, and to still retain, as in the past, the best class of the high grade Tailor made Clothing.

J. BOLDRICK & SON.

REXALL House-hold DYES.

These Dyes will dye Wool, Cotton, Silk, Jute or mixed goods in one bath—they are the latest and most improved Dye in the world. Try a package. All colors at C. F. STICKLE, Agent.

PERSONALS.

Mr. M. Gibson, of Omaha, Neb., is visiting his old friends in town.

Miss Mabel Smith, of Campbellford, is the guest of Miss Jennie Desaut.

Miss Estella Foster, of Stockdale, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. F. Walt.

Mrs. Whitlock and daughter, of Stratford, are visiting Mrs. John Conley.

Miss Ethel McWilliams, of Rochester, is visiting relatives in town and vicinity.

Miss Lillian B. Stickle leaves on Saturday for Hamilton, after spending a month's holidays at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Warren, of Marmora, also Miss Mae White, of Campbellford, are visiting at Will R. Warren's.

Dr. E. B. Fanning, of Philadelphia, Pa., arrived here on Friday last to spend a month visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Ferguson and Mrs. Mackintosh, of Smith's Falls; Mrs. Pratt, of Tweed, and Miss Pratt, of Chatham, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Stickle.

Beauty is only skin deep, but it answers the purpose just as well as if it were deeper.

Toronto Star.—The news that the Rockefeller have dropped one hundred million dollars in stocks suggests the fact that coal oil will cost money next winter.

Handsome Oil Portrait of Pope Leo XIII.

We will present FREE OF CHARGE to every subscriber of our Authentic Memorial LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII, a Handsome Oil Portrait in fifteen colors, reproduced from the best picture ever made. This picture was selected by his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, and presented to our author during his recent visit in Rome. This picture is beyond doubt the most perfect one of the late Pope Leo XIII. Every subscriber to our book will receive this Handsome Portrait, which alone is valued at more than the book itself, containing an accurate and authentic account of his great and illustrious career from the cradle to the grave.

GLOBE BIBLE PUBLISHING CO.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
E. F. PARKER, Agent.

Fall Fairs.

The following is a list of the fall fairs to be held in this section:—

Frankford	Sept. 17-18
East Hastings	" 18, 19
NORTH HASTINGS	" 22, 23
Campbellford	" 24, 25
Shannonville	" 26
Marmora	" 29
L'Amable	" 30
Coe Hill	Oct. 2, 3
Ameliasburg	" 6, 7
Castleton	" 8

Married.

GIBSON-POLLOCK.—At the Methodist parsonage, Marmora, on July 15th, by Rev. D. S. Hough, Wm. Gibson to Mary Pollock, both of Rawdon.

PRIEST-ROBINSON.—At Niagara Falls, N.Y., by the Rev. Orville C. Poland, D.D., Miss Jean Robinson of Toronto, to Jas. T. Priest, of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Deaths.

RODGERS.—In Rawdon, on July 25th, Margaret Rodgers, widow of the late Robert Rodgers, aged 93 years, 2 months and 15 days.
McCONAGHY.—In Stirling, on July 29th, Alexander McConaghy, aged 94 years and 4 months.
BROWN.—In Huntingdon, July 24th, Amos Brown, aged 65 years, 8 months and 11 days.

THE CELEBRATED EYE SPECIALIST.

Prof. J. H. De Silberg, Oculist Specialist from Germany, will be in Stirling, at the Stirling House parlors, three times weekly. Watch for dates. All consultations free. Those having weak or imperfect eyes should not fail to consult the professor. Next visit will be in October.

We've Got the Nerve
To Use the Axe

ON THE PRICES OF

SUMMER FOOTWEAR.

So far during our JULY SALE we have cleared our Summer Stock very quickly, but will now offer the balance of our stock at GREAT REDUCTIONS. Here are some specials:

Ladies' Kid Lace or Button Boots, \$3.00 for	\$2.00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	\$1.50
Ladies' Strap Slippers, newest heel, \$1.50 for	\$1.00
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	\$1.25
Misses' Fine Kid Boots, lace or button, \$1.40 for	\$1.00
Girls' and Children's Strap Slippers from	25c. to \$1.00
We are certainly selling these at very low figures. All new styles.	
Men's Dongola Lace Boots and Gaiters, \$2.50 for	\$1.75
Men's Dongola Lace Boots from	75c. to \$2.25
Men's Coarse and Strong Boots from	50c. to \$1.50
Infants' Soft Soles and Slippers from	25c. upwards.

Watch for your size in the Great Bargains we hang out daily. Repairing neatly and promptly done. All repairs saved free. Our Shoe Dressing takes the cake. See our Shoe Brushes, they can't be excelled. Be sure to call if wanting a good and up-to-date boot cheap.

GEORGE REYNOLDS,
SHOE KING.

Highest price paid for Eggs.

HARDWARE!

After the heavy Spring trade, we have been busy buying goods.

We have erected a second large warehouse at the rear of our store, and these are both filled with heavy goods such as Bar Iron, Galvanized and Iron Pipe, Nails, Horse Shoes, Asbestos Plaster, Putty, Lead Pipe, Coil Chain, Portland Cement, Building Paper, Springs, Wagon Spokes, Rims, Shafts, White Lead, Oils, Binder Twine, Glass, etc.

We import many lines in heavy goods and buy in large quantities and are in a position to sell at bottom prices.

We also keep a line of Well Pumps, also Force Pumps, anti-freezing, and are prepared to do all kinds of Job Work, Pipe Fitting, Plumbing and Carvertroughing. Prices always right.

L. MEIKLEJOHN.

The News-Argus

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

TO JAN. 1, 1904, 40c.

Notice to the Public.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING TAKEN out license as Auctioneer for the County of Hastings is prepared to attend all sales on shortest notice. Terms as low as the lowest, and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders left at the News-Argus office or addressed to me at Stirling, will be promptly attended to.
WM. RODGERS.

JOB PRINTING

OF ALL KINDS, AT

LOWEST RATES,

At News-Argus Office

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Thursday morning at the office of publication, North Street, Stirling, at a price of four cents per copy, by first floor north of Parker's drug store, by JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year.

If paid in advance. If not so paid, \$1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for 1 year, 6 mos, 3 mos

Whole col. down to half col. 75c. 50c. 25c.

Half col. down to quarter col. 50c. 25c. 10c.

Quarter col. down to 2 inches, 8c. 10c. 11c.

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auctioneering, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property, etc.

Two lines, \$10 per year; \$5 for six months; \$4 for three months; \$3 for two months; \$2 for one month. One inch, \$5 per year; \$3 for six months; \$2 for three months; \$1 for one month. One line, \$2 per year; \$1 for six months; \$1 for three months; \$1 for one month.

Advertisements may be charged at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 5c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors Help" and show you are advised. We have extensive experience in the intricate patent laws of 50 countries. Communications strictly confidential. Object—To secure a Washington office. Send for free advice. MARION & MARION, Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

80 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Object—To secure a Washington office. Send for free advice. MARION & MARION, Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

Beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific publication. Specimen copies and Manual sent free. Write for details.

MUNN & CO.,

361 Broadway, New York.